Mrs. Edwin Booth's Album

October
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The Golden Book Magazine

Jack London
Ellis Parker Butler
Edgar Allan Poe
Catulle Mendès
W. S. Gilbert
Almet Jenks
Max Eastman
Stephen Leacock
Henry Sydnor Harrison
Richard Washburn Child
James Montgomery Flagg

BORIS ARTZYBASHEFF

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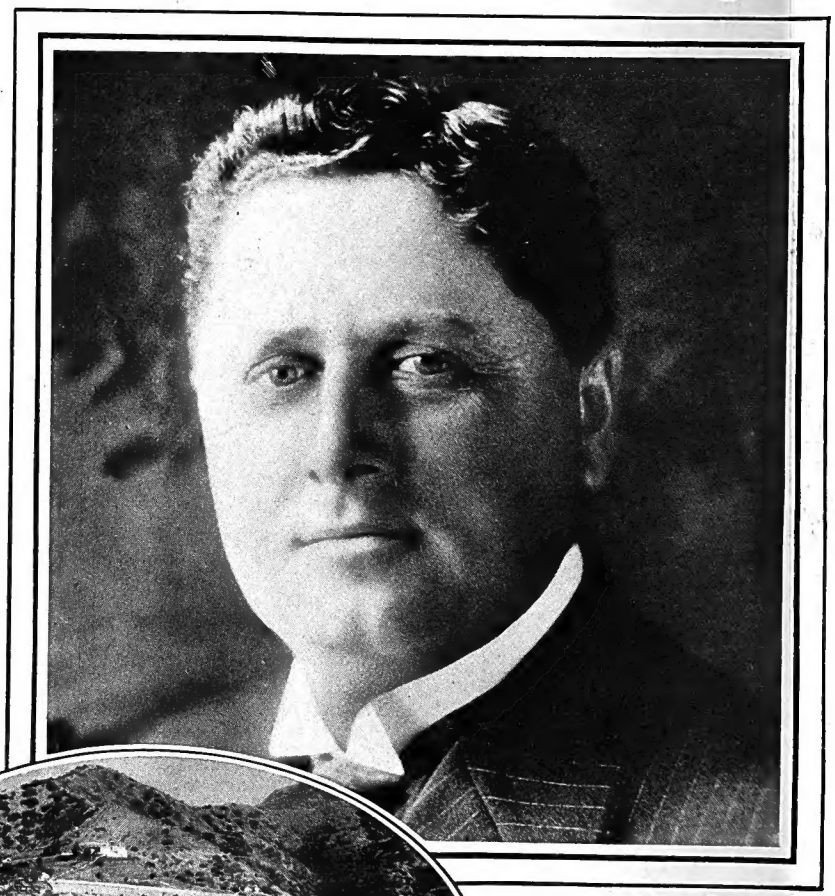
The human story behind the business wall map

by

William Wrigley, Jr.

Famous business man, sportsman and philanthropist



William Wrigley, Jr.

"YOU have often seen huge maps hung in the offices, usually the executive offices, of large business houses.

"These maps no doubt have a practical value. Even the colored pins with which they are stuck have a business—strictly business—meaning.

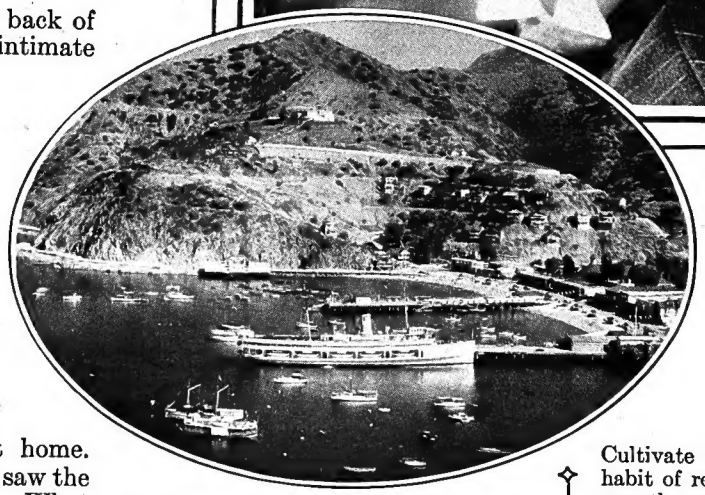
"They are therefore not hung up out of sentiment. And yet well they might be!

"For it is my belief that back of every such map is a story intimate to a man, a story significant of his achievement, but even more significant of his dreams.

"Long before such a map could hang in such an office, this man must have carried it about with him in his mind. He must have studied, long and eagerly, a smaller edition of the very same map, perhaps one he found in his oldest child's geography book at home.

"There, years ago, he first saw the possible scope of his business. What the map before his eyes represented was his field of conquest. Some day he might have it all for his market. Whether he knew it or not, then and there was born the vision upon which, from that time on, he built.

"The map which hangs in his office today is the symbol of that vision translated into actuality.



Harbor scene at Catalina Island, the Pacific isle owned by Mr. Wrigley, and an internationally famous show place.

"He has probably assigned its care to one of his subordinates, leaving to other hands now the marking of new warehouses, new factories, new jobbing-points.

"Strange he should have forgotten that the red-headed pin which marks Little Rock, Arkansas, is the realization of a dream!"

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Who's Who *in the* Golden Book

Almet Jenks is a lawyer who has abandoned the practice of law for that of writing, and on the delightful evidence of "The Funeral Guest" we would say he did well to do so. He was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1892, and is a graduate of Hotchkiss, Yale University, and Columbia Law School. He spent the summer of 1916 on the Mexican border, and in 1918 went to France with the 2nd Cavalry. He writes that this makes his career sound "largely militant, which is, of course, far from the truth." From 1919 to 1922 he practised law in New York City. For the past two years Mr. Jenks has made his home at Antibes and Cannes, in Bermuda, and he is now in Martha's Vineyard.

> I am not a namby-pamby. By the book reviewers and namby-pambys I am esteemed a sort of primitive beast that delights in the spilled blood of violence and horror. . . . I have . . . lived a life in a very rough school, and have seen more than the average man's share of inhumanity and cruelty. . . . Jack London.

Jack London did indeed portray the roughness and brutality of life with a vividness which struck the critics of his day like a rawhide whip across the face. His stories broke rude way for themselves among the popular lavender sentiment of the nineteen hundreds, and they live today because of that same inescapable and even uncontrolled vitality. "White Silence" is not a "nice" story; it is not even the best literary art. But it is blood and sinew of man's primary struggle with nature, and it is real because London knew the life he wrote about.

At the age of seventeen London had already set out from his San Francisco home, shipping all over the world before the mast, working, drinking, fighting, suffering hardships with the "hardest" men he could find. The more he saw of life the more he became enamoured of it. Back on shore, and restless, he tramped through much of the United States and Canada, as a real tramp. In 1897, after a short space of schooling, he started to write:

> Heavens, how I wrote! Never was there a creative fever such as mine from which the patient escaped fatal results. The way I worked was enough to soften my brain and send me to a madhouse. I wrote, I wrote everything—ponderous essays, scientific and sociological, short stories, humorous verse, verse of all sorts, from triolets and sonnets to blank verse tragedy and elephantine epics in Spenserian stanzas. On occasion I composed steadily, day after day, for fifteen hours a day. At times I forgot to eat, or refused to tear myself away from my passionate outpouring in order to eat. . . . My manuscripts made amazing round-trip records between the Pacific and the Atlantic. It might have been the weirdness of the typewriting that prevented the editors from accepting at least one little offering of mine. I don't know, and goodness knows the stuff I wrote was as weird as its typing.

And again he writes in one of his autobiographical volumes:

> I recollect the early days of my writing career, when the small sums of money I earned from the magazines came with tragic irregularity, while at the same time I was staggering along with a growing family—a wife, children, a mother, a nephew, and my Mammy Jennie and her old husband fallen on evil days.

In the intervals when money did give out completely, writing was abandoned for any and every sort of unskilled labour. He went to the Klondike with the first gold rush, and came home with a serious case of scurvy, but no gold. He stoked coal. He shipped to the tropics and returned ravaged by tropical illnesses. He was a newspaper correspondent during the Russo-Japanese War, and again during the war in Mexico in 1914. By now his crude and often shocking stories, packed with adventure and actuality, had found an ardent public. He was the successful writer he had planned to be.

Among Jack London's most popular books are *The Call of the Wild, The Sea Wolf, The Valley of the Moon, Martin Eden, Smoke Bellew,* and his autobiographical *John Barleycorn.*

Contrary to the usual experience of young authors, Ellis Parker Butler started having manuscripts published as fast as he wrote them—almost faster, in fact. *The Dawn of Day Magazine* paid him (in postage stamps) for his first story when he was a boy of eleven in Muscatine, Iowa. And shortly after this, as soon as he began pushing unsigned manuscripts under the door of the Muscatine *News,* they were all published. One day a rival paper announced in blatant type the forthcoming publication of a serial novel. Butler promptly wrote a glowing advertisement of one shortly to appear in the *News.* When the advertisement was printed the next day it occurred to Butler, then a clerk in a crockery store, that he had better write the novel. An amused and trusting editor published the anonymous story chapter by chapter as it arrived.

The novel attracted favourable attention outside of Muscatine. Butler was discovered, and hailed as

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"Iowa's Literary Promise." Declaring that a man in his midwestern town in those days "had better be doing nothing than writing for a living," he refused a position on the *News* and stuck to business, although he continued to write and to sell what he wrote to magazines all over the country. At last, however, he came to New York and undertook to edit the *Tailors' Review*. Since that time he has tried many ventures, but always he has gone on writing. In Flushing, Long Island, where he made his home until a recent flight to California, he was Vice-President of the National Bank, and, he says, "a member of everything but the Mothers' Club of School No. 20; and everything takes time from my legitimate work. . . . I might have been a set of books like Sir Walter Scott or Dickens or Balzac . . . but I am always too ready and eager to break away and to go gathering goat feathers. . . ."

Mr. Butler has written twenty-eight volumes-full, however, in the course of his busy life. His most famous and perennial bit of humour is undoubtedly *Pigs is Pigs*, with the Philo Gubb correspondence-school detective stories as close seconds. "The Man Who Did Not Go to Heaven on Tuesday" is a shining example of his very human brand of humour.

THE STORY OF Edgar Allan Poe's short and unhappy life is probably familiar to more of our readers than is that of any other American author. It may be vague enough, however, to permit of a brief summary.

Poe was of Irish-English ancestry, with a grandfather who fought in the American Revolution and a father who was disinherited for marrying an actress and himself deserting the law to go on the stage. In 1811, when Edgar was two years old, both parents died in poverty, leaving him, a brother William (who died), and a sister Rosalie (who went mad). The baby Edgar was taken into the well-to-do Scotch home of John Allan of Richmond, Va. Here he was brought up and indulged as an only son. All went smoothly until the boy returned from school in England and entered the University of Virginia. Quarrels over money and over Edgar's gambling and drinking grew in intensity between the foster-father and son. When Edgar was forced to leave the University, Mr. Allan was disgusted, but after the young man had served creditably in the army for two years, he arranged for his discharge, and in 1830 secured him an appointment to West Point. At West Point Poe excelled in mathematics and at failing to do his duty, and was promptly expelled. Mr. Allan's patience was exhausted. He had in the meantime married a second wife who did not approve of Poe, and Poe and his one-time benefactor parted in bitterness. When Mr. Allan died in 1834, he did not provide for the boy in his will, and from then until his own death in 1849 Poe's life was a long and bitter struggle with poverty.

Poe was handsome, with a pleasing manner; he found no difficulty in getting jobs on magazines and newspapers in Richmond, New York, and Philadelphia. But he could not keep them. For a few weeks he would work excellently well; then a fit of depression would seize him, usually culminating in a losing battle with his mania for alcohol. Contrary to the general belief to which the weird and horrible nature of his stories give rise, Poe probably wrote only in his utterly sober and lucid moments. His morbid preoccupation, his unique understanding of horror, may have been the result of his craving for drink, but the stories and poems upon which his great fame rests are undoubtedly the work of a painstaking, clear-minded artist.

Poe's marriage to his cousin Virginia Clemm, his "Annabel Lee," was as tragic as the rest of his existence. Although they loved one another devotedly, their extreme poverty and the lingering illness of which she died in 1847 added one more nightmare to Poe's already darkened brain. One of the editors who published many of his poems and stories, and knew him well, has said of him: "I never heard him laugh, and I do not think I ever saw him smile."

"The Tell-Tale Heart" is one of Poe's half-dozen or so supreme tales. It achieves a near-perfection in its portrayal of the horror and fears of madness, as well as in its compact story mechanism. This story appeared originally in the first issue of *The Pioneer*, a literary paper started by James Russell Lowell in 1842; it was reprinted subsequently, and also dramatized with great success.

Poe had very definite and very excellent ideas for the composition of his tales, the core of which is expressed in his "Philosophy of Composition." It is when he adhered most closely to his own formula—as he certainly did in "The Tell-Tale Heart"—that the ideal of the brief short story is attained:

> Having conceived a certain unique or single effect to be wrought out, he (the author) then invents such incidents, he then combines such events, as may best aid him in establishing this preconceived effect. If his very initial sentence tends not to the outbringing of this effect, he has failed in his first step. In the whole composition there should be no word written of which the tendency . . . is not to the one preëstablished design.

FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER of Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, California, New York, Washington, and Connecticut, is a builder of excellent short stories. They are modern short stories with psychology foremost, and unusually sound structure. The problem she presents in "The Rotter" is a fascinating one. What could a woman do in a case like that?

> There is no trouble in writing a scientific treatise on the folklore of Central China, or a statistical enquiry into the declining population of Prince Edward Island. But to write something out of one's own mind, worth reading for its own sake, is an arduous contrivance only to be achieved in fortunate moments, few and far between. Personally, I would rather have written *Alice in Wonderland* than the whole *Encyclopedia Britannica*.
>
> STEPHEN LEACOCK.

MR. LEACOCK—as the author of *Elements of Political Science* and *Nonsense Novels, Practical Political Economy*, and *Literary Lapses*—ought to know what he is talking about. For Stephen Leacock,

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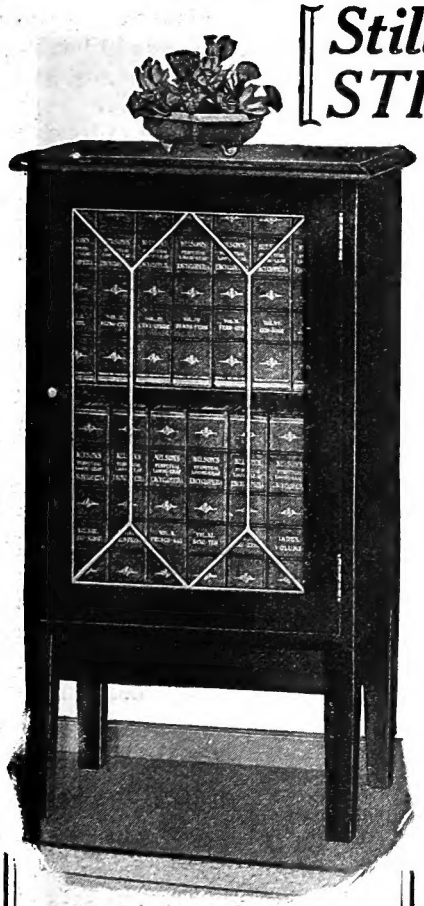

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like Lewis Carroll, is an estimable scientist as well as one of the best-loved humourists of his day. He is as much an authority on the protective system in Canada as he is on turning out sentences with a hilarious twist at the end. At its unlaboured best, Leacock's humour is to be cherished. He has a rare feeling for the utterly ridiculous; his novel ideas are many and as catchy as a popular song; his perhaps too great use of exaggeration can be unusually deft.

Stephen Butler Leacock was born at Swanmoor, Hants, England, in 1869, but when his family migrated to Canada seven years later, he tells us, he decided to go with them. He spent a hard boyhood on the farm, and after graduating from Toronto University with honours "took to school teaching as the only trade I could find that needed neither experience nor intellect." In 1903, following work at the University of Chicago, he took a last examination, and was "pronounced completely full" (*i. e.*, a Doctor of Philosophy). He then became a professor at McGill University, and later the head of its Department of Economics and Political Science—a post he still holds. He has traveled all over the British Empire lecturing on Imperial unity, which lectures, he adds, just to show their importance, "were followed almost immediately by the Union of South Africa, the Banana Riots in Trinidad, and the Turco-Italian War."

"The Drums of Oude" has been played in Europe, America, Germany, Northern India, Egypt, and South Africa. It has been given at school entertainments, for two years in a London theatre, on battleships, and behind the front line trenches during the World War. . . . It is, in its way, one of the most famous and playable one-act plays of our day. The action is swift and the emotions tense from the rise of the curtain. The speeches define the few characters better than a long description could do. It is a thoroughly workmanlike piece of dramatic composition—and it reads almost as well as it plays. Hugh Walpole once wrote to Austin Strong about it: "Realism has always the chance of describing a chair or a table so accurately that it can cover up falsenesses, but Romance runs every risk in the world. It is always, for some one or other, on the edge of imbecility. But you are, in my thinking, a true romantic, and never more so than in that little play. You know the theatre, of course, but you know human beings too, and the man in 'The Drums' always stands to me for a great deal more than himself—perhaps for my own youth—which is why I regard him so tenderly.

"'The Drums' in any case has something at its core that carries it on. How many years old now is it, and yet the drums are beating as lustily as ever. And that is often the advantage of romance over realism."

Austin Strong is a Californian, born in 1881, and brought up in New Zealand. He is a landscape architect as well as a playwright, although of late years playwriting has taken up all his time. Among the best known of his other plays are "Three Wise Fools," "Seventh Heaven," "Little Father of the Wilderness," and "The Toymaker of Nuremburg."

Esther Forbes is a young New Englander of Puritan ancestry whose two novels and few short stories are of unusually fine literary quality. "Break-Neck Hill," written while Miss Forbes was still in college, was one of the O. Henry Prize Stories of the year. Its material and manner are utterly different from that of her novels *O Genteel Lady* and *A Mirror for Witches,* but it shares with them the same power to portray emotion, the same vigour and restraint which mark Miss Forbes as an able craftswoman. We know of few such real and moving stories about a horse, and none in which insight and commonsense have been so well blended in putting an animal's feeling into action and words. Dale Warren says of Miss Forbes: "The sense of exuberant life which gives such freshness and vitality to her novels is by no means confined to Miss Forbes' written work. We might even call her a human dynamo radiating an inexhaustible supply of contagious energy and enthusiasm. The gusto of her conversation is a sure cure for the blues, and is only paralleled by her amazing absorption in the ridiculous odds and ends of incident and experience that go to make a world."

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ONE OF THE VERSATILE group of nineteenth century writers who awoke French literature from its deathlike sleep of classic perfection, was Catulle Mendès, a leader of the Parnassians and close friend of Gautier, Zola, Daudet, France, and others. Mendès was born in Bordeaux in 1841. He came to Paris as a very young man, and he was not long in achieving fame by being popped into prison for his first poem. Soon he had become a leader of the group of exquisite extravagant stylists, preaching art for art's sake, who were known as the Parnassians. Mendès' fame now rests primarily on his verse, and on such poetical bits of prose as "The Lost Words of Love," typical of his light and dextrous touch. But he was novelist, dramatist, and critic as well.

Among his best known works are the dramas—*Les Frères d'armes* (1873), *Justice* (1877), *La Femme de Tabarin* 1887), *Médée* (1898), *La Reine Fiammette* (1898), and *Ariane* (1906); works of criticism—*Richard Wagner* (1886), *L'Art au Théâtre, Le Mouvement Poétique français de 1867 à 1900;* novels—*Le Roi vierge* (1881), *La Maison de la Vieille* (1894), and *Gog* (1897).

One morning in February, 1909, Mendès was found dead in the railway tunnel of Saint Germain. He was one of the last of his brilliant group.

RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD is another of our authors who sold his first story while he was still at college. Since his graduation from Harvard in 1906 he has practised law, served as special correspondent on several newspapers and during a couple of wars, done war finance work in the United States Treasury, visited nearly every country in the world, edited *Collier's Weekly,* and held the post of Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to Italy. Yet his books of fiction have appeared steadily, which seems proof that if a man has the need to write, he will do so. Mr. Child's first novel, *Jim Hands,* was published in 1911, and was followed by *The Man in the Shadow, The Blue Wall, Bodbank, Vanishing Man, The Velvet Black,* and, in 1924, *Fresh Waters.* He has also written several political books and many magazine articles. He declares that his greatest good fortune has been intimate acquaintanceship with such men as Roosevelt, Colonel House, and Warren G. Harding.

Mr. Child writes as though life were for him an exciting affair, filled with plot and incident, with the clash of personalities and the struggle of emotions. His work (and particularly his travels) have provided him with a wide variety of background and material; he supports his unusual ability to tell a story with a clear and supple prose style. "The Cracking Knee" is an adventure story of sheer action, a study of a psychological conflict, and a love story for good measure.

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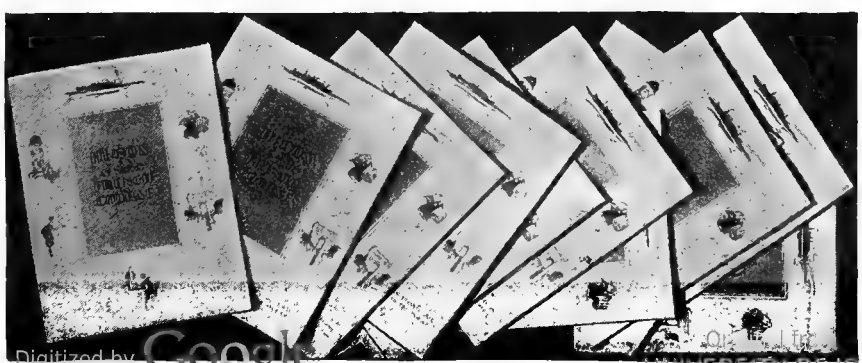

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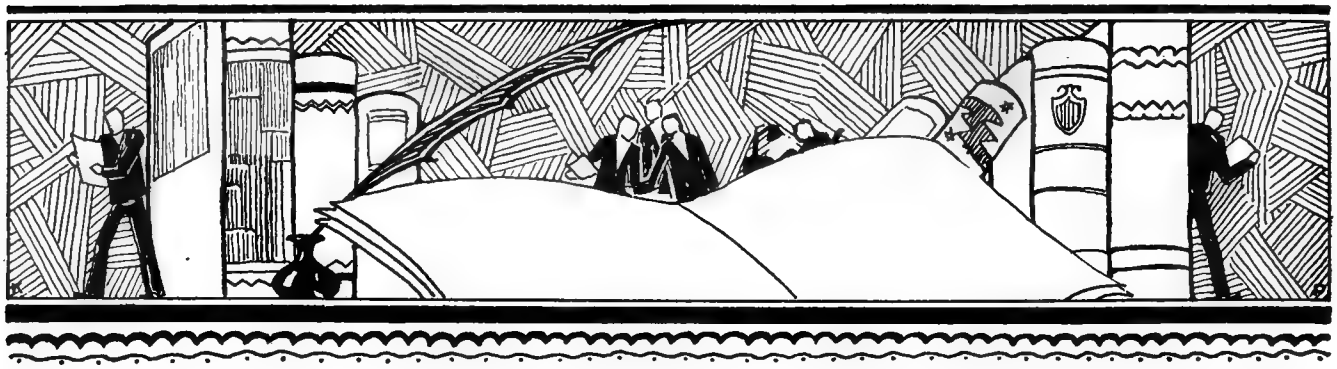

Authors and Books

KIND AND REASSURING friends tell us that not all the books that are written get published, but just at the moment, looking at the pile of books fresh from the presses, it is hard to believe. . . . Certainly there can't be many 1929-model geniuses eating their hearts out in garrets because their books do not reach the public. . . .

NOT THAT THERE could ever be any question about whether a novel of Ellen Glasgow's should appear, no matter how few books were published. Take, for example, her latest one, *They Stooped to Folly* (Doubleday, Doran). . . . Those who stoop are Poor Aunt Agatha, Mrs. Dalrymple, and Molly Burden, each according to her generation; and those who do not stoop are Mrs. Virginius Littlepage, her daughter Mary Victoria of good works, Louisa, and Mrs. Burden. . . . Somewhere in between is Virginius Littlepage, Esq., weak as is the way of man, but kept upright by the pure influence of his womenfolk. . . . Upon the delicately complicated web of relationships which bind these persons to one another and to their Southern background, Ellen Glasgow looks with a clear, ironic eye. The result is a wise and witty book, not broad or deep enough to be disturbing, but one that brings the groove of life she has chosen into sudden sharp focus, and there are a hundred things you had never noticed before, a hundred details given clear outline and direction. . . . Miss Glasgow sings the smooth and irresistible downfall of a code. . . . Poor Aunt Agatha, who "had fallen like a perfect lady" forty years ago, punished herself with life imprisonment in a third floor back until the World War led her to sew pajamas, and to a mild indulgence in movies and banana splits. Mrs. Dalrymple, scandalous divorcée of the gay nineties, spent years of exile in Paris, but eventually found another husband and several love affairs. . . . She was "blessed with sex attraction, but would have preferred, as she grew older, a moderate amount of card sense or even a strong religious belief." To Molly, frank and fearless modern girl, ruin had become merely a point of view. . . . And Virginius, as we have said, from the safe anchorage of a "perfect" marriage, and in the autumnal fear that life had passed him by, speculates dangerously but fleetingly on feminine charm versus feminine virtue. . . . Here is a book not plucked before it was ripe; distinguished; mature; brilliant, and humorous. . . . Another of Miss Glasgow's views of life as an ironic comedy. . . .

From the jacket design of *They Stooped to Folly.*

JULIAN GREEN'S *The Dark Journey* has been chosen as the Harper prize novel for 1929. . . . It is a novel like the heavy darkening of the sky before a summer storm. . . . It is sombre and at times magnificent, the stuff of which the classical tragedies were made, although it does not quite reach their clear heights of pity and terror. . . . Mr. Green, an American born and bred in France, and looked upon as one of the most important young writers in French, has laid forth with the hideous thoroughness of anatomical dissection the minds and hearts of a group of French provincials whom a casual fate has oppressed and warped. The inevitable tragedy is overwhelming—sordidly complete. . . . This is the makings of a great book. . . . It reaches deep enough, though gropingly. . . .

SOME TIME AGO a Berlin newspaper began to receive poems from an unknown correspondent who said that he had translated them from the English. . . . They delighted their German audience, and before long it was discovered that the supposed English author was none other than Lion Feuchtwanger, distinguished German novelist. . . . Now Dorothy Thompson, with some agony, has translated these poems into their said-to-be native tongue, under the title *Pep* (Viking). She says that it has proved an impossible task, yet the rhythm, rhyme, and idiom have been admirably preserved. . . . If the poems are not very good, the blame is perhaps novelist Feuchtwanger's. . . . The illustrations by Aladjalov are unmatchable. . . . "The Ballads of Mr. B. W. Smith" (subtitle of the book) are broad and frequently heavy satires on the America of Europeans, expatriate Americans, long-haired intellectuals, and Sinclair Lewis. . . . They have the usual fun with our commercialism, our naïveté, our hypocrisy, our complacency. . . . Feuchtwanger writes in the preface: "If these poems to some extent are an attempt to put Babbitt into lyrics, I certainly do not claim to be representative of America. . . . I wanted to hit at the European bourgeois who more and more adopts for himself those characteristics which he likes to think are American, but which suit his own tendencies. In Europe today there are wide classes of people who are, perhaps, more American than most inhabitants of the United States. It is this Americanism, not America, which is the subject of *Pep.*" . . . Its dedicatory verse strikes the fun-poking mood of the book. The verse ends:

American Home Life, a drawing from Lion Feuchtwanger's *Pep.*

If saints have traits in common with the heathen
Should Edison and Ford all perfect be then?
Can great America not laugh with those
Who dare to mock the pimples on her nose?

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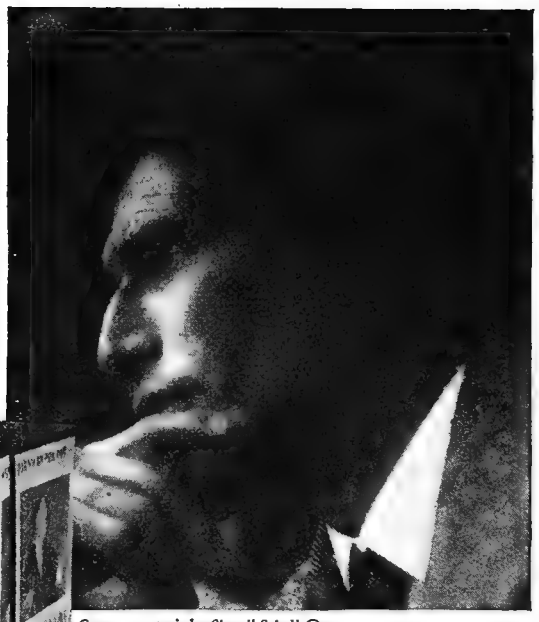

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DELIVERING him from the fate which every writer both fears and craves (to be hailed as "master" only by his fellow craftsmen—to be known as an "author's author") the new novel by JOHN COWPER POWYS, *Wolf Solent*, has at length won for him the wider, more general acclaim which is the reward reserved for enduring achievement.

When this book was still in manuscript, the publishers sent it to several leading figures in American letters, including THEODORE DREISER, EDWARD GARNETT, WILL DURANT and EDGAR LEE MASTERS. The measure of their praise was beyond all expectations, and a first edition was issued in high hopes, despite the $5.00 price and the two-volume format.

Then came even more thrilling acclaim. Such critics as PERCY HUTCHISON of *The New York Times* and ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES of *The Saturday Review of Literature* hailed *Wolf Solent* as a momentous work of the first order. The first edition was promptly exhausted, and the reading public soon discovered that here indeed was a novel of the first magnitude. *Wolf Solent* at once scaled the heights of the best-seller lists, and was rushed into a third and fourth edition.

* * * This was four months ago. Meantime, this novel by the "author's author" has been hailed—and is still being hailed—by reviewers and readers in every section of the country, as "one of the most thrilling achievements of the twentieth century in the field of fiction." "Books of genuine importance happen so seldom," continues HENRY BELLAMAN in *The State*, Columbia, S. C., "that I cannot forbear coming back again and again to such a work as JOHN COWPER POWYS' *Wolf Solent*." "Certainly the average contemporary novel is dwarfed into comparative insignificance by *Wolf Solent*," writes STANLEY BABB in *The Galveston News*. "In style and content it stands head and shoulders above the majority of the finest novels of the present time, and promptly to praise it, to weigh it, to place it, one is forced to seek standards of more amplitude than those by which one judges the general run of current novels." "*Wolf Solent* deserves to become a classic," says *The Minneapolis Star*.

* * * The lofty and disciplined beauty of its fine prose has been one of the chief reasons for the immediate reception accorded *Wolf Solent*. "I do not know which is more difficult," writes JOSEPH GREENE in *The Columbus Enquirer-Sun*, "to write beautifully and with penury of words or to write beautifully and with prodigality. It is the latter which MR. POWYS accomplishes on every page. . ."

* * * In the opinion of his publishers, the real triumph of JOHN COWPER POWYS lies in reaching the heart of a large reading public despite the aura of greatness which was thrown about him by critics who constantly compared him with the immortals . . . THEODORE DREISER said of *Wolf Solent:* "An enduring treasure—like *The Brothers Karamazoff*, like *Arabia Deserta*, even, in a way, like *Wuthering Heights*. . ." EDWARD GARNETT said: "*Wolf Solent* challenges comparison with THOMAS HARDY'S great novels. The book is steeped in the emanations of generations of Dorset countryfolk; it is saturated with their lives and lusts. . ." PERCY HUTCHISON in *The New York Times* said: "A momentous work—a modern prose 'Hamlet'." EDGAR LEE MASTERS said: "The whole atmosphere of the drama carried on by these haunted characters is like that which was conveyed in the 'Oedipus' of SOPHOCLES." * * * *

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such a way that the new reader will not feel an intruder. . . . *Whiteoaks of Jalna* (Little, Brown) is in some ways a better book than its predecessor; in some ways a poorer. . . . Like *Jalna,* it is engrossing, engaging reading. . . . The incredible family are again all made credible, from Grandmother Adeline to Wakefield, with Finch and Renny as the central characters. . . . They are as unspeakable and as lovable as before, with their hardness, their sentiment, and above all, their solidarity. . . . Their terrifying effect on the dreamy Finch is tragedy, turned into tragi-comedy. . . . The book is less exaggerated, distorted, melodramatic than *Jalna;* it is a more closely-knit novel. . . . But its weakness—when compared with the almost arrogant grasp of her material in *Jalna*—is a less complete revelation of Finch than of the women of the earlier book and their men in relation to them. . . . The scene is again laid in Canada, although it can be typical of nothing Canadian but the Whiteoaks family and *Jalna.* . . .

THE ASTOUNDING adventures of Ralph Rashleigh out-traderhorns Joan Lowell. . . . The manuscript of this book, *Adventures of an Outlaw* (Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith), was discovered by the librarian at Sydney, Australia, among the heirlooms of an old Sydney family. . . . It is the personal narrative of Ralph Rashleigh, an articled conveyancer's clerk in England in the 1820's, who, tired of legal documents, tried burglary, and was sentenced to penal servitude for life in Australia. . . . He tells with bare brilliance of the crushing convict life, of escapes, of bush-rangers, aborigines, settlers, and fellow prisoners. It is keen, dispassionate, and endlessly exciting. . . . Concerning its authenticity: The Earl of Birkenhead, in his foreword, is "of opinion, on the whole, after consideration, that this remarkable volume of memoirs may be accepted as authentic." . . . This, from the Lord Chancellor, we are inclined, on the whole, after consideration, to accept as authoritative. . . .

Drawing by Edmund Dulac for *The Love of the Foolish Angel,* by Helen Beauclerk.

A PLACE that has not been sufficiently exploited in literature is Hell. . . . It makes a good, colourful scene, one which people are apt to be curious about, whether they expect to visit it or not. . . . And when the hero is a pure little devil who does not belong in Hell at all and has a dreadfully hard time acting wicked—except once when he almost sinned at the tempting of a good woman—the story can take on beauty and pathos. . . . We know, because it has done so in *The Love of the Foolish Angel,* by Helen Beauclerk, a Cosmopolitan book, the first selection of the new Book Society of England. . . . It is fantasy firmly conceived and delicately carried out . . . a sturdy novel which yet retains the simplicity and clarity of poetry. . . . Tamael's hideous black body and wings are belied by the sweetness of his face. Invisible, he wanders around the earth trying to avoid being sent on hellish errands. . . . In prose which ranges from moonlight beauty to humour we are told of his passionately tender love for Basilea, whom he has been sent to tempt; of his renunciation of her after winning her love in human shape; of unhappy wanderings haunted by her memory and by the evil of man; of his experiences as witch's helper to a dissolute Babylonian princess; of his moments of happiness and tragedy. . . . The best of Tamael is that he is neither devil nor angel, but human—and so is his story, for all its perfection. . . .

TO IMBUE an ordinary love story with fresh charm and meaning is Maristan Chapman's brave achievement in *Homeplace* (Viking Press). . . . There is even a stock-model villain in this story of a young man's efforts to win a girl and a home. . . . But the scene is the Tennessee mountain country of *The Happy Mountain,* Mrs. Chapman's earlier book, and here too are many of the same nice persons talking their own talk. . . . Fayre Jones's rather jolter-headed efforts to secure a homeplace to which he can bring Bess Howard, who is a bit of a trivvet (fly-about); the tremendous and cumfluttering upscuddle with a moonshine-king named Micajah, even the survigrous happy ending seem the material not of saccharine romance but of folk literature when set in this mountain countryside and dressed in its homespun language. . . . The charm, and particularly the meaning of the book, are there because of Mrs. Chapman's sympathetic love for the Tennessee mountains and its people, and the earnestness of her desire to make us see them as "live and knowing individuals." . . . As a work of art it stacks up perhaps less high than *The Happy Mountain,* but as a story it moves faster and is more entertaining, and you will grow really fond of everyone in the book—except, of course, Micajah. . . .

THIS HAS BEEN our first chance to explore the magnitude of Ferrero's *The Seven Vices* (Harcourt, Brace), a story in two volumes of Rome in the gay nineties. . . . That we were a little proud of ourselves when we achieved the last page is, we think, a slight reflection on Signor Ferrero's art, although in these tabloid days we are apt to look upon any two-volume novel as taking unfair advantage of our

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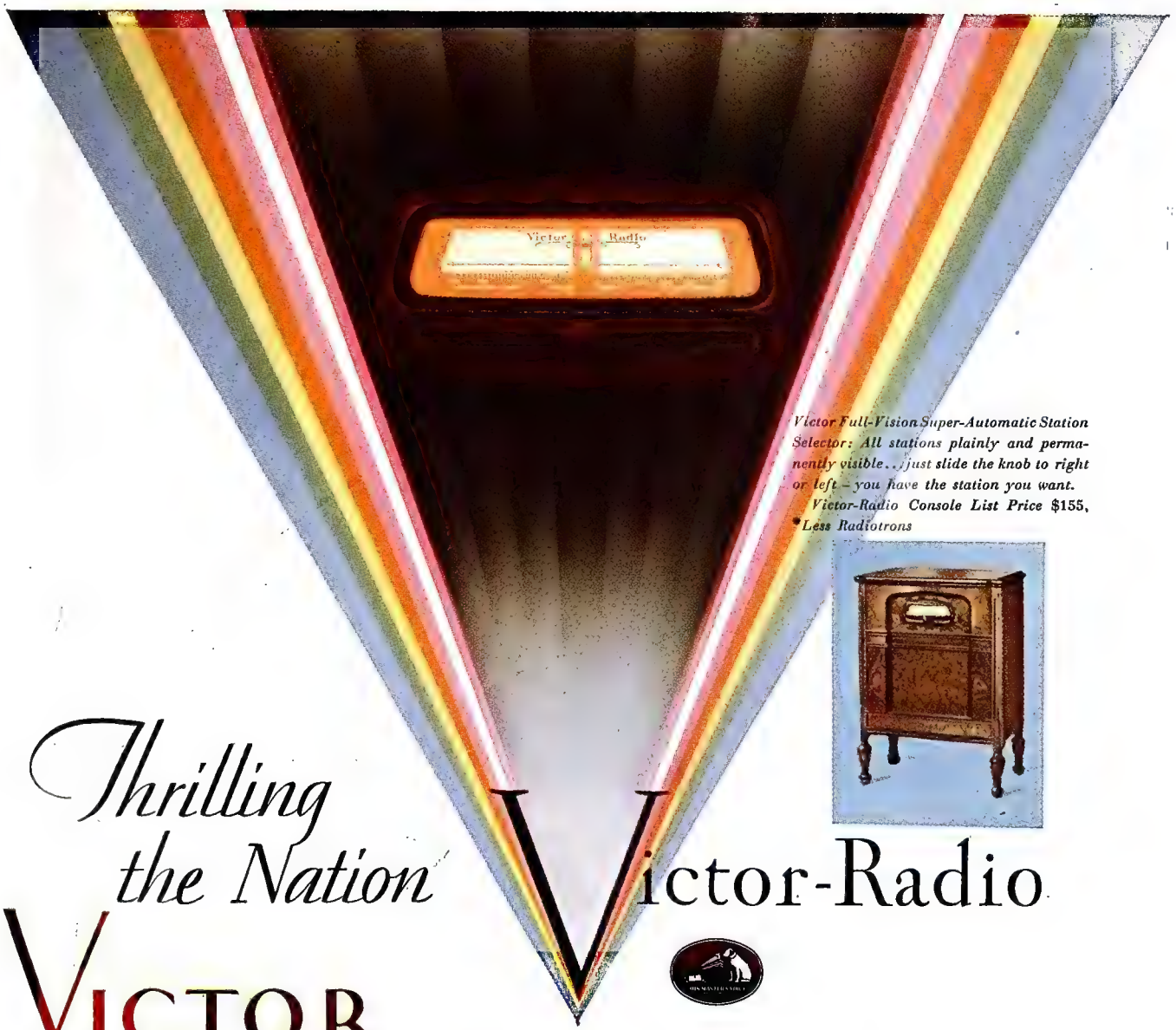

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time. . . . It is a novel on the true 19th century scale, with three or four pages devoted to the past history of each incidental character as introduced, a leisurely unwinding of a complicated but slight plot, and endless discussion by the author of his characters' traits and motives. . . . Over-brilliant, over-indulgent, declining Italian society of the day emerges in some completeness, however, in a clear, detailed setting. . . . A scene such as the dinner party for the Russian Grand Duke is worth waiting a good many pages for—and you will. . . .

D. H. LAWRENCE'S collected poems, in two volumes published by Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith, give a picture of the man Lawrence more clear than any we have ever had from his prose. . . . This does not mean that the intense individuality, the violent antagonisms, the definite philosophy of this man are not stamped unmistakably on his prose. . . . They are, of course. . . . But here, in these rather arduous verses, written between the ages of 19 and 43, and not nearly so good as his novels, we watch a personality and a restless intelligence grow and widen and deepen, and go off into the misty distances of the incomprehensible. . . . Many of these are not clear poems nor graceful poems; only a few of them have a singing quality. . . . But they have power, and they are disturbing, except when they are just so muddled that we give up. . . . Quoting one or two is the only way to show just what we mean. . . . First, one of the earlier love poems in part:

Since you have drunken up the drear
Death-darkened storm, and death
  Is washed from the blue
Of my eyes, I see you beautiful, and dear.
Beautiful, passive and strong, as the breath
  Of my yearning blows over you.
I see myself in the winds that hover
Half substanceless, and without grave worth.
  But you
  Are the earth I hover over.

And from a later poem called "New Heaven and New Earth":

I was so weary of the world,
I was so sick of it,
everything was tainted with myself,
skies, trees, flowers, birds, water,
people, houses, streets, vehicles, machines,
nations, armies, war, peace-talking,
work, recreation, governing, anarchy,
it was all tainted with myself, I knew it all
  to start with
because it was all myself.

I shall never forget the maniacal horror of it
  all in the end when everything was me,
  I knew it all already, I anticipated it all
  in my soul
because I was the author and the result:
I was the God and the creation at once;
creator, I looked at my creation;
created, I looked at myself, the creator:
it was a maniacal horror in the end.

This is a compelling study of a human soul, and some good poetry.

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We can't talk about poetry this month without mentioning, at least briefly, Joseph Auslander's and Frank Ernest Hill's *Winged Horse Anthology,* companion volume to *The Winged Horse,* both published by Doubleday, Doran. . . . *The Winged Horse* is an admirably-told collection of stories about famous poets from Chaucer to Carl Sandburg. . . . Now comes what seems an even more valuable collection for the children for whom it is primarily designed—an anthology of the works of the poets written about in the earlier volume. . . . Mr. Auslander and Mr. Hill have an uncanny faculty for picking out what are our favourite poems. . . . We commend the volume as hard as we can. . . . It ought to be in every child's library. . . .

Drawings by Stanley Rogers from his *Sea Lore.*

Landsmen who have taken the advice of Mr. W. S. Gilbert to "stick close to your desks and never go to sea," but who get dreamy and absent-minded watching a tug puff slowly up the river on a clear day, should keep handy a copy of Stanley Rogers's *Sea Lore* (Crowell). . . . Mr. Rogers knows his halyards. . . . You can learn from him about ships and sailing, from the main topgallant staysail to the hornpipe. . . . But it is for the sea-stories particularly that we like this book. . . . Mr. Rogers has descriptions and anecdotes about every famous ship from the *Santa Maria* of Columbus to the *Gjva* of Fridtjof Nansen and Roald Amundsen; wrecks, lost treasure, skeletons discovered in false bottoms, battles at sea, all are there. . . . During the War of 1812, for example, there was one battle which wouldn't come off. The British ship had waited patiently outside of Boston harbour for the American ship, the *Chesapeake,* to come out and fight. Finally an interchange of polite notes took place, hoping for a meeting between the two, and ending with the Britisher's suggestion that they meet speedily, as his ship was short of provisions and water and could not wait much longer. . . . The *Chesapeake's* commander sent five of his guns ashore so that he would have no unfair advantage of the *Shannon,* and sailed out of the harbour accompanied by a large fleet of pleasure craft to watch the fight! . . . The author, whose sea pictures you have probably seen and coveted, has done his own illustrations, and you can spend a pleasant hour on these alone. . . .

Place next to the comedian's desire to play *Hamlet* the poet's impulse to write just one novel. . . . The latest to fall is Alfred Noyes, whose pastoral farce, *Sun Cure,* has just been published by Cosmopolitan. . . . The prim but handsome young Curate decides to try sun-bathing just at the moment when the village vagabond has wandered to the same hidden spot on the downs. . . . This resentful subject of many of Mr. Strode's sermons scents revenge and a gold watch. . . . Soon Mr. Strode's clothes are no more. . . . The adventures of this ecclesiastical *Pan* are whimsical, inconsequential reading, full of sunlight and poetical quotations. . . . The description of the downs are Mr. Noyes, the poet, in prose—and they are the best of the book. . . . Perhaps Mr. Noyes would do better to stick to verse. . . .

Egg Pandervil (see *The History of Egg Pandervil,* by Gerald Bullett), started out as a slender, sensitive youth, the only one of the Pandervil boys to take after their scholar-father. We leave him a rotund little man, kindly, oldish, the owner of a grocery store, a neurotic wife and several unsatisfactory grown-children, bathing his last-born Nicky, in whom the gleam of the past has been recaptured. . . . We are not being mean and giving it all away. . . . Mr. Bullett lays his cards on the table right from the start, and it is the process of Egg's gradual battering and dimming which holds one absorbed. . . . Here is realism with touches of humour that give rise to frequent comparisons with H. G. Wells's *Mr. Polly.* . . . To us, Egg is far from being a *Mr. Polly,* although the delectable bits about the grocery store gave us the same pleasure which Mr. Wells's book did. . . . This is a carefully-written, pathetically human story, which is very good indeed, and only just misses being great. . . . We hear that *Nicky, Son of Egg,* a second volume by Mr. Bullett, is about to appear in this country, also published by Knopf. . . . It is the English book-of-the-month society's choice for August. . . .

The historical novel can be an easy way to produce 300-odd pages of fiction with the minimum of creative effort—and it can make the job much harder and more creditable. . . . A picturesque background, costumes, quaint speech, and a resemblance to the reader's idea of what the times were like often makes a passable rubber-stamp of life. . . . But to create a past condition and social scheme and point of view so soundly that the reader forgets the costume, and is living every-day life with these dead-and-goners—that is what we call a good job. This brings us to Maud Hart

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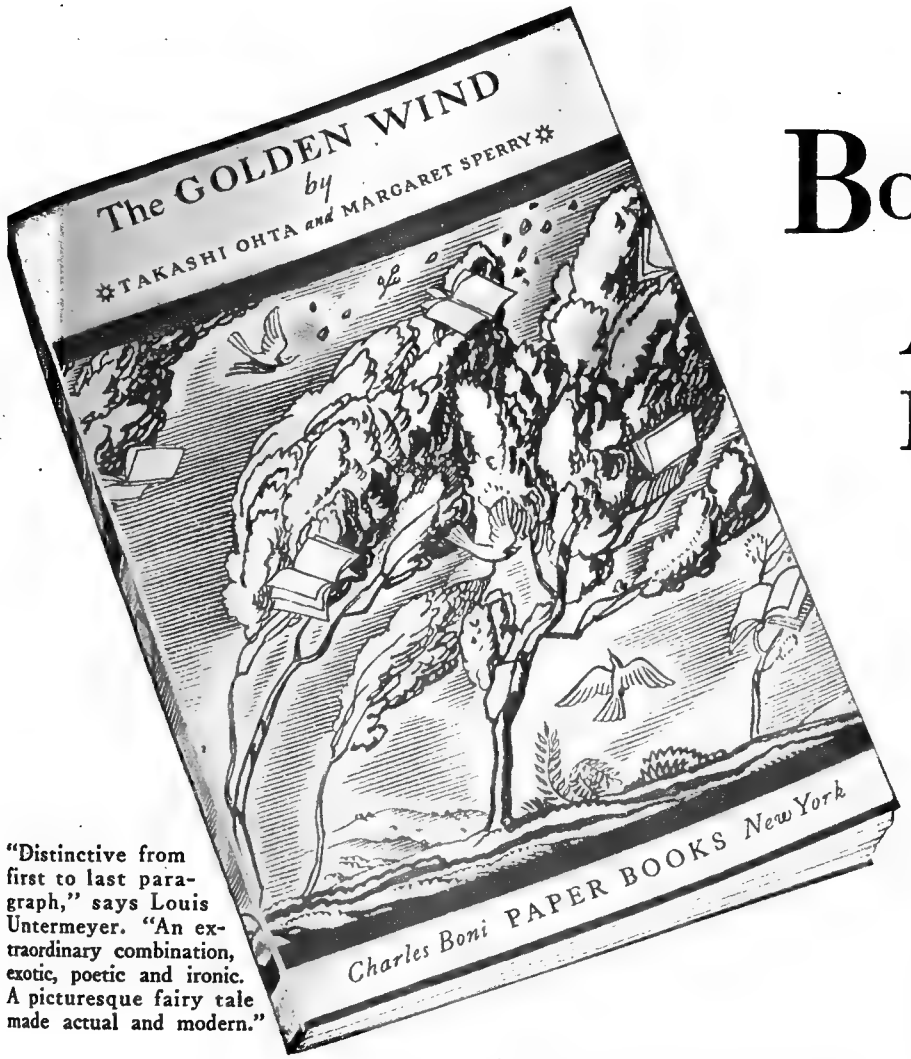

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Lovelace, who has achieved just such a result in *Early Candlelight* (John Day), a story of frontier life in Minnesota a hundred years ago, when Indians still stole down at night to sharpen tomahawks on your grindstone. . . . Delia Du Gay, daughter of the voyageurs, is a charming young heroine; the manner of telling is easy and breathes a pleasant freshness. . . .

FITLY TO MARK the autumn season comes a new Warwick Deeping, *Roper's Row,* a novel infinitely better (to our way of thinking), than *Old Pybus,* or the one before that whose title we never can remember. . . . Here is more nearly the fine stuff of *Sorrell and Son.* Chris Hazzard, lame and poverty-stricken young doctor, treads a difficult path to fame. . . . The story drags at times, but it leaves a pleasant afterglow. . . . And it is bound in sunproof cloth of which A. A. Knopf is apparently very proud. . . . Why not waterproof cloth, Mr. Knopf, for reading in the bathtub? . . .

When Laura walked with Papa in the Park, from Susan Ertz's *Galaxy* (Appleton).

ONE OF THE BEST novels of the month is Susan Ertz's. . . . In *The Galaxy* she deals un-gently with the surface prudery and suppressions that characterized Victorian England. . . . It is a thoughtful, purposeful book, beating a tattoo against blind reverence for time-hallowed beliefs. . . . Laura Deverell was born in Victoria's England, and we follow her through an unhappy childhood hedged round by prohibitions and elder-enforced opinions, through her girlhood, and a miserable marriage from which she steps bravely to a second and great love. . . . Two of the characters are, to us, unforgettable. . . . One is Mr. John, the heretical old tutor whose advice to the young is "to doubt whatever is accepted by their elders, until logically convinced of its truth and worth" . . . the other is the genius-brother, James, who turned in disgust and bitterness from the narrow tyranny of his father's house to work out his own gifted, poverty-stricken destiny. . . . Miss Ertz has tied international historical events up with the progress of her story, giving her chronicle a strong sense of actual happening. . . .

THE POWER that machines have given us is indisputable enough, but Stuart Chase in *Men and Machines* wisely chooses to ask whether the price which these machines exact is not too great. . . . Mr. Chase is a confirmed believer in machines, but he does fairly find that to date they have brought more misery than they have removed. Mr. Chase's book, published by Macmillan, is written just as readably as the latest mystery story. . . . His subject matter, which one might think off-hand was dull meat, is in fact tremendously interesting. . . . When you come down to it, machines touch our lives intimately enough so that anything written about their effect on the human soul is surprisingly arresting—at least, it is when Mr. Chase does it. . . .

Jacket design for *Pomp and Circumstance,* published by Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith.

BACK IN THE days when woman's place was really in the home, Olimpia di Porta Ravegnana, a beautiful twenty-four-year-old girl, was elected Doctor of Laws at the celebrated University of Bologna. . . . Susan Trautwein's *The Lady of Laws* (Knopf) is the story of this learned but human woman. . . . In spite of its richly-painted setting in medieval Italy, the book is by no means an historical novel. . . . It is far more than that. . . . It portrays Ravegnan's loneliness in her distinction, her sufferings from the tongues of gossips, the joy and the tragedy of her love, her dramatic part in political intrigue and struggle so finely that we see her a woman of all time against the background of the psychology of her day. . . . The translation from the German is superb. . . . The ordered simplicity of Miss Trautwein's prose may have had something to do with this, but certainly the translators have done their share in preserving its pliability and charm. . . .

Ex-Wife (Anonymous) is written by one of those unbelievably clever, energetic, gin-proof New Yorkers whom one hears much about but rarely meets. . . . And anyone who aspires to be thought of as one of this ultra-sophisticated group could not do better than imply she had written it. . . . The book tells us that under a thick and glittering enamel, another drink, a witty remark, at 5 o'clock in the morning, human hearts are breaking. . . . Patricia's life is a whirling kaleidoscope of husbands, lovers, success in the advertising business, speakeasies, kisses, and gameness. . . . She is an Ex-wife Grade A.: "Sex appeal, dresses well, looks young, dances lightly, can make wise-cracks, and is self-supporting. Lets a man talk. Does not gold-dig except for another round of liqueurs after dinner." . . . Her story is autobiography, no doubt, but autobiography spinning so fast, reduced to such crisp aphorisms, that its likeness to life is a distorted one. . . . The Patricia of the beginning of the book is a pretty, engaging young woman clinging bewilderedly to a husband, who wants a divorce. . . . The hardening process is a rapid one; a new young man enters her life the day after her husband leaves her, and by

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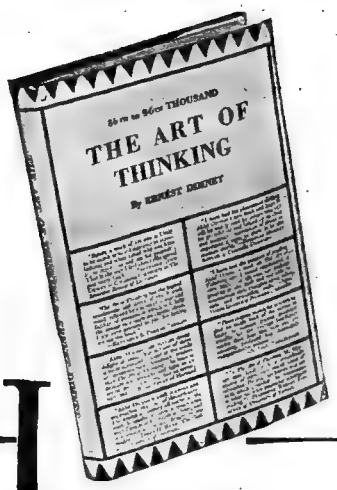

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MANY months ago I heard my friends talking enthusiastically about a new book called *The Art of Thinking*. "Not for *me*," I thought, enjoying the luxury of refraining from the trend. But month after month—week after week—I noticed *The Art of Thinking* was discussed and recommended—by college presidents and church pastors, on the radio, in the newspapers and magazines.

Why, I wondered, should an average, busy man, with little enough time for recreation, be urged to spend it "thinking about thinking? . . ." But I seemed to be alone in my opinion. Again and again I noticed the title on lists of best-selling books—"average, busy men" and women were *buying* the book by the thousands. At last my own curiosity and the repeated recommendation of a wise and trusted bookseller impelled me to buy the book.

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ERRATUM: The way things do happen when nothing else matters in the world as much as timetables and trunks and stopping the newspaper . . . a perfectly charming illustration for Dutton's new edition of Hans Andersen was credited in these pages last month with being the book jacket of E. de Gramont's memoirs, *Pomp and Circumstance*. . . . As a matter of fact, the jacket design in question looks exactly like the cut on page 22. . . .

CRIME LITERATURE of the day is hardly complete without a compilation of literary crimes. . . . Hundreds of ingenious cases of forgery, piracy, plagiarism, and hoax have been gathered by H. M. Paull into a book of far broader interest than its title, *Literary Ethics*, would indicate. . . . The book is a work of permanent value on an important subject, but its appeal to the average reader lies in the illustrative allusions (some might call it gossip) about the giants of English literature. . . . Shakespeare, we read, was a notorious pirate; Dumas is supposed to have made use of a "ghost" writer whose work he signed (the story goes that when Dumas once asked his son, "Have you read my last story?" the boy replied, "No, sir; have you?"); Wordsworth's publisher, asking him for a sketch of his life, stressed piquancy rather than accuracy. . . . Literary morality in such matters as copyright, censorship, and criticism has traveled a long road beset with unscrupulous authors, and villainous editors. . . .

Drawing by G. L. Stampa from a new edition of *Supplication of the Black Aberdeen*, by Rudyard Kipling.

WE SUGGEST *Murder at Bratton Grange* by John Rhode, as the next problem for our detective-story unravellers. . . . It is well-written, un-guessable, convincing, and made unique by a detective (Dr. Priestley) whom the author does not try to make a fascinating fellow. . . . The corpse is that of Sir Hector Davidson, "a thoroughly bad hat," and the object of the secret homicidal yearnings of most of the principal characters. . . . The murder is finally done, however, with a care and subtlety which leave Scotland Yard flat on its back, and even the all-seeing Dr. Priestley a bit groggy. . . . And for once the murderer is rewarded for his cleverness. . . .

DR. HAILEY also gets himself mixed up in a murder this fall. . . . Anthony Wynne's pet amateur detective takes part in a baffling and bloody yarn called *The Fourth Finger* (Lippincott), and as usual he reaches conclusions highly satisfactory to everyone but the meany who is the cause of it all. . . . Both the *Murder at Bratton Grange* and *The Fourth Finger* were Detective Story Club selections for August. . . . *The May Day Mystery*, by Octavus Roy Cohen, was also on the recommended list, and is a swift-moving, satisfactory story laid on a college campus, just to give time to redecorate the more usual English country house. . . . On the September list of the Detective Story Club we can recommend only *The Perfect Murder Case*, by Christopher Bush. . . . As yet we have not read the first choice, *Duke of York Steps*, by Henry Wade, nor *The Billiard Room Mystery*, by Brian Flynn, also patted on the back by the Club. . . .

WE LEARN from Baker & Taylor that the ten best-sellers at the moment, in Fiction, are:

All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque.
Roper's Row, by Warwick Deeping.
They Stooped to Folly, by Ellen Glasgow.
The Galaxy, by Susan Ertz.
The Listening Post, by Grace S. Richmond.
Jim, the Conqueror, by Peter B. Kyne.
The Laughing Queen, by E. Barrington.
Soldiers of Misfortune, by Percival C. Wren.
Splendour of God, by Honoré W. Morrow.
Scarlet Sister Mary, by Julia Peterkin.

AND among the General Books:

The Specialist, by Charles (Chic) Sale.
Henry the Eighth, by Francis Hackett.
The Art of Thinking, by Ernest Dimnet.
Ether and Me, or "Just Relax," by Will Rogers.
A Preface to Morals, by Walter Lippman.
Contract Bridge for All, by Milton C. Work.
Believe It or Not!, by Robert L. Ripley.
The Mansions of Philosophy, by Will Durant.
Men and Machines, by Stuart Chase.
Lindbergh: His Story in Pictures.

KIPLING'S OWN TERRIER graciously consented to pose for the numerous drawings which illustrate the first American edition of his master's *Supplication of the Black Aberdeen* (Doubleday, Doran). . . . The drawings are by G. L. Stampa, and the book is not to be missed by anyone who has known a "Scotch Dog". . . .

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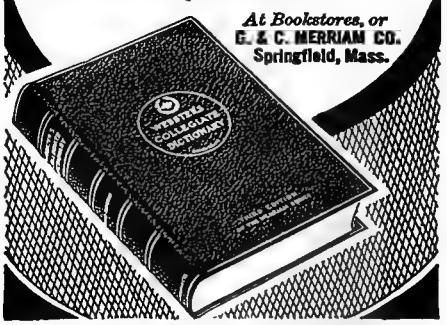

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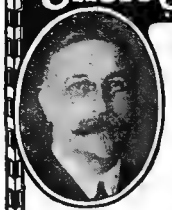
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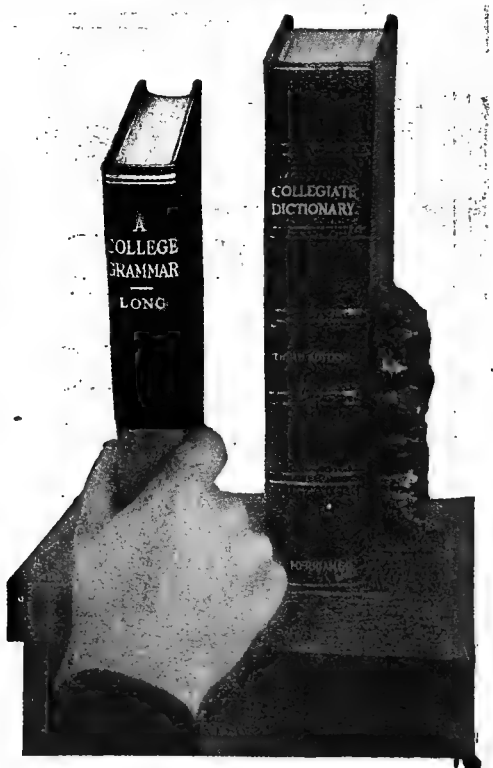

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The *eleven kinds* of pronouns. *Correct* uses of **I, me, we, us, etc. It, that, which, whose, what, whom, etc. None, no one, nobody, not any, etc. Ours, thine, hers, theirs, etc. Own, own selves, myself, etc.** How to use **who** and **whom** correctly.

Use of adjectives to *qualify* nouns to obtain *more exact* shades of meaning. **Big, bigger, biggest; good, better, best; southern, more southern, southern-most; former, first;** and other comparisons. When to use **the** and **a** before nouns. **Elder, eldest; foremost, first; less, fewer;** and other *special types* of adjectives. Position of adjectives as a means of *increasing clarity* and *forcefulness*.

Verbs as the *motive power* of the sentence. Strong and weak verbs. Verbs with and without objects. **Be, was, been; burst, burst, burst; lay, laid, laid; get, got, got; lie, lay, lain; swim, swam, swum; choose, chose, chosen;** etc. Lists of regular, irregular, and auxiliary verbs, with illustrations of their correct use. **Shall, will; may, might, should or would,** etc. Correct use of *tense*. How to avoid the *weak passive voice*. What determines the use of singular or plural verb.

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Recommended Books

Fiction

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THE GALAXY, by Susan Ertz. Appleton. $2.50. Concerning a woman in revolt against predigested beliefs, arbitrary standards, and a faithless marriage.

ROPER'S ROW, by Warwick Deeping. Knopf. $2.50. Struggling through poverty and despair, and professional jealousy of the medical world, but backed by the great love of two women, a man rises to fame.

THE YOUNG MAY MOON, by Martha Ostenso. Dodd, Mead. $2.50. A widowed girl suddenly finds herself a social outcast in a gossipy, narrow mid-western town. Tragically out of place in her surroundings, she at length works out her salvation.

PATERFAMILIAS, by W. B. Trites. Cosmopolitan. $2.50. Father brings up a family, and at fifty cheerfully views the remains of his own rich young ambitions.

HOMEPLACE, by Maristan Chapman. Viking. $2.50. Life and romance as it is pursued in the Tennessee mountains—carrying forward some characters of *The Happy Mountain*.

LONE TREE, by Harry Leon Wilson. Cosmopolitan. $2.50. Amusingly about what happens to a simple man's peace when he discovers oil on his ranch, and his wife insists upon stepping out in style.

OCTOBER'S CHILD, by Donald Joseph. Stokes. $2.50. The portrait of a sensitive lad, his difficult groping through the years to manhood, his contacts with human relationships, and his great love for his mother. A thoughtful characterization.

LAUGHING BOY, by Oliver La Farge. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50. The dramatic love story of a Navajo Indian and his mate, told by a man who has lived among the tribe.

THE SON OF PERDITION, by James Gould Cozzens. Morrow. $2.50. In a tiny Cuban settlement, dictated to by the representative of an American sugar interest, a handful of human beings work out their strange, tropic-wrought destinies.

I THOUGHT OF DAISY, by Edmund Wilson. Scribner's. $2.50. A tale of Greenwich Village, involving the lives of three denizens —a young author, a poetess and an exchorine.

LIFE GOES ON, by W. G. Rogers. Liveright. $2.00. The events of one evening, at a party in a middle-class American home, with a domestic crisis and a realistic reconciliation. The author's original method of narrating the story, entirely by conversation *sans* quotation marks, is its chief bid for recognition.

SOBER FEAST, by Barbara Blackburn. Little, Brown. $2.50. A particularly good-humoured book about young English folk and the adventurous possibilities of the second-hand car business; entertaining dialogue.

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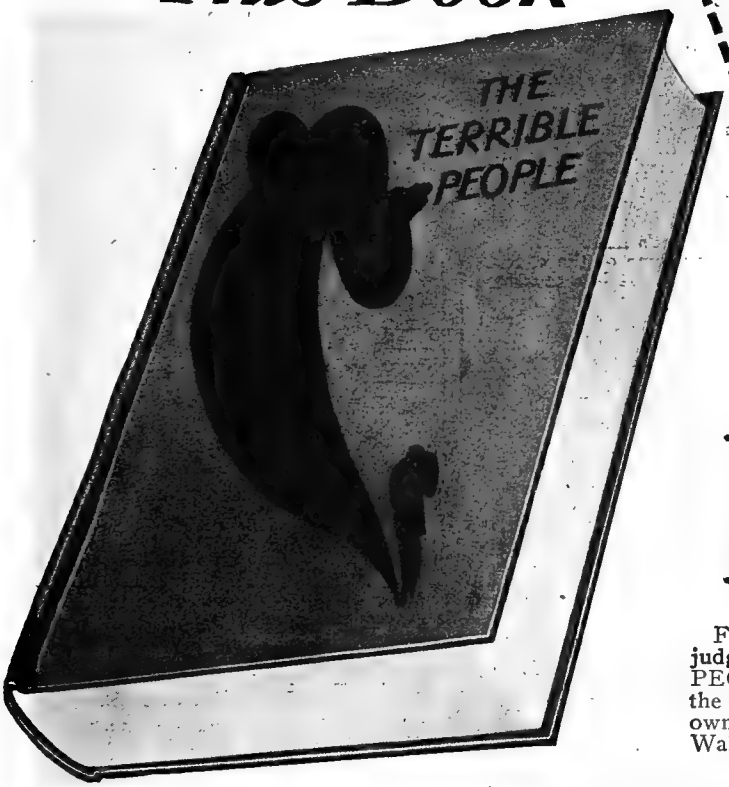

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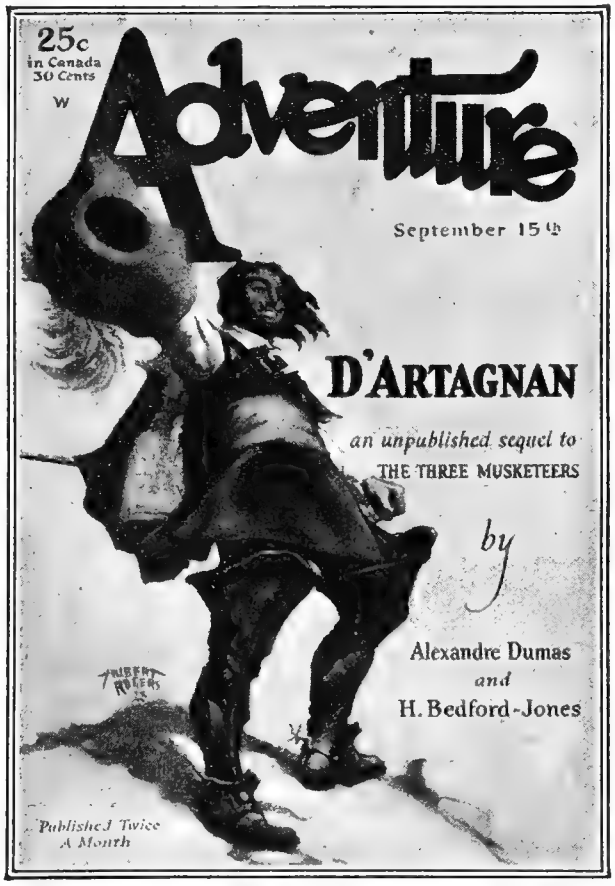

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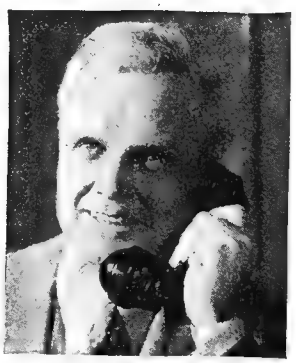

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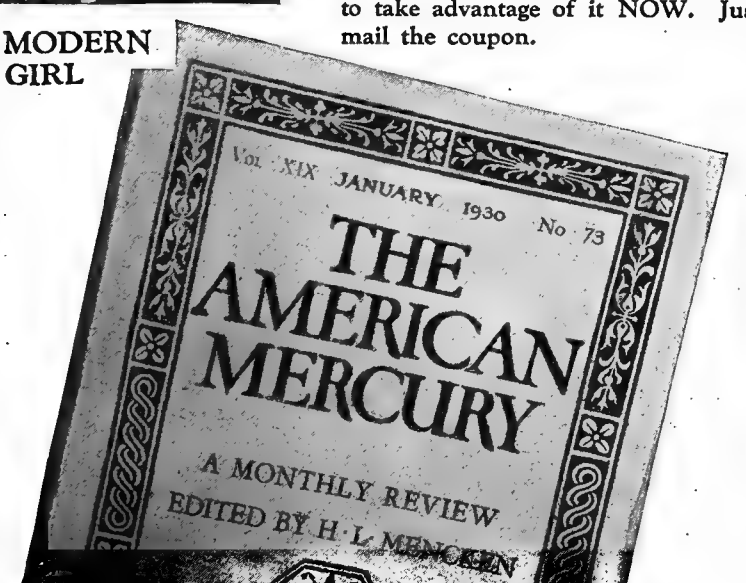

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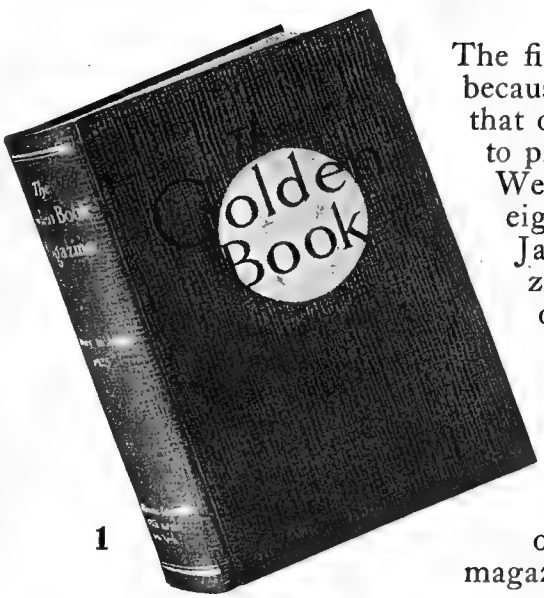

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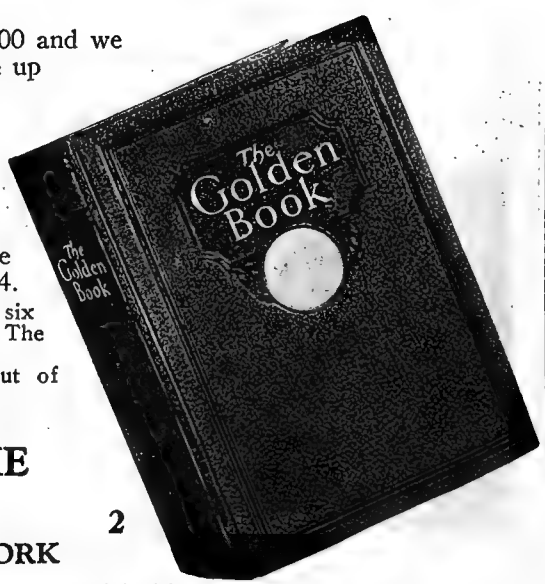

2

GOLDEN BOOK BOUND VOLUME DEPARTMENT

55 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

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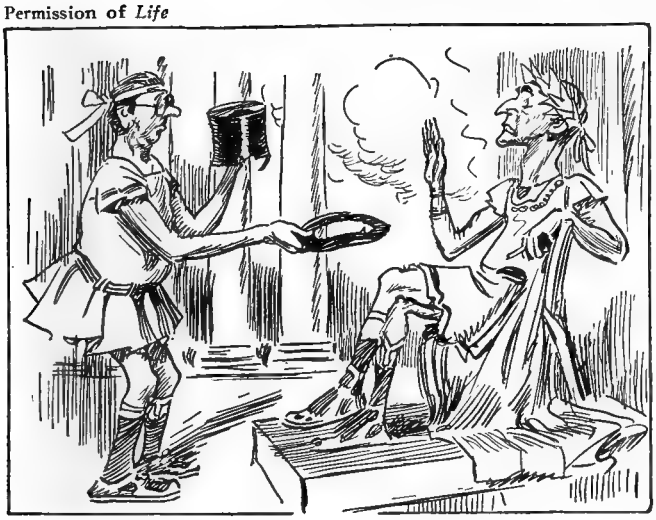
As History Is Authenticated Lies, Then Possibly—

By JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Permission of *Life*



It was the Brim and Not the Crown Cæsar Refused.

Cleopatra Poisoned the Poor Asp.

Nero Burned While Rome Fiddled.

Paul Revere Really Overslept That Morning.

Gen. Warren Said—"Don't Shoot Till You See the Whites of Their Eggs."

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Drawing by C. B. Falls

Who Hath Eyes to See

THE POETRY OF BOOKS prepares, and also it restores. To us the world grows stale, because in proportion as we become accustomed to a thing we are estranged from it. In proportion as we win the daily presence of our friends, we lose them. We come to regard life as a dry package of facts. We want the spirituous refreshment of another's vision. We want to have our eyes reopened, and our souls made naked to the touch of being.

This is the priesthood of art—not to bestow upon the universe a new aspect, but upon the beholder a new enthusiasm. At our doors every morning the creation is sung. The day is a drama, the night is an unfolding destiny within whose shadowy arena impetuous life shall still contend with death. A world laughs and bleeds for us all the time, but our response in this meteoric theatre we suffer to be drugged with business and decorum. We are born sleeping, and few of us ever awake, unless it be upon some hideous midnight when death startles us, and we learn in grief alone what bit of Olympian fire our humid forms enwrapped. But we could open our eyes to joy also. The poet cries "Awake!" and sings the song of the morning. He that hath eyes let him see! Even now all around us the trees have arisen, and their leaves are tongues of the air in song—the earth swings on in drastic revolution—and we laugh and love perpetually—and the winds enlarge our goings and our comings with a tune.

The poet, the restorer, is the prophet of a greater thing than faith. All creeds and theories serve him, for he goes behind them all, and imparts by a straighter line from his mind to yours the spirit of bounteous living. His wisdom is above knowledge. He cries to our sleeping selves to come aloft, and when we are come he answers with a gesture only. In him we find no principle; we find ourselves reborn alive into the world.

So far from being past, or on the wane, this wisdom of the soul of poetry looks for the first time joyfully into the future. Man is now returning to his rights as an animal. He has now learned that morals are not meant for a scourge and a dry medicine, and that joy is its own reason. Existence was not perpetrated in malice or benevolence, but simply is, and the end of our thinking is that here we are, and what can we make of it. We have a planet to act upon, a sense of the drama. We will not squat and argue, nor balk, and try to justify God, but we will make with high hearts of abandon our entrance and our exit before the congregation of the stars.

MAX EASTMAN.

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The Golden Book Magazine

VOLUME X OCTOBER, 1929 NUMBER 58

The Funeral Guest

By ALMET JENKS

Almet Jenks,

TORRENCE BROUGHT THE CAR to an abrupt stop in the tangled traffic and shut off the engine.

I wondered and glanced at him inquiringly.

"Funeral procession," he said, and pointed to the left of the stalled trolley car in front of us. I leaned across the wheel and caught a glimpse of the hearse, black and silver, topped by waving plumes, disappearing up the cross street.

"Four horses in black fish nets," said Torrence. "Sometimes an affair like this lasts longer than a freight train. As an experienced motorist I've found it's no wiser to cut a funeral in two than a freight train. Let us compose ourselves, therefore, and smoke two of your cigarettes."

Between the cars massed on the right of the trolley I watched the funeral carriages passing at a smart trot. Round about us the motors were humming softly, anxious to be off.

"Look at them," Torrence went on, puffing at his cigarette and not looking at them at all, "those disreputable drivers with those distressing hats—haven't you seen them standing in portentous groups, lifting surreptitious coat tails for a wee sniftus against the long ride to the grave? And where do you suppose they get those hats? Are they ordained by some dour association of charioteers?"

Presently the trolley car in front stirred, and I heard the motors round about us wake to life. The last carriage was passing. Torrence glanced at his watch.

"Not more than five minutes," he murmured. "Five minutes for reverence—we can't grudge him that—or her, as the case may be." We wormed our way around the trolley and were off.

We were going to Torrence's country place to spend the week-end with Mrs. Torrence and several little Torrences—how many and how apportioned to the sexes I could not remember. I spoke of Mrs. Torrence and "the kids," which was all one could expect of a friend one hadn't seen for six years. Torrence, when I last knew him, before he was married, had been wayward enough to suit the most provincial visitor to town, and of a nature so agreeable and so avid for the violent slaughter of slow time, that, after a dull two days in a strange city, I had telephoned him on the chance of finding him still unregenerate. I knew he had married, but the heat of the noonday sun led me to believe that Mrs. Torrence and "the kids" must be sitting by some crowded sea, and Torrence languishing in town. As it was, I had been basely trapped into an evening in the suburbs. After committing myself to his ignoble hands, I discovered, too late, that he was a commuter—with a car just repaired and waiting to be transported.

"Has it ever struck you," Torrence went on, sliding over a cross-street behind the back of a policeman, "that there is an immense field for reform in our manner of returning dust to dust? What I object to most, aside from the fact of an absolute and irreparable surcease, are the ceremonies attendant thereon. We aim at dignity and, illogically enough, a sense of tragedy, and achieve, it seems to me, only the grotesque."

We were now beyond the heat and traffic of the city streets. The light was fading, and a sudden breeze stirred the heavy foliage along our path. Torrence breathed a little sigh and settled more comfortably in his seat. We shot up a hill, round a corner,

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Drawing by August Henkel

and silently down to a straight, empty road that stretched into the haze of evening.

"No," murmured Torrence, "when I lie in state, and the long line forms in the street, let the windows be not darkened and don't omit flowers. If two or three must gather together, let there be a modest caterer with a cool, unbaked repast and an unobtrusive punch bowl in the corner. Let there be music, certainly—brass and wood-winds, but no strings. Let them kick the rugs away and dance, and let the stags mill about the punch and rediscover unnumbered, fabulous virtues in the host who, at the last moment, had another engagement. And I, I shall be upstairs all the time, sleeping (so they would have you believe); but in my very deepest sleep I shall hear the faint lilting tune of the saxophones coming up through the floor, and the pleasant sound of many voices, and I shall be glad to be sleeping—as if I had drunk too much of life and had been put to bed early. . . . And when night comes, and the lights are on—and if there must be candles, will you see that they are in Japanese lanterns strung about the porch and garden?—the music will stop for a while, and I shall hear the clanking of dishes, and the clatter of knives and forks, and the dignified steps of tall, grave—no, not grave, there must never be anything grave—tall, courtly waiters, and the pop! pop! of that last case I had been saving for something no better than this. And some one must remember, that night, to give an extra bottle to the band. And there should be *hors-d'œuvres* of all colours, and red lobsters, and chicken in yellow jelly, and pistache ice cream. Will you see to that?" he turned to me anxiously. "Don't let them serve caviar on white bread . . . or black bean soup.

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"She was all colour from her shoes to the tip of her crown. . . . It was the most effective entrance I'd ever seen."

"I had rather an amusing experience once," he went on after a pause, "but not at that kind of an affair. Ever since, I've been a great believer in the converse of the rift-in-the-lute idea—the shadow in the glen, the thorn and the rose. . . . You can't tell what opportunities may develop out of the most depressing circumstances. I was selling bonds at the time, and was rather interested in applying to my particular job, along with the more or less variable rules of the market, practical laws of psychology. Simple enough things—such as following the society columns in the newspapers, for example, and hopping onto friends who'd just been married, before the first month's bills came in. And funerals—I was specializing in municipals then, and I made a point of attending funerals and talking in a low voice about three-and-a-half and four per cent. So safe, so certain—as certain as death . . . you get the idea? Suppose the corpse had gone in for Parnassus Mines or Far Cathay Oil—where would the family be now? Fortunately he had been conservative, I understood. Now take municipals, for example. . . . Easy enough, you see.

"So I used to read the obituary lists regularly, and one morning I came across a familiar name—the father of a chap who used to be in our office. I was fairly intimate with the son for a while—until he exhausted his clientèle and went into one of his father's mills—and I'd often felt a little guilty that I'd made so little effort to continue our acquaintance. I felt somewhat guiltier when I telephoned my condolences, but it was the middle of a hot July and absolutely nothing stirring: one had to go out and make business, you know. I told him I hoped we'd see each other before he went back to the mill, and he was really

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touched, I think, and suggested that he'd appreciate it if I cared to attend the funeral, which was to be private and very small—just the family and a few intimate friends."

We came suddenly into the square of a small village, and Torrence paused in his story to cast an eye over the jam of homing vehicles. We writhed in and out, past trolleys, trucks, and cars, and finally past a red-faced, perspiring policeman in shirt sleeves who waved us on, up a dark hill and once more into the quiet lanes of the country.

"So," said Torrence, settling back again. "Well, I went to the funeral. It was about my fourth funeral that summer, so I left word at the office I was going to a ball game.

"I FOUND MYSELF in one of those tremendous apartment houses, and, to make matters worse, the elevator was out of order, and I had to walk up five flights. Perfectly terrible—and that awful, close smell of orchids getting stronger as you mounted. When I got to the fifth floor a butler took my hat and turned me over to a tall, pale gentleman in a frock coat, who smiled and asked me in a low voice if I was one of the family. I told him no, and asked where the son was—my friend. He said that the family were upstairs, and led me along a hall into an immense room that looked like an Italian palace—or the way an Italian palace should look. I got a rather confused impression of a great bank of flowers and a number of people sitting quietly, a few in small groups, conversing in low tones. As I entered they paused, and all looked at me curiously. It was rather embarrassing, for I felt sure I knew none of them; my usual *rôle* of interloper, you know . . . and to the music of a violin, tuning up very softly in another room! Enter Mammon, shamelessly! I felt the need of a cue, naturally, and turned to my guide at the door and mentioned the son's name in a voice loud enough for the others to hear, and asked that word be sent upstairs that I should like to see him if he could come down. I took a seat quietly in a corner and reflected on the rotten state of the bond market.

"Well, presently the son—my friend—appeared in the door and, catching my straining eye, came over to where I was sitting. He nodded—very grave and important—to some of the others whose chairs he passed, and they stirred solicitously and greeted him in low, respectful tones. The heir, I thought, and rose with alacrity. We spoke softly about the passing of time, what we had been doing with ourselves, found neither had married—yet—so *he* put it, with a faint smile, as if he expected to be ravished out of hand. He said he thought everyone was there and that it was nearly time to start and that he should sit with me. He drew up a chair and, as nothing *was* started, began to tell me in a low voice who the others in the room were. Oh, yes, he knew them all—they had asked only a few relations and very close friends. There was Mr. Galton (who was asleep by the piano), general manager of the largest mill—he had come down on the midnight and was going back that evening—things were running at capacity again . . . and Roger Beardsley, their lawyer, next to him, looking as if he were about to become an executor, in an old cutaway coat and choker collar, and Aunt Louise and Uncle Somebody, and his cousin, Vivien, whom he hadn't seen for years, and next to them another cousin, So-and-so Herrick, a smashing good golf player, who always turned up at family weddings and Christmas dinners quite drunk, and Goddard Barnes, manager of another mill . . . and so on. I managed to put in my delicate word about seeing him again before he went back, on the chance that he might be interested in some of our latest issues. . . . Oh! of course, he'd be glad to, might possibly be interested in investments—now. I fairly breathed security and conservatism . . . what day would be convenient? . . . would he come down Tuesday for lunch? Tuesday it was."

Torrence grinned. "Don't think me material. Summer was on us, and I did it for my little roadster. Wasn't it better that he should fall into my hands, with my decent municipals, than into those of some violator of the empyrean? Indeed, it was a far, far better thing . . . and this is Hampden, by the way," he said, motioning at a sign post, "which is not far from home, so I must get on with my story.

"To appreciate properly my next scene," he continued, missing a ditch by a few inches as he slid by a truck, "you must have the picture of that room clearly in your mind—the very high stucco-like ceiling, the walls hung with, I supposed, priceless tapestries, the early primitives by the fireplace, the late—you'll pardon me—definitive resting beneath absolutely correct flowers, surrounded by absolutely correct kinsmen and, if I do say it myself, an absolutely correct bondsman. And then absolute silence—as if by some prearranged signal. The violin was being tuned again, softly, quickly . . . whispers came from the other room. I thought to myself, a fitting ending to an absolutely correct life—everything perfect—when suddenly the room woke to rustling life. I turned, startled, and saw a new figure standing in the doorway.

"IT WAS A WOMAN—dressed in a deep red dress—crêpe de chine, I should imagine, knowing nothing about it—with a single gardenia resting like a bird on her left shoulder. She was a wonderful figure against the gray walls and the deep greens of the tapestries. She stood on the threshold, one white-gloved hand against the jamb, in the other a lacquered Japanese parasol, and gazed at us with startled eyes from under the brim of her small red hat. She was all colour, from her bronze shoes to the tip of her crown. I couldn't take my eyes off her as she stood there, hesitant, as if about to turn and fly. It was perfectly tremendous. . . . Whether it was planned or not, of course I couldn't tell; I only knew it was the most effective entrance I'd ever seen, and that she was worth every bit of it. Suddenly I heard a door shut—the outer door of the apartment, I supposed, and at the same moment the violin in the next room took up its song. The woman in the doorway looked about in a despairing way—no one had risen to offer her a seat, we were all too surprised—and then, as if her retreat had been cut off, she sank into a chair close to the flower-covered bier, full in our curious gaze.

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"I remember very little of that service," Torrence went on, after a moment. "I have a vague memory of a woman's voice singing hymns to the violin accompaniment in the next room, of a clergyman suddenly appearing, rather like a rabbit out of silk hat. And there she sat through it all, facing us, at the head of the bier, like some bad angel that had come, proudly, at the very last, to claim her dead. It was her place, now, for a few moments—before the door was closed against her once more . . . forever.

"You deplore my conclusions?" Torrence leaned over and switched on the lights. "But what else was I to think? The son, sitting quietly by my side, didn't complete his catalogue and whisper that the woman was, let us say, Aunt Patience or Cousin Dorcas. He said nothing, and I said nothing. Besides, the curtain was up. I glanced at him, once. His profile was, I thought, properly inscrutable . . . and it may have been my imagination that impressed a look of further melancholy on his features—as if this last blow were too much to bear.

"I had a good chance to examine her more closely while she was engaged in staring down Aunt Louise. It was rather amazing drama, you know: that charged room, the languishing violin, the wailing, evangelical measures of the hymn—so absolutely wrong in that entirely faithless group—and the girl in scarlet—we must call it scarlet, I think—sitting disdainfully, in perfect poise, by her dishonoured dead. For she was nothing more than a girl, I discovered, an amazing looking creature, really. . . . Her face was dead white, like a mask, without expression and without a trace of colour except for the startling carmine of her lips. She was quite frankly painted, you know—brazenly so, as if contemptuous of more covert improvements. Her hair was very dark and cupped closely to her ears, but it was her eyes that were the most extraordinary—the lighest blue-gray I've ever seen—like no colour on land or sea or in the sky."

Torrence's voice took on a sudden note of melancholy in the deepening twilight. We had turned off the main road some minutes before and were running smoothly and almost without sound along a blazing white ribbon winding endlessly into the darkness.

"Yes," Torrence murmured, and tapped the steering wheel once, sharply, with his forefinger as if to settle the matter, "it was a vision of absolute Beauty. Why, I can't say. It may have been the pure white mask of her face, or those queer blue eyes, looking so calmly at each of us in turn, or the black hair, close about her ears, like a helmet. Or it may have been her high courage, coming empty-handed into the castle of her dead lord to pay homage to that which had once been theirs—that which had transcended the laws of men—which had been sanctioned by God alone . . . which—which—oh, you know! Those were my thoughts, sitting there, while the hymn flowed about our heads. . . .

"Where did she come from? Where was the small, secret nest that closed warmly about his heart after these lofty spaces and wide rooms? . . . I looked around again, and felt a sudden, stabbing pity for that man lying under the flowers, whose face I had never seen. This—this old splendour, borrowed from an alien land, from another age, warm, beautiful, yet somehow lifeless and discordant in that great pile of granite, housing so many noisy lives—this had never been home! These walls had never heard the precious secrets of that dead heart, the faint, hesitant questionings of the mind, the dreams and visions that were finally lost in the whirr of shuttles and looms, drowned in the black waters that flowed beneath his many mills. . . . Somewhere, safe, apart from the world, in the upper reaches of the city or hidden deep in its loins, another life had been lived. Where was it?"

Torrence grinned at me in the darkness. His voice became more cheerful.

"The question was not purely academic, I'm afraid; nor were my thoughts entirely funereal."

"Will you light me another of your cigarettes?" he went on, "for the services are over, and we are moving, slowly and without haste—except for myself—towards the door. Perhaps there is some jostling on my part, for the girl had risen and slipped out of the room before I could make my way to the door. I said a short good-by to my friend, recalling the date for lunch. The room seemed suddenly full of dark figures barring my way.

"When I got out of the apartment into the hallway it was empty, but I heard the sound of light descending feet on the stairs below. When I caught up with her, she was stepping delicately down in the soft darkness, one hand raised against the wall. I coughed—decorously. It was quite as good as a cough, for she turned and cast a questioning glance backward. We both stopped, and for a moment she stood gazing up at me out of those strange blue eyes, out of that white mask-like face. . . . And somehow it suddenly became a romantic situation: we might have been two children, sneaking away from school.

" 'Does one go to the grave?' I asked, in, I hope, a sufficiently quizzical manner. She continued to regard me for an instant, and then the very faintest suggestion of a smile disturbed that serene face.

" 'Not this one, anyhow,' she answered in a low, strangely deep voice for a woman, and, turning, began to descend again. We went down together. We were silent through the next hallway, but when we turned once more into the stairway, she murmured:

" 'I think I've gone quite far enough today.'

"Oh, beautiful, I thought. Just right! A woman of the world, if I ever knew one.

" 'No one could go farther,' I agreed, touching her arm ever so gently: the stairs were steep and the way was dark. 'To the very gates of death itself.' She removed her arm—but ever so gently.

" 'You might stumble,' I said in a low voice.

" 'You are afraid of my stumbling?' she asked, lifting her short dress delicately for the next step.

" 'I am counting on it,' I murmured lightly. Very lightly, but audaciously—what? Just the right tone, you know. Oh, we were quite firmly on that ground by then. She gave a low laugh, and on top of it—I give you my word—the most gentle, trifling trip—the faintest slip downward. Voluntarily, of course. That was the beauty of it.

" 'This is dangerous,' I said, and took her arm firmly.

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"'Isn't it?' She was laughing softly, in the most enchanting deep tones. We came out into the street. It was the beginning of evening—the most dangerous hour.

"'Tea?' I said, and motioned to the doorman. 'I think we've walked far enough.' But she was very decided.

"'Oh, I couldn't, thanks,' she smiled at me in a friendly way, and waited. 'And I'd much prefer to walk—I haven't far to go. Which is your way—up or down?'

"But I wasn't beaten yet. I said, 'Frankly, I don't know,' and gazed inscrutably at the fading sky. 'This is the uncertain hour—shall I return swiftly to the office and assuage an aching conscience, or shall I make my way northward, slowly and sadly, to my lonely flat? I don't know,' and I stood plunged in thought.

"'I must hurry,' she said, tapping her bronze foot on the sidewalk. 'Thank you for helping me down those stairs.' She turned quickly, and there we were walking uptown together.

"'Unquestionably,' I said, 'the office will be closed, and my long trip would be in vain.'

"She stopped suddenly. 'But I forget,' and I could have sworn there was the faintest note of laughter in her voice, 'I promised to see a girl who lives just three blocks below here. How stupid of me! So, good night, and thank you again.' She turned and walked away. It really was stupid of her, you know. Walking downtown, I said to her:

"'And I forgot a most important matter at the office. I can't imagine how it slipped my mind.'"

Torrence laughed softly, and the car shot forward in a sudden burst of speed. "Only five miles more. Are you hungry?"

"But what happened then," I asked, "or is that the proper place to end the story?"

"Ah, don't misjudge me," said Torrence, "on the contrary, it would be most improper to end it there, with such a fellow as you for an audience. No. The question of tea came up again, as I remember.

"'Why not tea?' I said once more, as I kept pace with her along those three blocks that separated her from her lady friend. 'Or, if the idea of tea depresses you, something cold and devastating?'

"For the space of a block she did not answer, and then, as we reached the curb, she suddenly stopped and turned.

"'Let us go north, then, and on the other side of the street.' I followed her across. 'The sunny side,' she murmured. We passed opposite the entrance to the apartment house, and I saw the dark figures emerging.

"'In my flat,' I said, after a space, 'I have rather an interesting piece of tapestry.'

"'Tapestry!' she looked at me gravely. 'Do you go in for tapestry? How interesting! What dynasty?'

"'A Ming,' I said, just as cool, 'and absolutely authentic. It's priceless, I'm told.'

"'It would be,' she shook her head gently, and then, very coldly, 'Aren't you making a mistake?'

"It struck me then, for the first time, that perhaps I was. A hideous mistake. She hurried on, looking straight ahead. I was gathering myself for a hasty departure—one as decent as possible under the circumstances—when she spoke again.

"'It's not tapestries I'm interested in,' she said, 'but old prints—quaint old prints. I suppose you have some of them?' It was then I walked rather violently into a lamp post.

"'It's the bad light,' I said, thickly. 'As a matter of fact,' I went on, clearing my throat, and with what I fear was a distressing attempt at lightness, 'it just happens that the walls of my flat are literally covered with quaint old prints.'

"'Ah,' she shook her head again, 'I was afraid that would be the case. So, I think, if you insist on tea, we had better stop at the Mélanie, which is on the next block. So many times,' she continued, in a slightly mournful voice, 'I have gone to tea or supper to look at prints, and china, and water colours, and bronzes, and brasses, and etchings, and ship models, and snuff boxes, and furniture, and—and somehow,' she said plaintively, 'they never seem to have them. Or else,' she turned to me with a smile, 'they're really quite mediocre. No,' she went on, after a moment, 'I think we can examine those prints of yours just as well in the Mélanie.'

"'But this,' I protested, and my voice, I hope, rang deep with conviction, 'this, I feel, is somehow different.'

"'Different?' she glanced at me, questioning.

"'This tapestry,' I began, 'after all, you ought to give tapestries a chance.'

"But she had turned in at the Mélanie. She looked back at me over her shoulder. 'I could never do justice to a Ming.' And as I followed her—graceful, I trust, in defeat, I thought I heard her murmur, 'No Mings for little Eva, *thank* you!' but of this I am not sure."

Torrence grinned at me again.

"I'm afraid I haven't time to tell you what a complete ass I made of myself over the tea table, but no doubt you'll take my word for it. At the time, of course, I thought I had every excuse. Even now, I shudder to think what a horrible idiot I was. She started off very quiet over her tea, and I did the talking—aided not at all, I may say, by a coffee cup of tepid vermouth faintly laced with gin. She fixed me gravely with those queer light-blue eyes of hers under the little hat, and Heaven knows what ghastly heights I reached. She had her head tipped a little, and her hand along her cheek, and those bright carmine lips were very grave, and of course I was under a spell. I suppose I'm the last one in the world to console anyone, never having consoled myself—really. What could I do but buy her a cup of tea, wish her luck, and pass on? Not that she expected, or would have stood for, consolation. Imagine consoling this sporting, broken girl who had stood with her back to the door and stared them all down! No, I could not be guilty of that. For I felt, somehow, that when we passed out of the Mélanie, as we must soon pass—so soon—I should never see her again. There was the fading light, the tea shrinking in the cup, the flutter of leaving, the check, added and audited, trembling in the waiter's shirt bosom; and presently the end of all

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the world. Perhaps it brought the tears to my eyes, for suddenly that girl leaned across the table and said, with the slightest smile:

"'What *did* you think when I came into that room!'

"It was this," said Torrence, bowing a little in shame over the wheel, "that undid me. You can believe it went straight to my heart—that little confidence.

"'THINK?' I answered, making my voice low and confidential, and even thrilling, perhaps, 'think—'? I repeated; 'why, only this, at first: that in that dark room among the mourners I had been vouchsafed (no, I'm afraid I didn't say vouchsafed—splendid word, too)—a vision of absolute beauty. What else was I to think but that the vision was eternally beautiful and, therefore, eternally right?' A statement like that," Torrence interrupted himself again, "doesn't mean anything, but it rounds off, and practically nobody can answer it.

"She smiled," Torrence said, in a melancholy voice, "I thought, encouragingly—but it may be that I was wrong.

"'My second thoughts were of courage,' he went on, 'of that great spirit that faces death with a faint, supercilious smile on its face, stands with its back against the door, bleeding from a hundred wounds. Of how you had come, alone, unarmed, with death in your heart to pay homage to him who had died, to the ghost of a perished love. . . .'

"The girl looked up at me," said Torrence, "for she had been tracing squares and circles on the tablecloth, and her marble brow was wrinkled, and those light-blue eyes wide with startled surprise. I thought she had misunderstood me," he went on in his melancholy tones, "but possibly I was mistaken. I continued:

"'Do you think I did not realize what you were doing—that I do not bow down to that last splendid visit to the house you never knew? Do you remember the old Hindu custom—when the widow threw herself on the funeral pyre of her dead lord and perished with him in the flames? Did I not see you, brightly clad for the sacrifice, burn before your enemies? And now—you breathe, are alive—and yet you too have committed suttee!'

"Then," continued Torrence, "she rose rather suddenly, and began to draw on her gloves. I paid the check, and followed her to the door. She nodded to the doorman and he went to look for a taxi. Still inscrutable, she gazed across the twilit street. I could not let her go thus, without a word.

"'Will you forgive me?' I murmured at her elbow. 'After all, I could not help but see. Don't you understand how much I value the relationship that must have existed between you, since it brought you, in the end, to the very camp of your enemies? The cousins and the aunts and the son—and yes, even the wife . . . names, names, all of them, without import, without meaning in the light of what must have existed between you. . . .'

"The doorman came up with a taxi," Torrence went on, "and I helped her in. As I started to follow, she closed the door suddenly and spoke to me through the open window as the driver speeded up his motor.

"'Please don't bother. I live only a short way—just tell him to go north till I find my address,' she shook her bag at me, smiling. And then, leaning a little nearer, 'I think I owe you an apology. I was going to a tea this afternoon, at an apartment I'd never been to before. When I got to the apartment house the elevators weren't running, and they told me my hostess lived on the sixth floor. I must have miscounted, and then too there was the smell of flowers: it did smell so exactly like a tea—and just the sort of tea I was going to! And suddenly I found myself in a room full of people in black—and the front door was suddenly shut and the music began—and then I realized where I was—and in these clothes, in this hat! I suppose if I'd had any courage—' this half to herself," remarked Torrence, "with what I dimly realized was a rather mean smile. 'But I stayed,' she said, 'and I did get my tea after all, thanks to you.' She spoke to the driver, the car moved forward. I must have been standing on the running board, for I suddenly found myself erect, moving without effort through the traffic. She had a look of concern. 'Don't you think you'd better get off? Isn't that dangerous? And you will explain my dreadful mistake to your friends, won't you?'

"I suppose," Torrence said, with a grin, "I must have been rather a ghastly sight—clinging to the door handle, making myself flat. I told the driver to draw in to the curb. I got off and removed my hat. She looked through the window and nodded pleasantly.

"'Good-by,' she said. I bowed. And then suddenly she leaned over the sill, and shook her head, ever so gently.

"'Suttee!' she said—'really!'

"At this point," said Torrence, "I opened the door of the taxi and got in."

"AND I THINK we'll stop there," he went on, "for in five minutes we'll be home." The car gathered speed. He was silent for a moment. "A dreadful thing, though, wasn't it?" he said. "Good Lord, I don't suppose there are many people in the world who would have taken it that way! What?" He glanced at me for an instant.

"No," I said, "I don't imagine so." I turned it over in my mind. "Unless—" and then fell silent.

"Unless what?" asked Torrence.

"Well," I said slowly, "of course, after all, you may have been right from the beginning." It *was* a peculiar story, when you came to think of it. "For instance, why didn't she go to the tea after the funeral? It wasn't too late. It was only the next floor above—or below, I forget which. Have you ever thought of that?"

Torrence said nothing for a moment. I thought to myself, no, he never *has* thought of that possibility. Rather stupid, too—why, the thing was almost conclusive.

"It seems to me," I went on, pressing my point, "that that's pretty good proof——"

"Of course," said Torrence, clearing his throat, "she may—er—have noticed me, and noticed that I was—er—so to speak, following her."

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"Yes," I said, pleasantly, "that's possible." Torrence glanced at me. But I too could look inscrutable.

We turned in a driveway and presently I saw the lights of a house.

"Obviously," I went on, "she did want to have tea with you, later. But don't you see too that if she liked you, as she undoubtedly did, she wouldn't want you to think she was the dead man's mistress. Why, it's as plain as the nose on your face! Two to one—oh, three to one on the mistress theory."

The car came to a sudden stop before the front door. Before Torrence could answer, the light over the door was switched on, the door opened, and a young woman smiled at us from the hallway.

"I only got home myself a moment ago," she said in a husky, pleasant voice. Torrence introduced me to his wife. I slipped out of the seat, ducked under the top, and removed my hat. She came out and held out her hand.

"I'm afraid it's my fault," I began—"we're late . . ." which it wasn't, of course.

"Where've *you* been?" said Torrence, busy with my bag in the back seat. I turned to help him.

"Where would I be," she laughed, "in these clothes?" I looked at her over my shoulder. She had on a gaily coloured summer dress and a broad-brimmed straw hat crowned with pink roses. She raised her head and smiled at me—and suddenly I thought, where indeed? Where had she been in those clothes—those gay clothes? I stared at her. Her question was rhetorical, but something light was obligatory. But what? "A funeral?" No, certainly, that was not the answer, for Mrs. Torrence was still smiling, and now, under the light, her face was a strange, dazzling white, without a trace of colour except for the bright, brazen carmine of her lips—and her eyes were the queerest light-blue or gray—like no colour on land or sea—or in the sky, for that matter.

Woodcut by J. J. Lankes

"In the Beginning—"

In the beginning, when Twashtri came to the creation of woman, he found that he had exhausted his materials in the making of man, and that no solid elements were left.

In this dilemma, after profound meditation, he did as follows:

He took the rotundity of the moon, and the curves of creepers, and the clinging of tendrils, and the trembling of grass, and the slenderness of the reed, and the bloom of flowers, and the lightness of leaves, and the tapering of the elephant's trunk, and the glances of deer, and the clustering rows of bees, and the joyous gaiety of sunbeams, and the weeping of clouds, and the fickleness of the winds, and the timidity of the hare, and the vanity of the peacock, and the softness of the parrot's bosom, and the hardness of adamant, and the sweetness of honey, and the cruelty of the tiger, and the warm glow of fire, and the coldness of snow, and the chattering of jays, and the cooing of the *kokila*, and the hypocrisy of the crane, and the fidelity of the *chakrawaka;* and compounding all these together, he made woman and gave her to man.

But after one week, man came to him, and said: "Lord, this creature that you have given me makes my life miserable. She chatters incessantly, and teases me beyond endurance, never leaving me alone: and she requires incessant attention, and takes up all my time, and cries about nothing, and is always idle; and so I have come to give her back, as I cannot live with her."

So Twashtri said: "Very well": and took her back.

Then after another week, man came again to him, and said: "Lord, I find that my life is very lonely since I gave you back that creature. I remember how she used to dance and sing to me, and look at me out of the corner of her eye, and play with me, and cling to me; and her laughter was music, and she was beautiful to look at, and soft to touch: so give her back to me again."

So Twashtri said: "Very well": and gave her back again.

Then, after only three days, man came back to him again, and said: "Lord, I know not how it is; but after all, I have come to the conclusion that she is more of a trouble than a pleasure to me: so please take her back again."

But Twashtri said: "Out on you! Be off! I will have no more of this. You must manage how you can."

Then man said: "But I cannot live with her."

And Twashtri replied: "Neither could you live without her."

And he turned his back on man, and went on with his work.

Then man said: "What is to be done? for I cannot live either with or without her."

A Digit of the Moon. F. W. Bain

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Translated by
Thomas Seltzer

The Lost Words of Love

Drawing by Mak.

By CATULLE MENDÈS

ONCE UPON A TIME a very cruel fairy, pretty as the flowers, but wicked as the serpents who hide in the grass ready to spring upon you, resolved to avenge herself upon all the people of a great country. Where was this country? On the mountain or on the plain, at the shore of the river or by the sea? This the story does not tell. Perhaps it was near the kingdom where the dressmakers were very skilful in adorning princesses' robes with moons and with stars. And what the offense under which the fairy smarted? On this point also the story is silent. Perhaps they had omitted to offer up prayers to her at the baptism of the king's daughter. Be this as it may, it is certain that the fairy was in a great rage.

At first she asked herself whether she should devastate the country by sending out the thousands of spirits that served her, to set fire to all the palaces and all the cottages; or whether she should cause all the lilacs and all the roses to fade; or whether she should turn all the young girls into ugly old women. She could have let loose all the four winds in the streets and laid low all the houses and trees. At her command fire-spitting mountains would have buried the entire land under a mass of burning lava, and the sun would have turned from his path so as not to shine upon the accursed city. But she did still worse. Like a thief leisurely choosing the most precious jewels in a case, she removed from the memory of men and women the three divine words: "I love you."

And having wrought this affliction, she removed herself with a smile that would have been more hideous than the church of the devil had she not had the most beautiful rosy lips in all creation.

II

AT FIRST the men and women only half perceived the wrong that had been done them. They felt they lacked something, but did not know what. The sweethearts who met in the eglantine lanes, the married couples who talk confidingly to each other behind closed windows and drawn curtains, suddenly interrupted themselves and looked at each other or embraced. They felt, indeed, the desire to utter a certain customary phrase, but they had no idea even of what that phrase was. They were astonished, uneasy, but they asked no question, for they knew not what question to ask, so complete was their forgetfulness of the precious word. As yet, however, their suffering was not very great. They had so many other words they could whisper to each other, so many other terms of affection and endearment.

Alas! It was not long before they were seized with a profound melancholy. In vain did they adore each other, in vain did they call each other by the tenderest names, and speak the sweetest language. It was not enough to declare that all the bliss lay in their tenderly-exchanged kisses; to swear that they were ready to die, he for her and she for him; to call each other: "My soul; My flame! My dream!!" They instinctively felt the need of saying and hearing another word, more exquisite than all other words; and with the bitter memory of the ecstasy contained in this word, came the anguish of never again being able to utter or to hear it.

Quarrels followed in the wake of this distress. Judging his happiness incomplete on account of the avowal that was henceforth denied to the most ardent lips, the lover demanded from her and she from him the very thing that neither the one nor the other could give, without either knowing what that thing was, nor being able to name it. They accused each other of coldness, of perfidy, not believing in the tenderness which was not expressed as they mutually desired it should be.

Thus the sweethearts soon ceased to have their rendezvous in the lanes where the eglantines grew, and, even after the windows were closed, the conjugal chambers echoed only with dry conversations from easy-chairs that were never drawn close to each other. Can there be joy without love? If the country which had incurred the hatred of the fairy had been ruined by war, or devastated by pestilence, it could not have been as desolate, as mournful, as forlorn as it had become on account of the three forgotten words.

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III

THERE LIVED in this country a poet whose plight was even more pitiful than the plight of all the rest. It was not that, having a beautiful sweetheart, he was in despair at not being able to say and to hear the stolen word. He had no sweetheart. He was too much in love with the Muse. It was because he was unable to finish a poem he had begun the day before the wicked fairy had accomplished her vengeance. And why? Because it just happened that the poem was to wind up with "I love you!" and it was impossible to end it in any other way.

The poet struck his brow, took his head between his hands, and asked himself: "Have I gone mad?" He was certain he had found the words that were to precede the last point of exclamation before he had commenced to write the stanza. The proof that he had found them was that the rhyme with which it was to go was already written. There it was—it waited for them, nay, called aloud for them; it wanted no others, waiting for them like lips waiting for sister lips to kiss them. And this indispensable, fatal phrase he had forgotten; he could not even recall that he had ever known it. Surely there was some mystery in this, the poet mused unceasingly and with bitter melancholy—oh, the pang of interrupted poems!—as he sat at the edge of the forest near the limpid fountains where the fairies are wont to dance of an evening by starlight.

IV

NOW, AS HE SAT one morning under the branches of a tree, the wicked, thieving fairy saw him and loved him. One is not a fairy for nothing; a fairy does not stand on ceremony. Swifter than a butterfly kisses a rose she put her lips on his lips, and the poet, greatly preoccupied though he was with his ode, could not help but feel the heavenliness of her caress. Blue and rose-diamond grottos opened up in the depths of the earth, luminous as the stars. Thither the poet and the fairy were drawn in a chariot of gold, by winged steeds who left the earth in their flight. And for a long, long time they loved each other, forgetful of all but their kisses and smiles. If they but ceased for a moment to have their mouths united and to look into each other's eyes, it was only to take pleasure in more amiable diversions. Gnomes dressed in violet satin, elves attired in a misty haze, performed dances before them that fell in rhythm with the music of unseen orchestras, while flitting hands that had no arms brought them ruby baskets of snow-white fruit, perfumed like a white rose and like a virgin bosom. Or, to please the fairy more, the poet recited, while striking the chords of a *theorbo,* the most beautiful verses his fancy could conceive.

Fairy that she was, she had never known joy comparable to this of being sung to by a beautiful young man who invented new songs every day. And when he grew silent, and she felt the breath of his mouth near her, felt it passing through her hair, she melted away in tenderness.

Their happiness seemed without end. Days passed by, many, many days, but nothing occurred to disturb their joy. And yet she had moments of gloom, when she would sit musing, with her cheek on her hand and her hair falling in streams down to her hips.

"O queen!" he cried, "what is it that makes you sad; what more can you desire, seeing that we are so happy in the midst of all our pleasures, you who are all-powerful, you who are so beautiful?"

At first she made no answer, but when he insisted, she sighed and said: "Alas! one always ends by suffering the evil that one has inflicted on others. Alas! I am sad because you have never told me: 'I love you.'"

He did not pronounce the words, but uttered a cry of joy at having found again the end of his poem. In vain the fairy attempted to retain him in the blue and rose-diamond grottos, in the gardens of lilies that were as luminous as the stars. He returned to earth, completed, wrote and published his ode, in which the men and women of the afflicted country found again the divine words they had lost.

Now there were rendezvous again in the lanes, and warm, amorous conversations at the conjugal windows.

It is because of poetry that kisses are sweet, and lovers say nothing that the poets have not sung.

On Thinking for Oneself

TRUTH that has been merely learned is like an artificial limb, a false tooth, a waxen nose; at best, like a nose made out of another's flesh; it adheres to us only because it is put on. But truth acquired by thinking of our own is like a natural limb; it alone really belongs to us. This is the fundamental difference between the thinker and the mere man of learning. The intellectual attainments of a man who thinks for himself resemble a fine painting, where the light and shade are correct, the tone sustained, the colour perfectly harmonized; it is true to life. On the other hand, the intellectual attainments of the mere man of learning are like a large palette, full of all sorts of colours, which at most are systematically arranged, but devoid of harmony, connection and meaning. . . .

ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER.

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Woodcut by Herbert Pullinger

By JACK LONDON

The White Silence

Jack London

"CARMEN WON'T LAST much more than a couple of days." Mason spat out a chunk of ice and surveyed the poor animal ruefully, then put her foot in his mouth and proceeded to bite out the ice which clustered cruelly between the toes.

"I never saw a dog with a highfalutin' name that ever was worth a rap," he said, as he concluded his task and shoved her aside. "They just fade away and die under the responsibility. Did ye ever see one go wrong with a sensible name like Cassiar, Siwash, or Husky? No, sir! Take a look at Shookum here; he's——"

Snap! The lean brute flashed up, the white teeth just missing Mason's throat.

"Ye will, will ye?" A shrewd clout behind the ear with the butt of the dogwhip stretched the animal in the snow, quivering softly, a yellow slaver dripping from its fangs.

"As I was saying, just look at Shookum, here—he's got the spirit. Bet ye he eats Carmen before the week's out."

"I'll bank another proposition against that," replied Malemute Kid, reversing the frozen bread placed before the fire to thaw. "We'll eat Shookum before the trip is over. What d' ye say, Ruth?"

The Indian woman settled the coffee with a piece of ice, glanced from Malemute Kid to her husband, then at the dogs, but vouchsafed no reply. It was such a palpable truism that none was necessary. Two hundred miles of unbroken trail in prospect, with a scant six days' grub for themselves and none for the dogs, could admit no other alternative. The two men and the woman grouped about the fire and began their meager meal. The dogs lay in their harnesses, for it was a brief midday halt, and fastened their eyes on each mouthful enviously.

"No more lunches after today," said Malemute Kid. "And we've got to keep a close eye on the dogs,—they're getting vicious. They'd just as soon pull a fellow down as not, if they get a chance."

"And I was president of an Epworth once, and taught in the Sunday-school." Having irrelevantly delivered himself of this, Mason fell into a dreamy contemplation of his steaming moccasins, but was aroused by Ruth filling his cup. "Thank God, we've got slathers of tea! I've seen it growing, down in Tennessee. What wouldn't I give for a hot corn-pone just now! Never mind, Ruth; you won't starve much longer, nor wear moccasins either."

The woman threw off her gloom at this, and in her eyes welled up a great love for her white lord—the first white man she had ever seen—the first man she had known to treat a woman as something better than a mere animal or beast of burden.

"Yes, Ruth," continued her husband, having recourse to the macaronic jargon in which it was alone possible for them to understand each other; "wait till we clean up and pull for the Outside. We'll take the White Man's canoe and go to the Salt Water. Yes, bad water, rough water—great mountains dance up and down all the time. And so big, so far, so far away—you travel ten sleep, twenty sleep, forty sleep" (he graphically enumerated the days on his fingers), "all the time water, bad water. Then you come to great village, plenty people, just the same mosquitoes next summer. Wigwams oh, so high—ten, twenty pines. Hi-yu skookum!"

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He paused impotently, cast an appealing glance at Malemute Kid, then laboriously placed the twenty pines, end on end, by sign language. Malemute Kid smiled with cheery cynicism; but Ruth's eyes were wide with wonder, and with pleasure; for she half believed he was joking, and such condescension pleased her poor woman's heart.

"And then you step into a—a box, and pouf! up you go." He tossed his empty cup in the air by way of illustration, and, as he deftly caught it, cried: "And biff! down you come. Oh, great medicine-men! You go Fort Yukon, I go Arctic City—twenty-five sleep—big string, all the time—I catch him string—I say, 'Hello, Ruth! How are ye?'—and you say, 'Is that my good husband?'—and I say 'Yes'—and you say, 'No can bake good bread, no more soda'—then I say, 'Look in cache, under flour; good-by.' You look and catch plenty soda. All the time you Fort Yukon, me Arctic City. Hi-yu medicine-man!"

Ruth smiled so ingenuously at the fairy story that both men burst into laughter. A row among the dogs cut short the wonders of the Outside, and by the time the snarling combatants were separated, she had lashed the sleds and all was ready for the trail.

"Mush! Baldy! Hi! Mush on!" Mason worked his whip smartly, and as the dogs whined low in the traces, broke out the sled with the gee-pole. Ruth followed with the second team, leaving Malemute Kid, who had helped her start, to bring up the rear. Strong man, brute that he was, capable of felling an ox at a blow, he could not bear to beat the poor animals, but humoured them as a dog-driver rarely does—nay, almost wept with them in their misery.

"Come, mush on there, you poor, sore-footed brutes!" he murmured, after several ineffectual attempts to start the load. But his patience was at last rewarded, and, though whimpering with pain, they hastened to join their fellows.

No more conversation; the toil of the trail will not permit such extravagance. And of all deadening labours, that of the Northland trail is the worst. Happy is the man who can weather a day's travel at the price of silence, and that on a beaten track.

And of all heart-breaking labours, that of breaking trail is the worst. At every step the great webbed shoe sinks till the snow is level with the knee. Then up, straight up, the deviation of a fraction of an inch being a certain precursor of disaster, the snowshoe must be lifted till the surface is cleared; then forward, down, and the other foot is raised perpendicularly for the matter of half a yard. He who tries this for the first time, if haply he avoids bringing his shoes in dangerous propinquity and measures not his length on the treacherous footing, will give up exhausted at the end of a hundred yards; he who can keep out of the way of the dogs for a whole day may well crawl into his sleeping-bag with a clear conscience and a pride which passeth all understanding; and he who travels twenty sleeps on the Long Trail is a man whom the gods may envy.

Woodcut by M. J. Gallagher

The afternoon wore on, and with the awe, born of the White Silence, the voiceless travelers bent to their work. Nature has many tricks wherewith she convinces man of his finity—the ceaseless flow of the tides, the fury of the storm, the shock of the earthquake, the long roll of heaven's artillery—but the most tremendous, the most stupefying of all, is the passive phase of the White Silence. All movement ceases, the sky clears, the heavens are as brass; the slightest whisper seems sacrilege, and man becomes timid, affrighted at the sound of his own voice. Sole speck of life journeying across the ghostly wastes of a dead world, he trembles at his audacity, realizes that his is a maggot's life, nothing more. Strange thoughts arise unsummoned, and the mystery of all things strives for utterance. And the fear of death, of God, of the universe, comes over him—the hope of the Resurrection and the Life, the yearning for immortality, the vain striving of the imprisoned essence—it is then, if ever, man walks alone with God.

So wore the day away. The river took a great bend, and Mason headed his team for the cut-off across the narrow neck of land. But the dogs balked at the high bank. Again and again, though Ruth and Malemute Kid were shoving on the sled, they slipped back. Then came the concerted effort. The miserable creatures, weak from hunger, exerted their last strength. Up—up—the sled poised on the top of the bank; but the leader swung the string of dogs behind him to the right, fouling Mason's snowshoes. The result was grievous. Mason was whipped off his feet; one of the dogs fell in the traces; and the sled toppled back, dragging everything to the bottom again.

Slash! the whip fell among the dogs savagely, especially upon the one which had fallen.

"Don't, Mason," entreated Malemute Kid; "the poor devil's on its last legs. Wait, and we'll put my team on."

Mason stayed his hand

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deliberately till the last word had fallen, then out flashed the long lash, completely curling about the offending creature's body. Carmen—for it was Carmen—cowered in the snow, cried piteously, then rolled over on her side.

It was a tragic moment, a pitiful incident of the trail—a dying dog, two comrades in anger. Ruth glanced solicitously from man to man. But Malemute Kid restrained himself, though there was a world of reproach in his eyes, and bending over the dog, cut the traces. No word was spoken. The teams were double-spanned and the difficulty overcome; the sleds were under way again, the dying dog dragging herself along in the rear. As long as an animal can travel, it is not shot, and this last chance is accorded it—the crawling into camp, if it can, in the hope of a moose being killed.

Already penitent for his angry action, but too stubborn to make amends, Mason toiled on at the head of the cavalcade, little dreaming that danger hovered in the air. The timber clustered thick in the sheltered bottom, and through this they threaded their way. Fifty feet or more from the trail towered a lofty pine. For generations it had stood there, and for generations destiny had had this one end in view—perhaps the same had been decreed of Mason.

He stooped to fasten the loosened thong of his moccasin. The sleds came to a halt, and the dogs lay down in the snow without a whimper. The stillness was weird; not a breath rustled the frost-encrusted forest; the cold and silence of outer space had chilled the heart, and smote the trembling lips of nature. A sigh pulsed through the air—they did not seem to actually hear it, but rather felt it, like the premonition of movement in a motionless void. Then the great tree, burdened with its weight of years and snow, played its last part in the tragedy of life. He heard the warning crash and attempted to spring up, but, almost erect, caught the blow squarely on the shoulder.

THE SUDDEN DANGER, the quick death—how often had Malemute Kid faced it! The pine-needles were still quivering as he gave his commands and sprang into action. Nor did the Indian girl faint or raise her voice in idle wailing, as might many of her white sisters. At his order, she threw her weight on the end of a quickly extemporized handspike, easing the pressure and listening to her husband's groans, while Malemute Kid attacked the tree with his axe. The steel rang merrily as it bit into the frozen trunk, each stroke being accompanied by a forced, audible respiration, the "Huh!" "Huh!" of the woodsman.

At last the Kid laid the pitiable thing that was once a man in the snow. But worse than his comrade's pain was the dumb anguish in the woman's face, the blended look of hopeful, hopeless query. Little was said; those of the Northland are early taught the futility of words and the inestimable value of deeds. With the temperature at sixty-five below zero, a man cannot lie many minutes in the snow and live. So the sled-lashings were cut, and the sufferer, rolled in furs, laid on a couch of boughs. Before him roared a fire, built of the very wood which wrought the mishap. Behind and partially over him was stretched the rude tent fly—a piece of canvas, which caught the radiating heat and threw it back and down upon him—a trick which men may know who study physics at the fount.

And men who have shared their bed with death know when the call is sounded. Mason was terribly crushed. The most cursory examination revealed it. His right arm, leg, and back were broken; his limbs were paralyzed from the hips; and the likelihood of internal injuries was large. An occasional moan was his only sign of life.

No hope; nothing to be done. The pitiless night crept slowly by—Ruth's portion, the despairing stoicism of her race, and Malemute Kid adding new lines to his face of bronze. In fact, Mason suffered least of all, for he spent his time in Eastern Tennessee, in the Great Smoky Mountains, living over the scenes of his childhood. And most pathetic was the melody of his long-forgotten Southern vernacular, as he raved of swimming-holes and coon-hunts and watermelon raids. It was as Greek to Ruth, but the Kid understood and felt—felt as only one can feel who has been shut out for years from all that civilization means.

Morning brought consciousness to the stricken man, and Malemute Kid bent closer to catch his whispers.

"You remember when we foregathered on the Tanana, four years come next ice-run? I didn't care so much for her then. It was more like she was pretty, and there was a smack of excitement about it, I think. But d'ye know, I've come to think a heap of her. She's been a good wife to me, always at my shoulder in the pinch. And when it comes to trading, you know there isn't her equal. D'ye recollect the time she shot the Moosehorn Rapids to pull you and me off that rock, the bullets whipping the water like hailstones?—and the time of the famine at Nuklukyeto?—or when she raced the ice-run to bring the news? Yes, she's been a good wife to me, better'n that other one. Didn't know I'd been there? Never told you, eh? Well, I tried it once, down in the States. That's why I'm here. Been raised together, too. I came away to give her a chance for divorce. She got it.

"But that's got nothing to do with Ruth. I had thought of cleaning up and pulling for the Outside next year—her and I—but it's too late. Don't send her back to her people, Kid. It's beastly hard for a woman to go back. Think of it!—nearly four years on our bacon and beans and flour and dried fruit, and then to go back to her fish and caribou. It's not good for her to have tried our ways, to come to know they're better'n her people's, and then return to them. Take care of her, Kid. Why don't you—? But no, you always fought shy of them—and you never told me why you came to this country. Be kind to her, and send her back to the States as soon as you can. But fix it so as she can come back—liable to get homesick, you know.

"And the youngster—it's drawn us closer, Kid. I only hope it's a boy. Think of it!—flesh of my flesh, Kid. He mustn't stop in this country. And if it's a girl, why she can't. Sell my furs; they'll fetch at least five thousand, and I've got as much more with the company. And handle my interests with yours. I think that bench claim will show up. See that he gets

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Woodcut by M. J. Gallagher

Rifle and axe went up and down.

a good schooling; and Kid, above all, don't let him come back. This country was not made for white men.

"I'm a gone man, Kid. Three or four sleeps at the best. You've got to go on. You must go on! Remember, it's my wife, it's my boy—O God! I hope it's a boy! You can't stay by me—and I charge you, a dying man, to pull on."

"Give me three days," pleaded Malemute Kid. "You may change for the better; something may turn up."

"No."

"Just three days."

"You must pull on."

"Two days."

"It's my wife and my boy, Kid. You would not ask it."

"One day."

"No, no! I charge——"

"Only one day. We can shave it through on the grub, and I might knock over a moose."

"No—all right; one day, but not a minute more. And Kid, don't leave me to face it alone. Just a shot, one pull on the trigger. You understand. Think of it! Think of it! Flesh of my flesh, and I'll never live to see him!

"Send Ruth here. I want to say good-by and tell her that she must think of the boy and not wait till I'm dead. She might refuse to go with you if I didn't. Good-by, old man; good-by.

"Kid! I say—a—sink a hole above the pup, next to the slide. I panned out forty cents on my shovel there.

"And Kid!" He stooped lower to catch the last faint words, the dying man's surrender of his pride. "I'm sorry—for—you—know—Carmen."

Leaving the girl crying softly over her dying man, the Kid slipped into his parka and snowshoes, tucked his rifle under his arm, and crept away into the forest. He was no tyro in the stern sorrows of the Northland, but never had he faced so stiff a problem as this. In the abstract, it was a plain, mathematical proposition—three possible lives as against one doomed one. But now he hesitated. For five years, shoulder to shoulder, on the rivers and trails, in the camps and mines, facing death by field and flood and famine, had they knitted the bonds of their comradeship. So close was the tie that he had often been conscious of a vague jealousy of Ruth from the first time she had come between. And now it must be severed by his own hand.

Though he prayed for a moose, just one moose, all game seemed to have deserted the land, and nightfall found the exhausted man crawling into camp, light-handed, heavy-hearted. An uproar from the dogs and shrill cries from Ruth hastened him.

Bursting into the camp, he saw the girl in the midst of the snarling pack, laying about her with an axe. The dogs had broken the iron rule of their masters and were rushing the grub. He joined the issue with his rifle reversed, and the hoary game of natural selection was played out with all the ruthlessness of its primeval environment. Rifle and axe went up and down, hit or missed with monotonous regularity; lithe bodies flashed, with wild eyes and dripping fangs; and man and beast fought for supremacy to the bitterest conclusion. Then the beaten brutes crept to the edge of the firelight, licking their wounds, voicing their misery to the stars.

The whole stock of dried salmon had been devoured, and perhaps five pounds of flour remained to tide them over two hundred miles of wilderness. Ruth returned to her husband, while Malemute Kid cut up the warm

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body of one of the dogs, the skull of which had been crushed by the axe. Every portion was carefully put away, save the hide and offal, which were cast to his fellows of the moment before.

Morning brought fresh trouble. The animals were turning on each other. Carmen, who still clung to her slender thread of life, was downed by the pack. The lash fell among them unheeded. They cringed and cried under the blows, but refused to scatter till the last wretched bit had disappeared—bones, hide, hair, everything.

Malemute Kid went about his work, listening to Mason, who was back in Tennessee, delivering tangled discourses and wild exhortations to his brethren of other days.

Taking advantage of neighbouring pines, he worked rapidly, and Ruth watched him make a cache similar to those sometimes used by hunters to preserve their meat from the wolverines and dogs. One after the other, he bent the tops of two small pines toward each other and nearly to the ground, making them fast with thongs of moosehide. Then he beat the dogs into submission and harnessed them to two of the sleds, loading the sleds with everything but the furs which enveloped Mason. These he wrapped and lashed tightly about him, fastening either end of the robes to the bent pines. A single stroke of his hunting-knife would release them and send the body high in the air.

Ruth had received her husband's last wishes and made no struggle. Poor girl, she had learned the lesson of obedience well. From a child, she had bowed, and seen all women bow, to the lords of creation, and it did not seem in the nature of things for woman to resist. The Kid permitted her one outburst of grief, as she kissed her husband—her own people had no such custom—then led her to the foremost sled and helped her into her snowshoes. Blindly, instinctively, she took the gee-pole and whip, and "mushed" the dogs out on the trail. Then he returned to Mason, who had fallen into a coma; and long after she was out of sight, crouched by the fire, waiting, hoping, praying for his comrade to die.

It is not pleasant to be alone with painful thoughts in the White Silence. The silence of gloom is merciful, shrouding one as with protection and breathing a thousand intangible sympathies; but the bright White Silence, clear and cold, under steely skies, is pitiless.

An hour passed—two hours—but the man would not die. At high noon, the sun, without raising its rim above the southern horizon, threw a suggestion of fire athwart the heavens, then quickly drew it back. Malemute Kid roused and dragged himself to his comrade's side. He cast one glance about him. The White Silence seemed to sneer, and a great fear came upon him. There was a sharp report; Mason swung into his aërial sepulchre; and Malemute Kid savagely lashed the remaining dogs into a wild gallop as he fled across the snow.

Woodcut by J. J. Lankes

The Gypsying

By THEODOSIA GARRISON

I WISH WE MIGHT go gypsying one day while we're young—
On a blue October morning
Beneath a cloudless sky,
When all the world's a vibrant harp
The winds o' God have strung,
And gay as tossing torches the maples light us by;
The rising sun before us—a golden bubble swung—
I wish we might go gypsying one day while we're young.

I wish we might go gypsying one day before we're old—
To step it with the wild west wind
And sing the while we go,
Through far forgotten orchards
Hung with jewels red and gold;
Through cool and fragrant forests where never sun may show,
To stand upon a high hill and watch the mist unfold—
I wish we might go gypsying one day before we're old.

I wish we might go gypsying, dear lad, the while we care.
The while we've heart for hazarding,
The while we've will to sing,
The while we've wit to hear the call
And youth and mirth to spare,
Before a day may find us too sad for gypsying,
Before a day may find us too dull to dream and dare—
I wish we might go gypsying, dear lad, the while we care.

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Drawings by August Henkel

Miss Hinch

H. S. Harrison

IN GOING FROM a given point on 126th Street to a subway station at 125th, it is not usual to begin by circling the block to 127th Street, especially in sleet, darkness, and deadly cold. When two people pursue such a course at the same time, moving unobtrusively on opposite sides of the street, in the nature of things the coincidence is likely to attract the attention of one or the other of them.

In the bright light of the entrance to the tube they came almost face to face, and the clergyman took a good look at her. Certainly she was a decent-looking old body, if any woman was: white-haired, wrinkled, spectacled, and stooped. A poor but thoroughly respectable domestic servant of the better class she looked, in her black hat, neat veil, and nondescript gray cloak; and her brief glance at the reverend gentleman was precisely what it should have been from her to him—deference itself. Nevertheless, he, going more slowly down the draughty steps, continued to study her from behind with a singular intentness.

Miss Hinch had killed him with the light sword she used in her famous representation of the Father of his Country.

An express was just thundering in, which the clergyman, handicapped as he was by his clubfoot and stout cane, was barely in time to catch. He entered the same car with the woman, and took a seat directly across from her. It must have been then well past midnight, and the wildness of the weather was discouraging to travel. The car was almost deserted. Even here under the earth the bitter breath of the night blew and bit, and the old woman shivered under her cloak. At last, her teeth chattering, she got up in an apologetic sort of way, and moved toward the rear of the car, feeling the empty seats as she went, in a palpable search for hot pipes. The clergyman's eyes followed her; he watched her sink down, presently, into a seat on his own side of the car. A young couple sat between them now; he could no longer see the woman, beyond glimpses of her black knees and her faded bonnet, fastened on with a long steel hatpin.

Nothing could have seemed more natural or more trivial than this change of seats on the part of a thin-blooded and half-frozen passenger. But it happened to be a time of mutual doubts and general suspiciousness, when men looked askance into every strange face, and the smallest incidents might take on an hysterical importance. Through days of intense searching for a fugitive outlaw of extraordinary gifts, the nerves of the city had been visibly strained. All jumped now when anybody cried "Boo!" and the hue and cry went up falsely twenty times a day.

The clergyman pondered; mechanically he turned up his coat collar and fell to stamping his feet. He was an Episcopal clergyman, by his garb—rather short, very full-bodied, not to say fat, bearded and somewhat puffy-faced, with heavy cheeks cut by deep creases. Well lined against the cold though he was, however, he, too, began to show signs of suffering, and presently rose and moved in this turn, seeking out a new place where the chilled heating apparatus might give a better account of itself. He found a seat just beyond the old serving-woman, limped into it, and relapsed into his own thoughts.

The young couple, half a dozen seats away, appeared thoroughly absorbed in each other's society. The fifth traveler, a withered old gentleman sitting across and down the aisle, napped fitfully upon his cane. The woman in the shapeless cloak sat in a sad kind of silence; and the train hurled itself roaringly through

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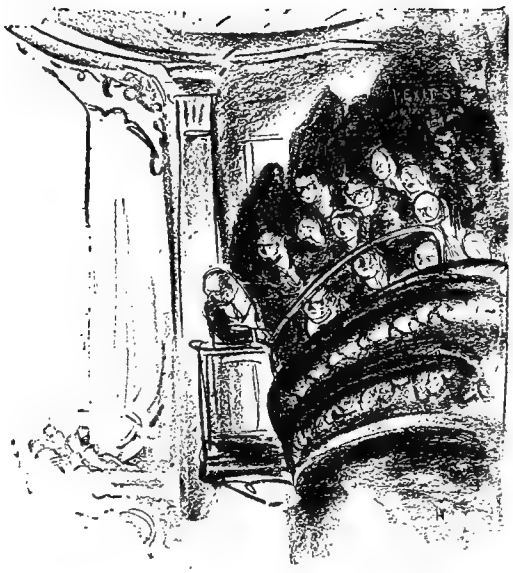
By
HENRY
SYDNOR
HARRISON



the tube. After a time, she glanced through her spectacles at the meditating clergyman, and her look fell swiftly from his face to the "ten-o'clock extra" in his hand. She removed her gaze and let it travel casually about the car; but before long it returned again, as if magnetized, to the newspaper. Then, with some obvious hesitation, she bent forward and said, above the noises of the train:

"Excuse me, Father, but would you please let me look at your paper a minute, sir?"

The clergyman came out of his reverie instantly, and looked at her with a quick smile.

"Certainly. Keep it, if you like: I am quite through with it. But," he said, in a pleasant deep voice, "I am an Episcopal minister, not a priest."

"Oh, sir—I beg your pardon! I thought——"

He dismissed the apology with a nod and a good-natured hand.

The woman opened the paper with decent cotton-gloved fingers. The garish head-lines told all the story: "Earth Opened and Swallowed Miss Hinch, Says Inspector—Police Confess 'Practically No Clue'—Even Jessie Dark"—so the bold capitals ran on—"Seems 'Stumped.'" Below the spread was a luridly written but flimsy narrative, "By Jessie Dark," which at once confirmed the odd implications of the caption. "Jessie Dark," it appeared, was one of those most extraordinary of the products of yellow journalism, a woman "crime expert," now in action. More than this, she was a "crime expert" to be taken seriously, it seemed—no mere office-desk sleuth, but an actual performer with, unexpectedly enough, a somewhat formidable list of notches on her gun. So much, at least, was to be gathered from her paper's boxed display of "Jessie Dark's Triumphs":

> March 2, 1901. Caught Julia Victorian, *alias* Gregory, the brains of the "Healy Ring" kidnappers.
> October 7-29, 1903. Found Mrs. Trotwood and secured the letter that convicted her of the murder of her lover, Ellis E. Swan.
> December 17, 1903. Ran down Charles Bartsch in a Newark laundry and trapped a confession from him.
> July 4, 1904. Caught Hélène Gray, "Blackmail Queen," and recovered the Stratford jewels.

And so on—nine "triumphs" in all; and nearly every one of them, as the least observant reader could hardly fail to notice, involved the capture of a woman.

Nevertheless, it could not be pretended that the "snappy" paragraphs in this evening's extra seemed to foreshadow a new or tenth triumph for Jessie Dark at an early date; and the old serving-woman in the car presently laid down the sheet with a look of marked depression.

The clergyman glanced at her again. Her expression was so speaking that it seemed almost an invitation; moreover, public interest in the curious case had created a freemasonry which made conversation between total strangers the rule wherever two or three were gathered.

"You were reading about this strange mystery, I suppose?"

The woman with a sharp intake of breath, answered: "Yes, sir. Oh, sir, it seems as if I couldn't think of anything else."

"Ah?" he said, calmly. "It certainly appears to be a remarkable affair."

REMARKABLE INDEED the affair seemed. In a tiny little room within ten steps of Broadway, at half past nine o'clock on a fine evening, Miss Hinch had killed John Catherwood with the light sword she used in her famous representation of the Father of his Country. Catherwood, it was known, had come to tell her of his approaching marriage; and ten thousand amateur detectives, stimulated by the unprecedented "rewards," had required no further motive of a creature already notorious for fierce jealousy. So far the tragedy was commonplace enough, and even vulgar. What had redeemed it to romance from this point on was the extraordinary faculty of the woman, which had made her celebrated while she was still in her 'teens. Violent, unmoral, criminal she might be, but she happened also to be the most astonishing impersonator of her time. Her brilliant act consisted of a series of character changes, many of them done "in full view of the audience" with the assistance only of a small table of properties half concealed under a net. Some of these transformations were so amazing as to be beyond belief, even after one had sat and watched them. Not the woman's appearance only, but voice, speech, manner, carriage, all shifted incredibly to fit the new part; so that she appeared to have no permanent form or fashion of her own, but to be only so much plastic human material out of which her cunning could mould at will man, woman, or child, great lady of the Louisan court, or Tammany chieftain with the modernest of East Side modernisms upon his lips.

With this strange gift, hitherto used only to enthrall audiences and wring extortionate contracts from managers, the woman known as Miss Hinch—she appeared to be without a first name—was now fighting for her life somewhere against the police of the whole world.

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"My good woman," said the clergyman, "compose yourself. No matter how diabolical this woman's skill is, her sin will find her out."

She was an unassuming, tall, thin-chested young woman with strongly marked features and considerable beauty of a bold sort. What she would look like at the present moment nobody could venture a guess. Having stabbed John Catherwood in her dressing-room at the Colisseum, she had donned hat and coat, dropped two wigs and her make-up kit into a hand-bag, and walked out into Broadway. Within ten minutes the dead body of Catherwood was found and the chase begun. At the stage door, as she passed out, Miss Hinch had met an acquaintance, a young comedian named Dargis, and exchanged a word of greeting with him. That had been ten days ago. After Dargis, no one had seen her. The earth, indeed, seemed to have opened and swallowed her. Yet her natural features were almost as well known as a President's, and the newspapers of a continent were daily reprinting them in a hundred variations.

"A very remarkable case," repeated the clergyman, rather absently; and his neighbour, the old woman, agreed mournfully that it was. Then, as the train slowed and quieted for the stop at 86th Street, she spoke again, with sudden bitterness:

"Oh, they'll never catch her, sir—never! She's too smart for 'em all, Miss Hinch is."

Attracted by her tone, the stout divine inquired if she was particularly interested in the case.

"Yes, sir—I got reason to be. Jack Catherwood's mother and me was at school together, and great friends all our life long. Oh, sir," she went on, as if in answer to his look of faint surprise, "Jack was a fine gentleman, with manners and looks and all beyond his people. But he never grew away from his old mother—no, sir, never! And I don't believe ever a Sunday passed that he didn't go up and set the afternoon away with her, talking and laughing just like he was a little boy again. Maybe he done things he hadn't ought, as high-spirited lads will, but oh, sir, he was a good boy in his heart—a good boy. And it does seem too hard for him to die like that—and that hussy free to go her way, ruinin' and killin'——"

"My good woman," said the clergyman presently, after glancing about, "compose yourself. No matter how diabolical this woman's skill is, her sin will assuredly find her out."

The woman dutifully lowered her handkerchief and tried to compose herself, as bidden.

"But oh, she's that clever—diabolical, just as ye say, sir. Through poor Jack we of course heard much gossip about her, and they do say that her best tricks was not done on the stage at all. They say, sir, that, sittin' around a table with her friends, she could begin and twist her face so strange and terrible that they would beg her to stop, and jump up and run from the table—frightened out of their lives, sir, grown-up people, by the terrible faces she could make. And let her only step behind her screen for a minute—for she kept her secrets well, Miss Hinch did—and she'd come walking out to you, and you could go right up to her in the full light and take her hand, and still you couldn't make yourself believe that it was her."

"Yes," said the clergyman, "I have heard that she is remarkably clever—though, as a stranger in this part of the world, I, of course, never saw her. I must say, it is all very interesting and strange."

The express had started again with a jolt, and the rumbling and roaring all but drowned out his voice. He turned his head and stared through the window at the dark flying walls. At the same moment the woman turned her head and stared full at him. When he turned back, her gaze had gone off toward the door.

The clergyman picked up the paper thoughtfully and read for a while. But when, just outside of Grand Central station, the train came to a nameless halt, he at once resumed the conversation.

"I'm a visitor in the city, from Denver, Colorado," he explained in an easy way, "and knew little or nothing about the case until an evening or two ago, when I attended a meeting of gentlemen here. The Men's Club at St. Matthias' Church—perhaps you know the place? Upon my word, they talked of nothing else. I confess they got me quite interested in their gossip. So tonight I bought this paper to see what this extraordinary woman detective it employs had to say about it. We don't have such things in the West, you know. But I must say I was disappointed, after all the talk about her."

"Yes, sir, indeed, and no wonder, for she's told Mrs. Catherwood herself that's she's never made such a failure as this, so far. It seemed like she could always catch women, up to this. It seemed like she knew in her own mind just what a woman would do, where she'd try to hide, and all, and so she could find them

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time and time when the men detectives didn't know where to look. But oh, sir, she's never had to hunt for such a woman as Miss Hinch before!"

"No? I suppose not," said the clergyman. "Her theorizing here certainly seems very sketchy."

"*Theorizing,* sir! Bless my soul!" suddenly exploded the old gentleman across the aisle, to the surprise of both. "You don't suppose the clever little woman is going to show her hand in those newspaper stories, with Miss Hinch in the city and reading every line of them! In the city, sir—such is my positive conviction!"

He had roused from his nap, it seemed, just in time to overhear the episcopate criticism. Now he answered the looks of the old woman and the clergyman with an elderly cackle.

"Excuse my intrusion, I'm sure! But I can't sit silent and hear anybody run down Jessie Dark—Miss Matthewson in private life, as perhaps you don't know. No, sir! Why, there's a man at my boarding-place—remarkable fellow named Hardy, Tom Hardy—who's known her for *years!* As to those *theorizings,* sir, I can assure you she puts in there *exactly the opposite of what she really thinks!*"

"You don't tell me!" said the clergyman.

"Yes, sir! Oh, she plays the game! She has her private ideas, her clues, her schemes. The woman doesn't live who is clever enough to hoodwink Jessie Dark. I look for developments any day, sir!"

A new voice joined in. The pair down the car, their attention caught by the old man's pervasive tones, had been frankly listening: and it was illustrative of the public mind at the moment that, as they now rose for the station, the young fellow felt perfectly free to offer his contribution.

"Dramatic situation, isn't it, when you stop to think? Those two clever women pitted against each other in a life-and-death struggle—fighting it out in the underground somewhere—keen professional pride on one side and fear of the electric chair on the other——"

"Oh, yes! Oh, yes!" exclaimed the old gentleman, rather testily. "But, my dear sir, it's not professional pride that makes Jessie Dark so resolute to win. It's *sex jealousy*—if you follow me—no offense, madam! Yes, sir! Women never have the slightest respect for each other's abilities—not the slightest. No mercy for each other, either! I tell you, Jessie Dark'd be ashamed to be beaten by another woman. Read her stories between the lines, sir—invincible determination—no mercy! You catch my point?"

"It sounds reasonable," answered the Colorado clergyman, with his quick smile. "Women, we are told——"

"Oh, I'm for Jessie Dark, all right!" the young fellow broke in—"especially since the police have practically laid down. But——"

"Why, she's told my friend Hardy," the old gentleman rode him down, "that she'll find Hinch if it takes her lifetime! Knows a thing or two about actresses, she says. Says the world isn't big enough for the creature to hide from her. Well! What do you think of that?"

"Tell what we were just talking about, George," prompted the young wife, with an admiring gaze.

"But oh, sir," began the old woman timidly, "Jack Catherwood's been dead ten days now, and——"

"Woman got on my car at nine o'clock tonight," suddenly shouted the guard, who, having flung open the doors, was listening to the symposium eagerly—"wore a brown veil and goggles. I'd 'a' bet every dollar I had——"

"Ten days, madam! And what is that, pray?" barked the old gentleman, rising abruptly but triumphantly. "A lifetime, if necessary!—never fear! Mrs. Victorian was considered pretty clever, eh? Wasn't she? Remember what Jessie Dark did for her? Nan Parmalee, too—though the police did their best to steal her credit. She'll do just as much for Miss Hinch—you may take it from me!"

"But how's she going to make the capture, gentlemen?" cried the young fellow, getting his chance at last. "That's the point my wife and I've been discussing. Suppose she succeeds in spotting this woman-devil, what'll she do? Now——"

"Do, sir! Yell for the police! I say—"

"And have Miss Hinch kill her—and then herself, too? Wouldn't she have to——"

"Grand Central!" cried the guard for the second time; and the young fellow broke off reluctantly as his bride towed him strongly toward the door.

"Hope she nabs her soon," he called back to the clergyman over his shoulder—"getting on my nerves! One of these kindergarten reward-chasers followed my wife five blocks, just because she's got a pointed chin. Don't know what might have happened if I hadn't come along and——"

Doors rolled shut behind him, and the train flung itself on its way. Within the car, a silence ensued. The clergyman stared at the floor, and the old woman

"If you'll excuse me, sir—could I see the bill of fare a minute?"

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fell back upon the borrowed "extra." She appeared to be re-reading the observations of Jessie Dark with considerable care. Presently she lowered the paper and began a quiet search for something under the folds of her cloak; and at length, her hands emerging empty, she broke the silence, in a lifted voice:

"Oh, sir—have you a pencil you could lend me, please? I'd like to mark something in the piece to send to Mrs. Catherwood. It's what she says here about their hide-outs, as she terms them."

The obliging divine felt in his pockets, and, after a good deal of hunting, produced a pencil—a white one, with thick blue lead. She thanked him gratefully.

"How is Mrs. Catherwood bearing all this strain and anxiety?" he asked suddenly, in the loud, empty car. "Have you seen her today?"

"Oh, yes, sir. I've been spending the evening with her since nine o'clock, and am just back from there now. Oh, she's dreadful broke up, sir."

She glanced at him with an uncertain air. He stared straight in front of him, saying nothing, though conceivably he had learned, in common with the rest of the world, that Jack Catherwood's mother lived, not on 126th Street, but on West 8th Street. Possibly his silence had been an error of judgment? Perhaps that mis-statement of hers had not been a slip, but something cleverer?

The woman went on, rather easily: "Oh, sir, I only hope and pray those gentlemen may be right, but it does look to Mrs. Catherwood, and me too, that if Jessie Dark was going to catch her at all, she'd have done it before now. Look at those big, bold, blue eyes she had, sir, with lashes an inch long, they say, and that terrible long chin of hers. They do say she can change the colour of her eyes, not forever of course, but put a few of her drops into them and make them look entirely different for a time. But that chin, ye'd say——"

SHE BROKE OFF; for the clergyman, without preliminaries of any sort, had picked up his heavy stick and suddenly risen.

"Why!—here we are at Fourteenth Street!" he said, quite astonished. "I must change here—well, well! You go farther, perhaps? Good night! Success to Jessie Dark, I say."

He was watching the woman's sad, faded face, and he saw break into it a look of quick surprise which, it may be, was just what he had expected.

"Fourteenth Street, sir! I'd no notion at all—for I've paid no notice to the stops. It's where I change too, sir, the expresses not stopping at my station."

"Ah?" said the clergyman, smiling a little.

He led the way, limping and leaning on his stick. They emerged upon the chill and cheerless platform, not exactly together, yet still with some reference to their acquaintanceship on the car. But the clergyman, after stumping along a few steps, all at once realized that he was walking alone, and turned. The woman had halted. Over the intervening space their eyes met.

"Come," said the man gently. "Come, let us walk about a little to keep warm."

"Oh, sir—it's too kind of you," said the woman, slowly coming forward.

From other cars two or three chilled travelers had got off to make the change; one or two more came straggling in from the street; but, scattered over the bleak narrow expanse, they detracted little from the isolation that seemed to surround the woman and the clergyman. Step for step, the odd pair made their way to the extreme northern end of the platform.

"By the way," said the clergyman, halting abruptly, "may I see that paper again for a moment?"

"Oh, yes, sir—of course," said the woman, producing it from under her cloak. "I thought you had finished with it, and I——"

He said that he wanted only to glance at it for a moment; but he fell to looking through it page by page, with rather a searching scrutiny. The woman glanced at him several times. At last she said hesitatingly:

"I thought, sir, I'd ask the ticket-chopper could he say how long before the next train. I'm very late as it is, sir, and I still must stop to get something to eat before I go to bed."

"An excellent idea," said the clergyman, putting the newspaper in his pocket. Side by side, they retraced their steps down the platform, questioned the chopper with scant results, and then, as by tacit consent, started slowly back again. However, before they had gone very far, the woman all at once stopped short and, with a drawn face, leaned against a pillar.

"Oh, sir, I'm afraid I'll just have to stop and get a bite somewhere before I go on. You'll think me foolish, sir, but I missed my supper entirely tonight, and there is quite a faint feeling coming over me."

The clergyman eyed her with apparent concern. He said: "Do you know, your mentioning something to eat a moment ago reminded me that I myself am all but famishing." He glanced at his watch, appearing to deliberate. "Yes—it will not take long. Come, we will find some modest eating place together."

"Oh, sir," she stammered, "but—you wouldn't want to eat with a poor old woman like me, sir."

"Why not? Are we not all equal in the sight of God?"

They ascended the stairs together, like any prosperous parson and his poor parishioner, and coming out into Fourteenth Street, started west. On the first block they came to a little restaurant, a brilliantly lighted, tiled and polished place of the quick-lunch sort, well filled with late patrons. But the woman timidly preferred not to stop here, saying that the glare of such places was very bad for her old eyes. The divine accepted the objection, without comment. A block farther on they found on a corner a quieter resort, an old-fashioned establishment which boasted a "Ladies' Entrance" down the side street.

They entered, and sat down at a table, facing each other. The woman read the menu through, and finally, after some embarrassed uncertainty, ordered poached eggs on toast. The clergyman ordered the same. The simple meal was soon served. Just as they were finishing it, the woman said apologetically:

"If you'll excuse me, sir—could I see the bill of fare a minute? I think I'd best take a little pot of tea to warm me up, if they do not charge too high."

"I haven't the bill of fare," said the clergyman.

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They looked diligently for the cardboard strip, but it was nowhere to be seen. The waiter drew near.

"Yes, sir! I left it right there when I took the order."

"I'm sure I can't imagine what's become of it," repeated the clergyman.

He looked rather hard at the woman, and found that she was looking hard at him. Both pairs of eyes turned instantly.

The waiter brought another bill of fare; the woman ordered tea; the waiter came back with it. The clergyman paid for both orders with a bill that looked hard-earned.

The tea was very hot; it could not be drunk down at a gulp. The clergyman, watching the woman sidewise as she sipped, seemed to grow more and more restless. His agile fingers drummed the tablecloth; he could hardly sit still. All at once he said: "What is that calling in the street? It sounds like newsboys."

The woman put her old head on one side and listened. "Yes, sir. There seems to be an 'extra' out."

"Upon my word," he said, after a pause. "I believe I'll go get one. Good gracious! Crime is a very interesting thing, to be sure!"

He rose slowly, took down his shovel-hat from the rack near him, and grasping his heavy stick, limped to the door. Leaving it open behind him, much to the annoyance of the proprietor in the cashier's cage, he stood a moment, looking up and down the street. Then he took a few slow steps eastward, beckoning with his hand as he went, and so passed out of sight of the woman at the table.

The eating-place was on the corner, and, outside, the clergyman paused for half a breath. North, east, south, and west he looked, and nowhere he found what his flying glance sought. He turned the corner into the cross-street, and began to walk, at first slowly, continually looking about him. Presently his pace quickened, quickened so that he no longer even stayed to use his stout cane. In another moment he was all but running, his club-foot pounding the sidewalk heavily as he went. A newsboy thrust a paper under his nose, and he did not see it.

Far down the street, nearly two blocks away, a tall figure in a blue coat stood and stamped in the freezing sleet; and the divine was speeding straight toward him. But he did not get very near. For, as he passed the side entrance at the extreme rear of the restaurant, a departing guest dashed out so recklessly as to run full into him, stopping him dead.

In another moment he was all but running, his club-foot pounding the sidewalk heavily.

Without looking at her, he knew who it was. In fact, he did not look at her at all, but turned his head hurriedly up and down, sweeping the dark street with a swift eye. But the old woman, having drawn back with a sharp exclamation as they collided, rushed breathlessly into apologies:

"Oh, sir—excuse me! A newsboy popped his head into the side door just after you went out, and I ran to him to get you the paper. But he got away too quick for me, sir. I——"

"Exactly," said the clergyman in his quiet, deep voice. "That must have been the very boy I myself was after."

On the other side, two men had just turned into the street, well muffled against the night, talking cheerfully as they trudged along. Now the clergyman looked full at the woman, and she saw that there was a smile on his face.

"Well! As he seems to have eluded us both, suppose we now return to the subway?"

"Yes, sir; it's full time I——"

"The sidewalk is so slippery," he went on gently. "Perhaps you had better take my arm."

Behind the pair in the dingy restaurant, the waiter came forward to shut the door, and lingered to discuss with the proprietor the sudden departure of his two patrons. After listening to some unfavourable comments on the ways of the clergy, the waiter returned to his table to set it in order.

On the floor in the carpeted aisle between tables lay a white piece of cardboard, which his familiar eye recognized as a torn scrap of one of his own bills of fare, face downward. He stooped and picked it up. On the back of it was some scribbling, made with a blue lead-pencil.

The handwriting was very loose and irregular, as if the writer had had his eyes elsewhere while he wrote, and it was with some difficulty that the waiter deciphered this message:

Miss Hinch 14th St. subway Get police quick

The waiter carried this curious document to the proprietor, who read it over a number of times. He was a dull man, and had a dull man's suspiciousness of a practical joke. However, after a good deal of irresolute discussion, he put on his overcoat and went out for a policeman. He turned west, and half way up the block spied an elderly bluecoat standing in a vestibule. The policeman looked at the scribbling,

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and dismissed it profanely as a wag's foolishness of the sort that was bothering the life out of him a dozen times a day. He walked along with the proprietor, and as they drew near to the latter's establishment, both became aware of footsteps thudding nearer up the cross-street from the south. As they looked, two young policemen, accompanied by a man in a uniform like a street-car conductor's, raced around the corner and dashed into the restaurant.

The first policeman and the proprietor ran in after them, and found them staring about rather vacantly. One of the arms of the law demanded if any suspicious characters had been seen about the place, and the dull proprietor said no. The officers, looking rather flat, explained their errand. It seemed that a few moments before, the third man, who was a ticket-chopper at the subway station, had found a mysterious message lying on the floor by his box. Whence it had come, how long it had lain there, he had not the slightest idea. However, there it was. The policeman exhibited a crumpled strip torn from a newspaper, on which was scrawled in blue pencil:

Miss Hinch Miller's Restaurant police quick

The first policeman, who was both the oldest and the fattest of the three, produced the message on the bill of fare, so utterly at odds with this. The dull proprietor, now bethinking himself, mentioned the clergyman and the old woman who had taken poached eggs and tea together, called for a second bill of fare, and departed so unexpectedly by different doors. The ticket-chopper gasped out that he had seen the same pair at his station: they had come up, he said, and questioned him about trains. The three policemen were momentarily puzzled by this testimony. However, it was soon plain to them that if either the woman or the clergyman really had any information about Miss Hinch—a highly improbable supposition in itself—they would never have stopped with peppering the neighbourhood with silly, contradictory messages.

"They're a pair of old fools tryin' to have sport with the police, and if I catch 'em, I'll run 'em in for it," growled the fattest of the officers; and this was the general verdict.

The conference broke up. The dull proprietor returned to his cage, the waiter to his table; the chopper, crestfallen, departed on the run for his chopping box; the three policemen passed out into the bitter night. They walked together, grumbling, and their feet, perhaps by some subconscious impulse, turned eastward toward the subway. And in the middle of the next block a man came running up to them.

"Mister! Look what I picked off'n the sidewalk!"

He held up a white slab which proved to be half of a bill of fare from Miller's Restaurant. On the back of it the three peering officers saw, almost illegibly scrawled in blue pencil:

Police! Miss Hinch 14th subw

The hand trailed off on the *w* as though the writer had been suddenly interrupted. The fat policeman blasphemed and threatened arrests. But the second policeman, who was young and wiry, raised his head from the bill of fare and said suddenly: "Tim, I believe there's something in this."

"There'd ought to be thirty days on the Island in it for thim," growled Tim.

"Suppose, now," said the other policeman, staring intently at him, "the old woman was Miss Hinch herself, f'r instance, and the parson was shadowing her while pretendin' he never suspicioned her, and Miss Hinch not darin' to cut and run for it till she was sure she had a clean getaway. Well now, lissen, what better could he do——"

"That's right!" exclaimed the third policeman. " 'Specially when ye think that Hinch carries a gun, an'll use it, too! Why not have a look in at the subway station, anyway, the three of us?"

The proposal carried the day. The three officers started for the subway, the citizen following. They walked at a good pace and without more talk; and both their speed and their silence had a subtle psychological reaction. As the minds of the men turned inward upon the odd behaviour of the pair in Miller's Restaurant, the conviction that, after all, something important might be afoot grew and strengthened within each one of them. Unconsciously their pace quickened. It was the young, wiry policeman who first broke into an open run, but the two others had been for twenty paces on the very of it, and followed at a rapid pace.

However, these consultations and vacillations had taken time. The stout clergyman and the poor old woman had five minutes' start of the officers of the law, and that, as it fell out, was all that the occasion required. On the street, as they made their way arm in arm to the station, they were seen, and remembered, by several belated pedestrians. It was observed by more than one that the woman lagged as if she were tired, while the club-footed cleric, supporting her on his arm, steadily kept her up to his own brisk gait.

So walking, the pair descended the subway steps, came out upon the bleak platform again, and presently stood once more at the extreme uptown end of it, just where they had waited three-quarters of an hour before. Nearby, a porter had at some time overturned a bucket of water, and a splotch of thin ice ran out and over the edge of the concrete. Two young men, taking turns up and down, distinctly heard the clergyman warn the woman to look out for this ice. Far away to the north was to be heard the faint roar of an approaching train.

The woman stood nearest the track, and the clergyman stood in front of her. In the vague light their looks met, and each must have been struck by the pallor of the other's face. In addition, the woman was breathing hard, and her hands and feet betrayed some nervousness. It was, of course, difficult now to ignore the fact that for an hour they had been clinging rather desperately to each other, at all costs; but the clergyman made a creditable effort to do so. He talked without ceasing, in a voice sounding only a little unnatural, for the most part of the deplorable weather, with a good deal about a train to Jersey, which he had not

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previously mentioned. And all the time both of them kept turning their heads toward the station entrances, as if expecting some arrival.

As he talked, the clergyman kept his hands quietly busy. From the bottom edge of his black sack-coat he drew a pin, and stuck it deep into the ball of his middle finger. He took out his handkerchief to dust the hard sleet from his hat; and under his overcoat he pressed the handkerchief against his bleeding finger. While making these small arrangements, he held the woman's eyes with his own, talking on; and, still holding them, he suddenly broke off his random talk and peered at her cheek with concern.

"My good woman, you've scratched your cheek somehow! Why, bless me, it's bleeding quite badly."

"Never mind,—never mind," said the woman, hurriedly, and swept her eyes toward the steps.

"But, good gracious— Just allow me—Ah!"

Too quick for her, he leaned forward and, through the thin veil, brushed her cheek hard with the handkerchief; removing it, he held it up so that she might see the blood for herself. But she did not glance at the handkerchief, and neither did he. His gaze was riveted upon her cheek, which looked so smooth and clear where he had smudged the clever wrinkles away.

Down the steps and upon the platform pounded the feet of the three hurrying policemen. But it was evident now that the oncoming train would thunder in just ahead of them. The clergyman, standing close in front of the woman, took a firmer grip on his heavy stick and a look of stern triumph came into his face.

"You're not so terribly clever, after all!"

The woman had sprung back from him with an irrepressible exclamation; and in that instant she was aware of the police.

However, her foot slipped on the treacherous ice—or it may have tripped on the stout cane, when the clergyman suddenly shifted its position. In the next breath the train roared past.

By a curious chance, the body of the woman was not mangled or mutilated at all. There was a deep blue bruise on the left temple, but apparently that was all; even the old black hat remained on her head, skewered fast by the long pin. It was the clergyman who first made out the body, huddled at the side of the dark track where the train had flung it—he who covered the still face and superintended the removal to the platform. Two eye-witnesses pointed out the ice on which the unfortunate woman had slipped, and described their horror as they saw her companion spring forward just too late to save her.

Not wishing to bring on a delirium of excitement among the clustered bystanders, the oldest policeman drew the clergyman aside and showed him the three mysterious messages. Much affected by the shocking end of his sleuthery as he was, he readily admitted having written them. He briefly recounted how the woman's strange movements on 126th Street had arrested his attention, and how, watching her closely on the car, while encouraging every opportunity for conversation, he had finally detected that she wore a wig. Unfortunately, however, her suspicions had been aroused by his interest in her, and thereafter a long battle of wits had ensued between them—he trying to summon the police without her knowledge, she dogging him close to prevent that, and at the same time watching her chance to give him the slip. He rehearsed how, in the restaurant, when he had invented an excuse to leave her for a minute, she had made a bolt and narrowly missed getting away; and finally how, having brought her back to the subway, and seeing the police at last near, he had decided to risk exposing her make-up, with this unexpectedly shocking result.

"And now," he concluded in a shaken voice, "I am naturally most anxious to know whether I am right—or have made some terrible mistake. Will you look at her, officer, and tell me if it is indeed—she?"

But the old policeman shook his head over the well-known ability of Miss Hinch to look like everybody else in the world but herself.

"It'll take God Almighty to tell us that, sir—saving your presence. I'll leave it f'r headquarters," he continued, as if that were the same thing. "But, if it is her, she's gone to her reward!"

"God pity her!" said the clergyman.

"Amen! Give me your name, sir. They'll likely want you in the morning."

The clergyman gave it: Rev. Theodore Shaler, of Denver; city address, a street and number near Washington Square. Having thus discharged his duty in the affair, he started sadly to go away; but, passing by the silent figure stretched on a bench under the ticket-seller's overcoat, he bared his head and stopped for one last look at it.

The parson's gentleness and efficiency had already won favourable comments from the bystanders, and of the first quality he now gave a final proof. The dead woman's little handbag, which somebody had recovered from the track and laid at her side, had slipped to the floor; and the clergyman, observing it, stooped silently to restore it. This last small service chanced to bring his head close to the drooped head of the dead woman; and, as he straightened up, her projecting hatpin struck his cheek and ripped a straight line down it. This in itself would have been a trifle, since scratches soon heal. But it happened that the point of the hatpin caught under the lining of the clergyman's perfect beard and stripped it clean from him; so that, as he rose, with a suddenly shrilled cry, he turned upon the astonished onlookers the bare, smooth chin of a woman, curiously long and pointed.

There were not many such chins in the world, and the urchins in the street would have recognized this one. Amid a sudden uproar which ill became the presence of the dead, the police closed in on Miss Hinch and handcuffed her with violence, fearing suicide, if not some new witchery; and at the station-house an unemotional matron divested her of the last and best of all her many disguises.

This much the police did. But it was everywhere understood that it was Jessie Dark who had really made the capture, and all the papers next morning printed pictures of the unconquerable little woman, and of the hatpin with which she had reached back from another world to bring her greatest—and her last—adversary to justice.

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Woodcut by
Richard Bennett

Part II

Leaves *from the* Autograph Album *of* Mrs. Edwin Booth

Comments by OTIS SKINNER

A LETTER BY MARK TWAIN, and poems by Oliver Wendell Holmes and Longfellow were reproduced in this series last month. In this issue appear contributions to the album by Bret Harte, James Russell Lowell, Charles Dudley Warner, James T. Fields, and Julia Ward Howe. These famous five were all good friends of Edwin Booth, and in their memoirs one finds occasional proud mention of meetings with the well-loved actor.

Booth toured England and Germany in 1880 and again in 1882. He was much fêted, and met and made friends with the most interesting people of the day.

"Never a tear bedims the eye
That time and patience cannot dry;
Never a lip is curved with pain
That can't be kissed into smiles again."

— The Lost Galleon.

Bret Harte

London May 1st 1881

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Dear Mrs. Booth.

I suppose we may say in our profession that all the world's an Album, in which are written many poets and names more fleeting than the ideal persons you create and show in yours. You will read, therefore, in these lines no longer for the immortality which the Album gives but only the sincere regard of

Yours most cordially

Chas. Dudley Warner.

New York April 21st 1880

There was undoubtedly a cordial meeting between the tragedian and Bret Harte in London in 1881, and much good talk of California. They had both known wild and golden days there when their world was young. Booth had scored almost his earliest success on the coast, from 1852 to 1856; and Harte had arrived in California in 1854, at the age of fifteen, to begin his career of miner, teacher, printer, and writer. When Booth met him, Harte was in the United States consular service, with a post at Glasgow, Scotland.

In the brilliant galaxy of Booth's acquaintance were James T. Fields and Charles Dudley Warner, in whom he found much good fellowship. Fields was the publisher of Longfellow, Hawthorne, Emerson, Holmes,

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The Flame-bearer.

There's nought so dreary in this world of ours
But has some spark of beauty lingering near, —
On frozen mountains bloom the constant flowers,
And stars above lone sepulchres appear.

O'er extinct craters, brightly poised, 'tis said
Hovers a rare and radiant humming-bird
Called the flame-bearer — all save that is dead, —
Yet mid the gloom, glad wings are ever heard!

James T. Fields

Boston, March 26. 1880.

Thoughts, that great hearts once broke for, we
Breathe cheaply as the common air;
The dust we trample heedlessly
Throbbed once in saints & heroes rare
Who perished opening for their race
New pathways to the common-place.

J. R. Lowell

27th March, 1881.

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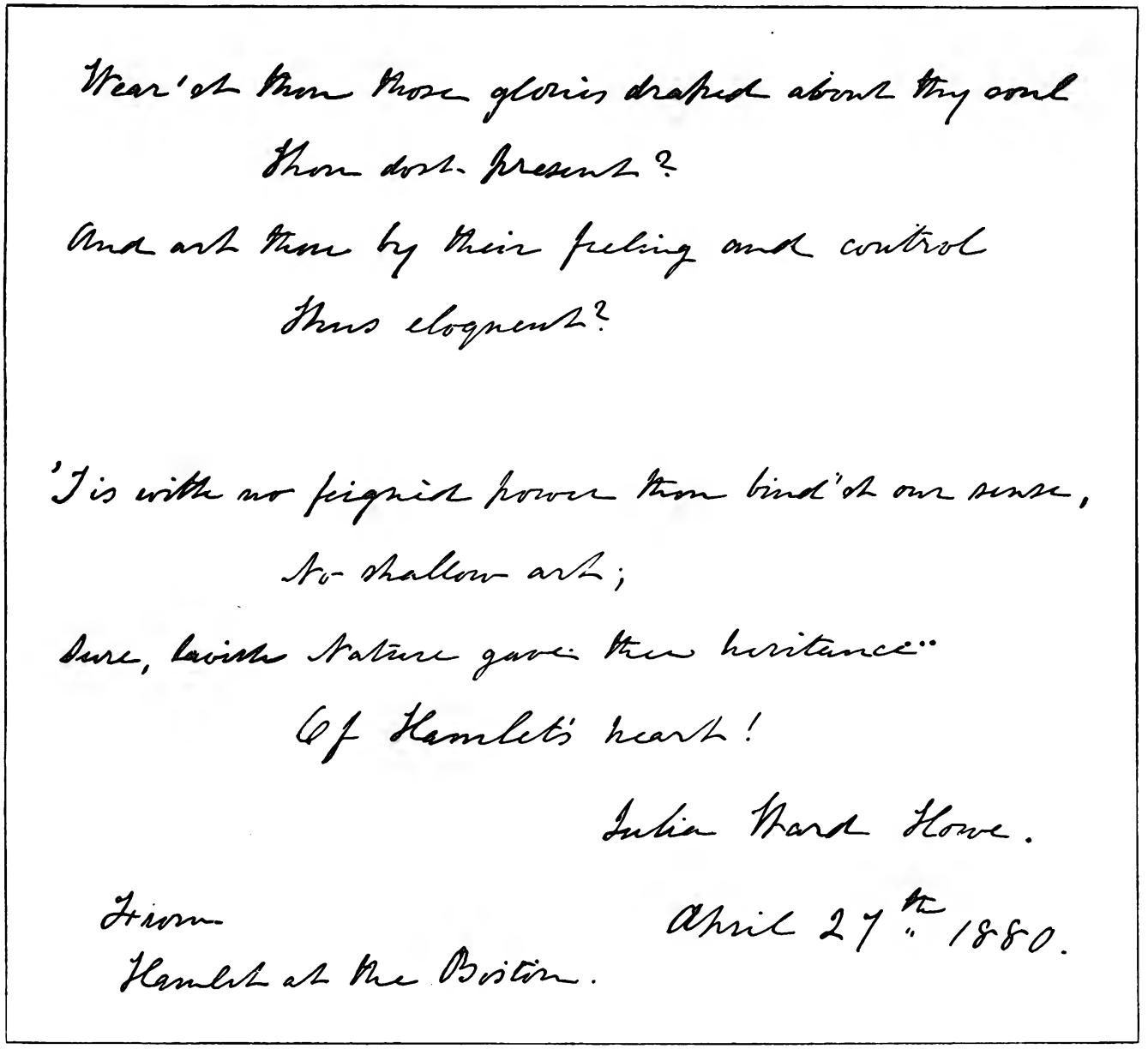
Wear'st thou those glories draped about thy soul
Thou dost present?
And art thou by their feeling and control
Thus eloquent?

'Tis with no feignèd power thou bind'st our sense,
So shallow art;
Sure, lavish Nature gave thee heritance
Of Hamlet's heart!

Julia Ward Howe.

April 27th 1880.

From
Hamlet at the Boston.

and Lowell, and edited the *Atlantic Monthly* from 1862 to 1870. Like Warner—newspaper editor and essayist from Hartford—Fields was an attractive personality, genial, sympathetic, and liberal. Both Warner and Fields were members of that group of cultured, charming New Englanders who had so great an influence on the literature of their day.

James Russell Lowell's friendly association with Booth developed in London and at the former's Cambridge home, and the poet-critic-diplomat was one of the group that Booth collected to form the Players' Club in 1888.

President Hayes had appointed the Cambridge poet as American Minister to Spain in 1877, but three years later transferred him from Madrid to London. It was consequently during that first year of his diplomatic Ministry to Great Britain that Lowell acceded to Booth's request for a sentiment from his pen.

For many years an affectionate acquaintance existed between Booth and Julia Ward Howe; to her he remained always a charming and heroic figure.

"I have nearly killed myself with going to hear Mr. Booth, whose playing is exceedingly beautiful," wrote Mrs. Howe to her sister in April, 1858. And in a letter dated eighteen months later, we find another reference to the tragedian, "who is playing better than ever." It was in 1864 that Booth's manager asked Mrs. Howe to write a play for the young star. "Hippolytus" was the result, and in it Charlotte Cushman was to play Phædra to Booth's Hippolytus. For reasons which appeared insufficient to both actors and playwright, however, the play was withdrawn by Booth's manager shortly after it went into rehearsal. "This was, I think," she later wrote, "the greatest 'let-down' I ever experienced."

Mrs. Howe once arranged a festivity in the actor's honour, and invited Charles Sumner to attend, assuring the great senator that "he would find Mr. Booth a most interesting person." The Olympian one replied: "I have got beyond taking an interest in individuals" —a remark which caused Mrs. Howe to note in her journal: "Charles Sumner has got beyond taking an interest in individuals. God Almighty has not got so far."

(To be continued)

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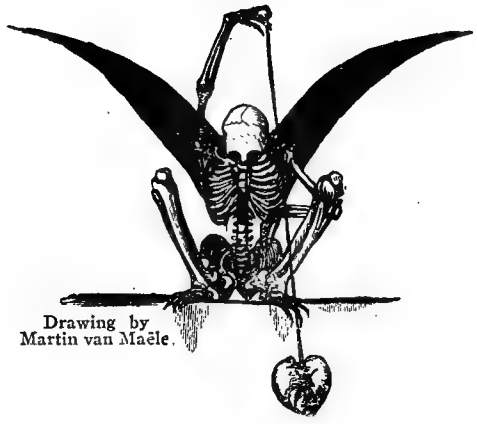
The Tell-Tale Heart



Drawing by Martin van Maële.

By EDGAR ALLAN POE

Edgar A. Poe

TRUE!—NERVOUS—VERY, very dreadfully nervous I had been and am! but why *will* you say that I am mad? The disease had sharpened my senses—not destroyed—not dulled them. Above all was the sense of hearing acute. I heard all things in the heaven and in the earth. I heard many things in hell. How, then, am I mad? Hearken! and observe how healthily—how calmly I can tell you the whole story.

It is impossible to tell how first the idea entered my brain; but once conceived, it haunted me day and night. Object, there was none. Passion, there was none. I loved the old man. He had never wronged me. He had never given me insult. For his gold I had no desire. I think it was his eye! yes, it was this! One of his eyes resembled that of a vulture—a pale blue eye, with a film over it. Whenever it fell upon me, my blood ran cold; and so, by degrees—very gradually—I made up my mind to take the life of the old man, and thus rid myself of the eye forever.

Now, this is the point. You fancy me mad. Madmen know nothing. But you should have seen *me*. You should have seen how wisely I proceeded—with what caution—with what foresight—with what dissimulation I went to work!

I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him. And every night, about midnight, I turned the latch of his door and opened it—oh, so gently! And then, when I had made an opening sufficient for my head, I put in a dark lantern, all closed, closed, so that no light shone out, and then I thrust in my head. Oh, you would have laughed to see how cunningly I thrust it in! I moved it slowly—very, very slowly, so that I might not disturb the old man's sleep. It took me an hour to place my whole head within the opening so far that I could see him as he lay upon his bed. Ha!—would a madman have been so wise as this? And then, when my head was well in the room, I undid the lantern cautiously—oh, so cautiously—cautiously (for the hinges creaked)—I undid it just so much that a single thin ray fell upon the vulture eye. And this I did for seven long nights—every night just at midnight—but I found the eye always closed; and so it was impossible to do the work; for it was not the old man who vexed me, but his Evil Eye. And every morning, when the day broke, I went boldly into the chamber, and spoke courageously to him, calling him by name in a hearty tone, and inquiring how he had passed the night. So, you see, he would have been a very profound old man, indeed, to suspect that every night, just at twelve, I looked in upon him while he slept.

Upon the eighth night I was more than usually cautious in opening the door. A watch's minute hand moves more quickly than did mine. Never before that night had I *felt* the extent of my own powers—of my sagacity. I could scarcely contain my feelings of triumph. To think that there I was, opening the door, little by little, and he not even to dream of my secret deeds or thoughts. I fairly chuckled at the idea; and perhaps he heard me; for he moved on the bed suddenly, as if startled. Now you may think that I drew back—but no. His room was as black as pitch with the thick darkness (for the shutters were close fastened, through fear of robbers), and so I knew that he could not see the opening of the door, and I kept pushing it on steadily, steadily.

I had my head in, and was about to open the lantern, when my thumb slipped upon the tin fastening, and the old man sprang up in bed, crying out: "Who's there?"

I kept quite still and said nothing. For a whole hour I did not move a muscle, and in the meantime I did not hear him lie down. He was still sitting up in the bed listening;—just as I have done, night after night, hearkening to the death watches in the wall.

Presently I heard a slight groan, and I knew it was the groan of mortal terror. It was not a groan of pain or grief—oh no!—it was the low stifled sound that arises from the bottom of the soul when overcharged with awe. I knew the sound well. Many a night, just at midnight, when all the world slept, it has welled up from my own bosom, deepening, with its dreadful echo, the terrors that distracted me. I say I knew it well. I knew what the old man felt, and pitied him, although I chuckled at heart. I knew that he had been lying awake ever since the first slight noise, when he had turned in the bed. His fears had been ever since growing upon him. He had been trying to fancy them causeless, but could not. He had been saying to himself: "It is nothing but the wind in the chimney—it is only a mouse crossing the floor," or "it is merely a cricket which

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Drawn by Harry Clarke. From Poe's *Tales of Mystery and Imagination* (Brentano)

The heart beat on with a muffled sound

has made a single chirp." Yes, he has been trying to comfort himself with these suppositions; but he had found all in vain. *All in vain;* because Death, in approaching him, had stalked with his black shadow before him, and enveloped the victim. And it was the mournful influence of the unperceived shadow that caused him to feel—although he neither saw nor heard—to *feel* the presence of my head in the room.

When I had waited a long time, very patiently, without hearing him lie down, I resolved to open a little—a very, very little crevice in the lantern. So I opened it—you cannot imagine how stealthily, stealthily—until, at length, a single dim ray, like the thread of the spider, shot from out the crevice and full upon the vulture eye.

It was open—wide, wide open—and I grew furious as I gazed upon it. I saw it with perfect distinctness—all a dull blue, with a hideous veil over it that chilled the very marrow in my bones; but I could see nothing else of the old man's face or person: for I had directed the ray precisely upon the damned spot.

And now—have I not told you that what you take

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for madness is but over-acuteness of the senses?—now, I say, there came to my ears a low, dull, quick sound, such as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I knew *that* sound well, too. It was the beating of the old man's heart. It increased my fury, as the beating of a drum stimulates the soldier into courage.

But even yet I refrained and kept still. I scarcely breathed. I held the lantern motionless. I tried how steadily I could maintain the ray upon the eye. Meantime the hellish tattoo of the heart increased. It grew quicker and quicker, and louder and louder every instant. The old man's terror *must* have been extreme! It grew louder, I say, louder every moment!—do you mark me well? I have told you that I am nervous; so I am. And now at the dead hour of night, amid the dreadful silence of that old house, so strange a noise as this excited me to uncontrollable terror. Yet, for some minutes longer I refrained and stood still. But the beating grew louder, louder! I thought the heart must burst. And now a new anxiety seized me—the sound would be heard by a neighbour! The old man's hour had come! With a loud yell, I threw open the lantern and leaped into the room. He shrieked once—once only. In an instant I dragged him to the floor, and pulled the heavy bed over him. I then smiled gaily, to find the deed so far done. But, for many minutes, the heart beat on with a muffled sound. This, however, did not vex me; it would not be heard through the wall. At length it ceased. The old man was dead. I removed the bed and examined the corpse. Yes, he was stone, stone dead. I placed my hand upon the heart and held it there many minutes. There was no pulsation. He was stone dead. His eye would trouble me no more.

If still you think me mad, you will think so no longer when I describe the wise precautions I took for the concealment of the body. The night waned, and I worked hastily, but in silence. First of all I dismembered the corpse. I cut off the head and the arms and the legs.

I then took up three planks from the flooring of the chamber, and deposited all between the scantlings. I then replaced the boards so cleverly, so cunningly, that no human eye—not even *his*—could have detected anything wrong. There was nothing to wash out—no stain of any kind—no blood-spot whatever. I had been too wary for that. A tub had caught all—ha! ha!

When I had made an end of these labours, it was four o'clock—still dark as midnight. As the bell sounded the hour, there came a knocking at the street door. I went down to open it with a light heart—for what had I *now* to fear? There entered three men, who introduced themselves, with perfect suavity, as officers of the police. A shriek had been heard by a neighbour during the night; suspicion of foul play had been aroused; information had been lodged at the police office, and they (the officers) had been deputed to search the premises.

I smiled—for *what* had I to fear? I bade the gentlemen welcome. The shriek, I said, was my own in a dream. The old man, I mentioned, was absent in the country. I took my visitors all over the house. I bade them search—search *well*. I led them, at length, to *his* chamber. I showed them his treasures, secure, undisturbed. In the enthusiasm of my confidence, I brought chairs into the room, and desired them *here* to rest from their fatigues, while I myself, in the wild audacity of my perfect triumph, placed my own seat upon the very spot beneath which reposed the corpse of the victim.

The officers were satisfied. My manner had convinced them. I was singularly at ease. They sat, and while I answered cheerily, they chatted familiar things. But, ere long, I felt myself getting pale and wished them gone. My head ached, and I fancied a ringing in my ears; but still they sat and still chatted. The ringing became more distinct: it continued and became more distinct. I talked more freely to get rid of the feeling; but it continued and gained definitiveness—until, at length, I found that the noise was *not* within my ears.

No doubt I now grew *very* pale; but I talked more fluently, and with a heightened voice. Yet the sound increased—and what could I do? It was *a low, dull, quick sound—much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton.* I gasped for breath—and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly—more vehemently; but the noise steadily increased. Why *would* they not be gone? I paced the floor to and fro with heavy strides, as if excited to fury by the observation of the men—but the noise steadily increased. Oh, God; what *could* I do? I foamed—I raved—I swore! I swung the chair upon which I had been sitting, and grated it upon the boards, but the noise arose over all and continually increased. It grew louder—louder—*louder!* And still the men chatted pleasantly, and smiled. Was it possible they heard not? Almighty God!—no, no! They heard!—they suspected!—they *knew!*—they were making a *mockery* of my horror!—this I thought, and this I think. But anything was better than this agony! Anything was more tolerable than this derision! I could bear those hypocritical smiles no longer! I felt that I must scream or die!—and now—again!—hark! louder! louder! louder! *louder!*—

"Villains!" I shrieked, "dissemble no more! I admit the deed!—tear up the planks!—here, here!—it is the beating of his hideous heart!"

How many times do I love thee, dear?
Tell me how many thoughts there be
In the atmosphere
Of a new-fall'n year,
Whose white and sable hours appear
The latest flake of Eternity:
So many times do I love thee, dear.

How many times do I love again?
Tell me how many beads there are
In a silver chain
Of evening rain,
Unraveled from the tumbling main,
And threading the eye of a yellow star:
So many times do I love again.

Thomas Lovell Beddoes.

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So They Say

Luigi Pirandello:
Italian playwright

"Americans are genuinely proud of all things enormous."

A Prisoner:
in the State Reformatory for Women, Bedford, N. Y., upon learning that tear gas bombs have been added to the prison arsenal equipment

"They're going to make sob sisters out of us."

Augustin Thomas:
President of the World Federation of Educational Associations, in session at Geneva, Switzerland

"Propaganda, even though it is for the ends that we believe good, is never the whole truth. The rising generation must be presented with the truth from all sides, and left free to follow its own convictions—otherwise it will be no better than its ancestors."

John J. Raskob:
of the General Motors Corporation

"Anyone who firmly believes that the opportunities are all closed and that from now on the country will get worse instead of better, is welcome to the opinion—and to whatever increment it will bring."

Christopher Morley:
theatrical producer in Hoboken, N. J., thanks heaven that his theatrical revivals have ceased to be a fad of the "smart set"

"The life of the ultra-smart is so unhappy, so empty, so fatuous, that when they do find something to enjoy they can't control themselves."

Count Herman Keyserling:
author and lecturer, visits South America, and notes differences between the Argentinians and ourselves

"In the United States all they wanted to know was whether I was right. . . . The Argentinian is not interested in whether I am right or wrong. He is interested only in that I say nothing that will offend him. The Argentinians are the most exaggeratedly touchy people on earth."

Rev. John Brett Langstaff:
Grace Church, New York

"There is no canker more undermining than ignorance. There is no balm more soothing than knowledge."

Alexander Black:
novelist

"That Biblical phrase 'three score years and ten' has been the cause of more premature deaths than any other one factor."

William Ralph Inge:
Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, takes a fling at fashion, and belies his popular title of the "Gloomy Dean"

"Half an inch shorter, half an inch shorter,
Same skirts for mother, and same skirts for daughter;
When the wind blows
Everything shows
Both what they should and hadn't oughter."

H. I. Phillips:
conductor of a column in the New York "Evening Sun," matches the Dean's verse

"Half a dean's gazes, half a dean's gazes
Seem to be given to curious places;
That you, Dean Inge,
Publicly sing
Of such a fact is the thing that amazes."

Albert G. Keller:
Professor of the Science of Society, Yale University

"The truth is that science is the supreme instrument of adjustment of human life to human life conditions, and that life goes on solely by reason of the adequacy of such adaptations. . . . It is as imbecilic to depreciate science as to decry labour or capital."

Grover A. Whalen:
Police Commissioner, New York City

"One of the reasons for the success of Scotland Yard is that the British newspapers defer discussion of crime until the cases come to trial."

George Luks:
artist

"At sixty a man has passed most of the reefs and whirlpools. Excepting only death, he has no enemies left to meet. . . . That man has wakened to a new youth. . . . Ergo, he is young."

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Detective William B. Kirk: *of the New York Mendicant Squad*
"A plausible beggar with an appealing appearance can collect as much as $50 in one day's work in what they term a 'hot spot.'"

Emil Ludwig: *German writer and lecturer*
"Debate is the death of conversation."

Salvatore Cortesi: *head of the Associated Press Bureau of Rome, Italy, when asked his opinion of our newspapers*
"News is much the same the world over, but we handle it differently. You use the most important things at the head of your story; we save them as the juicy morsel that will force our readers to stay to the bottom of the column."

Senator William E. Borah: *of Idaho*
"The only evidence of perpetual motion that I have ever observed is the continued activity of those in official places to increase their own salaries."

Thomas G. Masaryk: *President of Czechoslovakia, is an avid reader*
"Many people get their ideas of a country from histories and travel. I have found that I learn more about people from their novels than from any book of plain facts. I know exactly how the people of England lived in the '30's and '40's. I know their aims, their troubles, and their habits from Dickens. . . ."

William Bennett Munro: *Jonathan Trumbull Professor of American History and Government, maintains that the "acquisitive passion of the multitude" is the real reason for the existence of the capitalistic system*
"Ever since the day that man was condemned to earn bread by the sweat of his brow he has been devising means whereby to get the most bread for the least sweat."

Miss Mary Anderson: *of the U. S. Department of Labour*
"All our surveys have shown, as every woman knows, that married women do not work for so-called pin-money, whatever that may be. They work, just as other women do, and as men do, for money—because they need it."

Dr. Guido Ferrando: *Professor of English Literature in the University of Florence, Italy, visits our libraries*
"The American librarian looks on his books as something to be administered for the people, whereas the Latin librarian has an adoration for the books themselves . . . which he renders as inaccessible as possible to unworshipful vandalism."

Dr. Alister Mackenzie: *Scotland's most authoritative golf course architect*
"A really fine hole, like a man of dominant personality, always makes enemies."

John Langdon-Davies: *English writer, traveler, lecturer, anthropologist*
"The less restrained a nation's dances (at least among civilized people), the less virile the nation's men; just as scanty clothing on women is a reflection on men's virility, and veiled draperies a testimony to it."

Georges Lechartier: *Paris editor, visits us and sees the rest of our men*
"In Paris we who visit the Montmartre cafés have seen many Americans, usually the middle-aged type of men, who there seem typical. But here I have not met any Americans like that at all."

Tourist: *when asked by traffic cop for his license*
"Marriage, driver's, camp-fire, fishing, or hunting?"

Sir Josiah Stamp: *British financier and economist*
"A nation's economic credit is like a woman's reputation—the more it is debated the more it is endangered."

Frank Ward O'Malley: *decides to take his wife, his children and his dog, and live and write henceforth in Switzerland*
". . . Europeans mind their own business. You could walk down the Rue de la Paix with green hair and a brown beard, one leg of your pants purple and the other pink, and people wouldn't gawk at you."

Sir Philip Gibbs: *English novelist*
"The tradition that foreign affairs are beyond the judgment of the 'common people' and belong to the holy of holies which the mob must not penetrate—though it is the mob that does most of the dying when things go wrong—has not yet been abandoned."

Macon "Telegraph":
"It's a funny thing, but you never hear of a Mediterranean fly or weevil of any sort going around putting the spinach crop on the blink."

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(Done after the Approved Fashion of
The Heart and Home Magazine)

John *and* I, *or* How I *Nearly* Lost My Husband

By STEPHEN LEACOCK

IT WAS AFTER we had been married about two years that I began to feel that I needed more air. Every time I looked at John across the breakfast table I felt as if I must have more air, more space.

I seemed to feel as if I had no room to expand. I had begun to ask myself whether I had been wise in marrying John, whether John was really sufficient for my development. I felt cramped and shut in. In spite of myself the question would arise in my mind whether John really understood my nature. He had a way of reading the newspaper, propped up against the sugar bowl at breakfast, that somehow made me feel as if things had gone all wrong. It was bitter to realize that the time had come when John could prefer the newspaper to his wife's society.

* * *

BUT PERHAPS I had better go back and tell the whole miserable story from the beginning.

I shall never forget—I suppose no woman ever does—the evening when John first spoke out his love for me. I had felt for some time past that it was there. Again and again he seemed about to speak. But somehow his words seemed to fail him. Twice I took him into the very heart of the little wood beside mother's house, but it was only a small wood, and somehow he slipped out on the other side.

"Oh, John," I had said, "how lonely and still it seems in the wood with no one here but ourselves. Do you think," I said, "that the birds have souls?"

"I don't know," John answered; "let's get out of this." I was sure that his emotion was too strong for him.

"I never feel a bit lonesome where you are, John," I said, as we made our way among the underbrush.

"I think we can get out down that little gully," he answered.

Then one evening in June, after tea, I led John down a path beside the house to a little corner behind the garden where there was a stone wall on one side and a high fence right in front of us, and thorn bushes on the other side. There was a little bench in the angle of the wall and the fence, and we sat down on it.

"Minnie," John said, "there's something I meant to say——"

"Oh, John," I cried, and I flung my arms round his neck. It all came with such a flood of surprise.

"All I meant, Minn——" John went on, but I checked him.

"Oh, don't, John, don't say anything more," I said. "It's just too perfect." Then I rose and seized him by the wrist. "Come," I said, "come to mother," and I rushed him along the path.

As soon as mother saw us come in hand in hand in this way, she guessed everything. She threw both her arms around John's neck and fairly pinned him against the wall. John tried to speak, but mother wouldn't let him.

"I saw it all along, John," she said. "Don't speak. Don't say a word. I guessed your love for Minn from the very start. I don't know what I shall do without her, John, but she's yours now; take her." Then mother began to cry, and I couldn't help crying, too. "Take him to father," mother said, and we each took one of John's wrists and took him to father on the back veranda.

As soon as John saw father he tried to speak again. "I think I ought to say——" he began, but mother stopped him.

"Father," she said, "he wants to take our little girl away. He loves her very dearly, Alfred," she said, "and I think it our duty to let her go, no matter how hard it is, and oh! please Heaven, Alfred, he'll treat her well and not misuse her, or beat her," and she began to sob again.

Father got up and took John by the hand and shook it warmly. "Take her, boy," he said. "She's all yours now. Take her."

SO JOHN AND I were engaged, and in due time our wedding day came and we were married. I remember that for days and days before the wedding day, John seemed very nervous and depressed; I think he was worrying, poor boy, as to whether he could really make me happy, and whether he could fill my

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life as it should be filled. But I told him that he was not to worry, because I *meant* to be happy, and was determined just to make the best of everything.

Father stayed with John a good deal before the wedding day, and on the wedding morning he went and fetched him to the church in a closed carriage and had him there all ready when we came. It was a beautiful day in September, and the church looked just lovely. I had a beautiful gown of white organdy with tulle at the throat, and I carried a great bunch of white roses, and father led John up the aisle after me. . . .

Presently it was all over and we were driven to the station and got the afternoon train for New York, and when we sat down in the compartment among all our band-boxes and flowers, John said:

"Well, thank God that's over!" And I said:

"Oh, John, an oath! on our wedding day, an oath!"

John said, "I'm sorry, Minn; I didn't mean——" but I said:

"Don't John; don't make it worse. Swear at me if you must, but don't make it harder to bear."

We spent our wedding tour in New York. At first I had thought of going somewhere to the great lonely woods, where I could have walked under the great trees, and felt the silence of nature, and where John should have been my Viking and captured me with his spear, and that I should be his and his alone and no other man should share me; and John had said all right. Or else I had planned to go away off somewhere to the seashore where I could have watched the great waves pushing themselves against the rocks. I had told John that he should be my caveman, and should seize me in his arms and carry me whither he would. I felt somehow that for my development I wanted to get as close to nature as ever I could—that my mind seemed to be reaching out for a great emptiness. But I looked over all the hotel and steamship folders I could get and it seemed impossible to secure good accommodations, so we came to New York. As I had a great deal of shopping to do for our new house, I could not be much with John, but I felt it was not right to neglect him, so I drove him somewhere in a taxi each morning and called for him again in the evening. One day I took him to the Metropolitan Museum, and another day I left him at the Zoo, and another day at the Aquarium. John seemed very happy and quiet among the fishes.

Another day I left him at the Aquarium

So presently we came back home and I spent many busy days in fixing and arranging our new house. I had the drawing-room done in blue, and the dining-room all in dark paneled wood, and a boudoir upstairs done in pink-and-white enamel to match my bedroom and dressing-room. There was a very nice little room in the basement next to the coal cellar that I turned into a "den" for John, so that when he wanted to smoke he could go down there and do it. John seemed to appreciate his den at once, and often would stay down there so long that I had to call to him to come upstairs again.

When I look back on those days they seem very bright and happy. But it was not very long before a change came. I began to realize that John was neglecting me. I noticed it at first in small things. I don't know just how long it was after our marriage that John began to read the newspaper at breakfast. At first he would only pick it up and read it in little bits and only on the front page. I tried not to be hurt at it, and would go on talking just as brightly as I could without seeming to notice anything. But presently he got to reading the inside part of the paper, and then one day he opened up the financial page and folded the paper right back and leaned it against the sugar bowl.

I could not but wonder whether John's love for me was what it had been. Was it cooling? I asked myself. And what was cooling it? It hardly seemed possible, when I looked back to the wild passion with which he had proposed to me on the garden bench, that John's love was waning. But I kept noticing different little things. One day in the springtime I saw John getting out a lot of fishing tackle from a box and fitting it together. I asked him what he was going to do, and he said that he was going to fish. I went to my room and had a good cry. It seemed dreadful that he could neglect his wife for a few worthless fish.

So I decided to put John to the test. It had been my habit every morning after he put his coat on to go to the office to let John have one kiss, just one weeny kiss, to keep him happy all day. So this day when he was getting ready I bent my head over a big bowl of flowers and pretended not to notice. I think John must have been hurt, as I heard him steal out on tiptoe.

Well, I realized that things had come to a dreadful state, and so I sent over to mother, and mother came and we had a good cry together. I made up my mind to force myself to face

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things and just to be as bright as ever I could. Mother and I both thought that things would be better if I tried all I could to make something out of John. I have always felt that every woman should make all that she can out of her husband. So I did my best first of all to straighten up John's appearance. I shifted the style of collar he was wearing to a tighter kind that I liked better, and I brushed his hair straight backward instead of forward, which gave him a much more alert look. Mother said that John needed waking up, and so we did all we could to wake him. Mother came over to stay with me a good deal, and in the evenings we generally had a little music or a game of cards.

"John," I said, . . . you were fed at six."

About this time another difficulty began to come into my married life, which I suppose I ought to have foreseen. I mean the attentions of other gentlemen. I have always called forth a great deal of admiration in gentlemen, but I have always done my best to act like a lady and to discourage it in every possible way. I had been innocent enough to suppose that this would end with married life, and it gave me a dreadful shock to realize that such was not the case. The first one I noticed was a young man who came to the house, at an hour when John was out, for the purpose, so he said at least, of reading the gas meter. He looked at me in just the boldest way and asked me to show him the way to the cellar. I don't know whether it was a pretext or not, but I just summoned all the courage I had and showed him to the head of the cellar stairs. I had determined that if he tried to carry me down with him I would scream for the servants, but I suppose something in my manner made him desist, and he went alone. When he came up he professed to have read the meter, and he left the house quite quietly. But I thought it wiser to say nothing to John of what had happened.

There were others, too. There was a young man with large brown eyes who came and said he had been sent to tune the piano. He came on three separate days and he bent his ear over the keys in such a mournful way that I knew he must have fallen in love with me. On the last day he offered to tune my harp for a dollar extra, but I refused, and when I asked him to tune mother's mandolin instead, he said he didn't know how. Of course I told John nothing of all this.

Then there was Mr. McQueen, who came to the house several times to play cribbage with John. He had been desperately in love with me years before—at least I remember his taking me home from a hockey match once and what a struggle it was for him not to come into the parlour and see mother for a few minutes when I asked him; and, though he was married now and had three children, I felt sure when he came to play cribbage with John that it *meant* something. He was very discreet and honourable and never betrayed himself for a moment, and I acted my part as if there was nothing at all behind it. But one night when he came over to play and John had had to go out, he refused to stay even for an instant. He had got his overshoes off before I told him that John was out, and asked him if he wouldn't come into the parlour and hear mother play the mandolin, but he just made one dive for his overshoes and was gone. I knew that he didn't dare to trust himself.

Then presently a new trouble came. I began a suspect that John was drinking. I don't mean for a moment that he was drunk, or that he was openly cruel to me. But at times he seemed to act so queerly, and I noticed that one night when by accident I left a bottle of raspberry vinegar on the sideboard overnight it was all gone in the morning. Two or three times when McQueen and John were to play cribbage, John would fetch home two or three bottles of malt extract with him and they would sit sipping all evening.

I think he was drinking malt extract by himself, too, though I never could be sure of it. At any rate, he often seemed queer and restless in the evenings, and instead of staying in his den he would wander all over the house. Once we heard him—I mean mother and I and two lady friends who were with us that evening—quite late (after ten o'clock)—apparently moving about in the pantry.

"John," I called, "is that you?"

"Yes, Minn," he answered, quietly enough, I admit.

"What are you doing there?" I asked.

"Looking for something to eat," he said.

"John," I said, "you are forgetting what is due to me as your wife. You were fed at six. Go back."

He went, but yet I felt more and more that his love must be dwindling to make him act as he did. I thought it all over wearily enough and asked myself whether I had done everything I should to hold my husband's love. I had kept him in at nights. I had cut down his smoking. I had stopped his playing cards. What more was there that I could do?

So at last the conviction came to me that I must go away. I felt that I must get away somewhere and think things out. At first I thought of Palm Beach, but the season had not opened, and I felt somehow that I couldn't wait. I wanted to get away some-

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where by myself and just face things as they were. So one morning I said to John:

"John, I think I'd like to go off somewhere for a little time, just to be by myself, dear, and I don't want you to ask to come with me or to follow me, but just let me go."

John said: "All right, Minn. When are you going to start?"

THE COLD BRUTALITY of it cut me to the heart, and I went upstairs and had a good cry and looked over steamship and railroad folders. I thought of Havana for a while, because the pictures of the harbour and the castle and the queer Spanish streets looked so attractive, but then I was afraid that at Havana a woman alone by herself might be simply persecuted by attentions from gentlemen. They say the Spanish temperament is something fearful. So I decided on Bermuda instead. I felt that in a beautiful quiet place like Bermuda I could think everything all over and face things, and it said on the folder that there were always at least two English regiments in garrison there, and the English officers, whatever their faults, are always gentlemen and always treat a woman with the deepest respect.

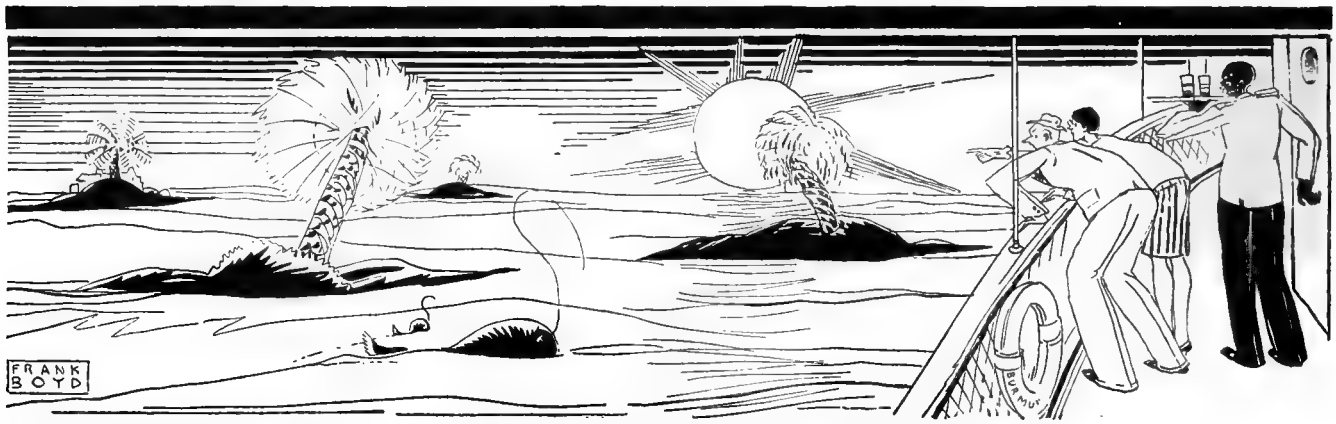
So I said nothing more to John, but in the next few days I got all my arrangements made and my things packed. And when the last afternoon came I sat down and wrote John a long letter, to leave on my boudoir table, telling him that I had gone to Bermuda. I told him that I wanted to be alone. I said that I couldn't tell when I would be back—that it might be months, or it might be years, and I hoped that he would try to be as happy as he could and forget me entirely, and to send me money on the first of every month.

WELL, IT WAS JUST at that moment that one of those strange coincidences happen, little things in themselves, but which seem to alter the whole course of a person's life. I had nearly finished the letter to John that I was to leave on the writing desk, when just then the maid came up to my room with a telegram. It was for John, but I thought it my duty to open it and read it for him. It was from a lawyer in Bermuda—of all places—and it said that a legacy of two hundred thousand dollars had been left to John by an uncle of his who had died there, and asked for instructions about the disposition of it.

A great wave seemed to sweep over me, and all the wicked thoughts that had been in my mind—for I saw now that they *were* wicked—were driven clean away. I thought how completely lost poor old John would feel if all this money came to him and he didn't have to work any more and had no one at his side to help and guide him in using it.

I tore up the wicked letter I had written, and I hurried as fast as I could to pack up a valise with John's things (my own were packed already, as I said). Then presently John came in and I broke the news to him as gently and as tenderly as I could about his uncle having left him the money and having died. I told him that I had found out all about the trains and the Bermuda steamer, and had everything all packed and ready for us to leave at once. John seemed a little dazed about it all, and kept saying that his uncle had taught him to play tennis when he was a little boy, and he was very grateful and thankful to me for having everything arranged, and thought it wonderful.

I HAD TIME to telephone to a few of my women friends, and they just managed to rush round for a few minutes to say good-by. I couldn't help crying a little when I told them about John's uncle dying so far away with none of us near him, and I told them about the legacy and they cried a little to hear of it all; and when I told them that John and I might not come back direct from Bermuda, but might take a run over to Europe first, they all cried some more.



John seemed a little dazed about it all, and kept saying that his uncle had taught him to play tennis when he was a little boy.

We left for New York that evening and after we had been to Bermuda and arranged about a suitable monument for John's uncle and collected the money, we sailed for Europe.

All through the happy time that has followed, I like to think that through all our trials and difficulties affliction brought us safely together at last.

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By FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

The Rotter

Fleta Campbell Springer

Drawings by
Ruth King

IN THE TAXI Ayling suddenly realized that there was no need for all this haste. After twenty-five years, and a loitering, circuitous journey home—six weeks to the day since he had said good-by to India—this last-minute rush was, to say the least, illogical, particularly as there was no one in London waiting for him; no one who was even aware of his arrival. Indeed, it was likely that there was no one in London who was aware of his existence, except, perhaps, the clerk of his favorite club, to whom he had telegraphed ahead for accommodations.

The rigidity of his posture, straining forward there on his seat, became suddenly painful and absurd. He tried to relax, but the effort was more than it was worth, and he sat forward again, looking out.

Yes, things were familiar enough—but familiar like old photographs one has forgotten the significance of. The emotion had gone out of them. It was the new things, the unfamiliar contours, that were most apparent, that seemed to thrust upon his consciousness the city's gigantic, self-centered indifference. Yet it was just that quality that he had loved most in London. She had let him alone. She had been—he recalled the high-flown phrase of his youth—the supremely indifferent friend! Perhaps, he thought to himself, when one is fifty, one cares less to be "let alone"; less for indifference as the supreme attribute of a friend.

He felt a queer sweep of homesickness for India, whence he had come; but to feel homesickness for India was ridiculous, since he had just come out of India because he was homesick for England. He had been homesick for England, he had been telling himself, for all those twenty-five years.

Well! here he was. Home!

Strange he hadn't thought of the automobiles and the electricity, and the difference they would make.

The taxi backed suddenly, gears shifted, and drew up alongside the curb. Looking out, Ayling recognized the high, familiar street door of the club. Something about it had been changed, or replaced, he couldn't quite make out what. The driver opened the door, lifted out Ayling's bag, and deposited it expertly with a swing on the step. Then he waited respectfully while Ayling fished in his pockets for change. Having received it, he leaped with great agility to the seat, shifted gears, chugged, backed and turned, and was abruptly round the corner and out of sight.

At the desk, Ayling experienced a momentary surprise to find himself actually expected.

"Mr. Ayling? Yes, sir. Your room is ready, I believe." The clerk rang a bell, and began to give instructions about Mr. Ayling's luggage. Ayling looked about him.

He felt that he ought to ask for some one, or inquire if some of the old members were in; but, standing there, he could not think of a single name except names of a few non-resident members like himself, men who were at that moment in India.

"Will you go up, sir?"

"Later," said Ayling. "Just send up my things."

He crossed the foyer and entered the lounge. Here, as before in the streets, it was the changes of which he was most aware—figured hangings in place of the old red velours, the upholstery renewed on the old chairs and divans. Strangers sat here and there in the familiar nooks, strangers who looked up at him with a mild curiosity, and returned to their papers or their cigars. He wandered on through the rooms, seeking—without quite saying so to himself—seeking a familiar face, and found none. Even the proportions of the rooms seemed changed; he could hardly have said just how; not much, but slightly, though, all in all, the club was the same. Names began to come back to him; memories resurrected themselves, rose out of corners to greet him as he passed. They began to give him a queer sense of his own unreality, as if he himself were only another memory. . . . Abruptly he turned, made his way back to the desk, and asked to be shown to his room. There he spent an hour puttering aimlessly, adjusting his things, putting in the time.

Then he dressed and went down to a solitary dinner. There was a great activity in the club at that hour, comings and goings, in parties of four and five.

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He found a kind of dolorous amusement in seeing how much more at home all the youngsters about him seemed than he. And he had been at home there when they were in the nursery doing their sums.

Here and there at the tables were older men, men of his own age, and he reflected that among them might easily be some of his boyhood friends. He would never know them now. He searched their faces for a familiar feature, watched them for a gesture he might recognize. But in the end he gave it up. "Old town," he said to himself, "old town, by Jove! you've forgotten me!"

That night he went alone to a theatre, walked back through the crowds to the club, and went immediately to bed. He was very grateful to find himself suddenly very tired.

THE NEXT MORNING he rose late and did not leave his room until noon, when he went down to a solitary lunch. After lunch he stopped at the clerk's window and inquired about one or two old members. The clerk looked up the names. After a good deal of inquiry and fussing about, he ascertained that one of the gentlemen was in China, one was dead, and a third about whom Ayling also inquired could not be traced at all. Ayling went out and walked for a while through the streets, but was driven back to the club by the chill drizzle which suddenly began to descend.

He sat down in a chair near a window that had been his favourite. Settled there, he remembered the position of a near-by bell, just under the window-curtain. . . . Yes, there it was. He rang, and a waiter came—a rotund, pink-faced, John-Bullish waiter, with little white tufts on each cheek. Ayling ordered a whisky-and-soda, and when presently the waiter brought it, Ayling asked how long he had been in the service of the club.

"Thirty-five years, sir."

Ayling looked at the old man in astonishment. "Do you remember me?" he asked.

The old waiter, schooled to remember at first glance if he remembered at all, looked afresh at Ayling. "I see so many faces, sir—I couldn't just at the moment say——"

"And I suppose," said Ayling, "you've brought me whisky-and-soda here, to this very chair, no end of times. What's your name?"

"Chedsey, sir."

"Seems familiar—" He shook his head. "You don't recall a Mr. Ayling—twenty-five or thirty years ago?"

"Ayling, sir? I recall there *was* a member of that name. . . . *You're* not Mr. Ayling, sir?"

"We're not very flattering, either of us, it seems. But then, privilege of the aged, I suppose."

"Beg pardon, sir. I'm sorry—I ought to remember you."

"We're wearing masks, Chedsey, you and I."

"You're right, sir, I'm afraid."

They regarded each other, those two, Chedsey, rotund and pink, looking down upon Ayling, long and lean, with fine wrinkles about his eyes, and hair considerably grayed, wondering, both of them, why names should be more enduring than they themselves.

It was not until Ayling had begun to ask Chedsey for news of old friends, and chanced almost at once to mention Lonsdale, that both he and the old waiter exclaimed in the same breath, "Major Lonsdale!" as if the Major's name had been a key to open the doors of both their memories.

"And you're young Mr. Dick Ayling! I remember you perfectly now!" Chedsey beamed. How could he have failed to remember any one of those gay young friends of the major's?

"And where," asked Ayling, "is the major now?"

"Major Lonsdale, sir—has been gone seven years. Hadn't you heard?"

Lonsdale gone! Lonsdale dead! Lonsdale had begun life so brilliantly. Ayling did feel left over and old.

"What happened?" he asked, and Chedsey, glad to talk of the major, told how he had left the club to be Major Lonsdale's man just after he came back from the Boer War. How things hadn't seemed to go well with the major after that; he lost money—just how, Chedsey didn't say, but gave one to understand that it was a misfortune beyond the major's control. In the end he was forced to give up his house, and Chedsey came back to the club. A few years later the major was taken with pneumonia, quite suddenly, and died. Did Mr. Ayling know Major Lonsdale's wife?

"Yes," said Ayling. "What became of Mrs. Lonsdale?"

"Here in London, sir."

"Wasn't there," asked Ayling, "a child, a little girl?"

"Ah, Miss Peggy, sir!" It was plain that "Miss Peggy" was one of Chedsey's enthusiasms. A young lady now . . . and soon to be married to a fine young gentleman of one of the best Scotch families. . . . She'll have a title some day. . . . Picture in the *Sketch* recently—perhaps he could find it for Mr. Ayling.

"Never mind," said Ayling, who was not thinking of Miss Peggy at all, but of her parents, young Major Harry Lonsdale, and his pretty wife. He remembered her as a bride—Bessie, the major had called her—a graceful young creature with brown hair and brown-flecked eyes, already at that age a charming hostess in the fine old house Harry Lonsdale had inherited from his father.

"They are living in Cambridge Terrace," Chedsey was saying. "Would Mr. Ayling like the address?"

Ayling wrote down the address Chedsey gave him, and put it away in his pocket, with no more definite idea than that some day, if opportunity offered, he might look her up, for his old friend's sake.

He began to inquire about other men—Carrington, Farnsby, Blake. Dead, all three of them—Farnsby only last spring. Was it some fate that pursued his particular friends? But those men had all, he reflected, been older than he. And yet, he recalled the words of his doctor:

"A man's as old as his arteries. You've been too long out here. Be sensible, Ayling. . . . Go home—take it easy—rest. You'll have a long time yet. . . ."

Just a week later, to the day, Ayling stepped into a telephone-booth, looked up Mrs. Lonsdale's number, and telephoned. He had not counted upon loneliness.

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At forty-five Bessie Lonsdale had encountered one of those universal experiences which invariably give us, as individuals, so strong a sense of surprise. She had discovered suddenly, upon completion of the task to which she had so long given her energies, that she had become the task; that she no longer had any identity apart from it. And her consciousness of having arrived at exactly the place where hundreds before her must have arrived had only added to the strangeness of her experience.

A week ago she had seen her twenty-year-old daughter off to the north of Scotland for a month's visit to the family which she was soon to enter as a bride. It seemed to her that Peggy had never been so lovely as when she said good-by to her at the station that day, slim, fragrant, shining-eyed, and looking very patrician indeed in her smart sable jacket (cut from the luxurious sable cape that had been part of her mother's trousseau), with the violets pinned into the buttonhole. And Bessie Lonsdale had seen with pride and no twinge of jealousy the admiration in the eyes of that aristocratic, if somewhat stern-faced, old lady who was to be Peggy's mother-in-law, and who, with true Scotch propriety, had come all the way down to London to take her home with her.

"I don't like leaving you alone," Peggy had said, as they kissed each other good-by. "You're going to let yourself be dull."

And her mother had patted the soft cheek, and replied: "I'm going to enjoy every minute of it. I mean to have a good rest and get acquainted with myself."

When, a few moments later, she waved them good-by as the train moved slowly out of the station, Bessie Lonsdale had turned away with a long-drawn and involuntary sigh—a sigh of thanksgiving and relief.

Peggy at last was safe! Her happiness and her future assured. All those years of hoping and holding steady had come now to this happy end. Ever since her husband's early death Bessie Lonsdale had centered herself upon the future of her child. She had had only her few hundred a year saved from the wreck of her husband's affairs, but she had set her course, and, with an air of sailing in circles for pleasure's sake, stood clear of the rocks and shoals. She had never borrowed; she had never apologized; had never been considered a poor relation, or spoken of as pathetic or "brave." Her little flat was an achievement. It was astonishing how she had managed at once so much simplicity, so much downright comfort, and so charming an atmosphere. She had done so much with so little, yet hers were not anxious rooms, like the rooms of so many women of small means. They had space, repose, good cheer, even an air of luxury. It was the home of a gentlewoman who could make a little better than "the best of things." She had even entertained a little, now and then—more of late, now that Peggy's education was complete—but this at the cost of many economies in the right quarter, and many extravagances also rightly placed.

Call this "climbing" if you will, and a stress upon false values. Bessie Lonsdale gave herself to no such futile speculations as that. She was too busy at her task. She was neither so young nor so hypocritical as to pretend that these things were to be despised. She had done only what every other mother in the world wishes to do—to guide and protect her child and see her future provided for; only she had done it more efficiently than most; had brought, perhaps, a greater fitness or a greater consecration to the task. And the success of her achievement lay in the art with which she had concealed all trace of effort and strain. Peggy herself would have been first to laugh at the notion that her mother had had anything whatever to do with her falling in love with Andrew McCrae. She believed that it was by the sheer prodigality of the Fates that, besides being in love with her, romantically, as only a Scotchman can be, young Andrew McCrae was heir to one of the most substantial fortunes in all the north, and would succeed to a title one day. . . .

So Bessie Lonsdale had sighed her deep sigh of peace and gone back to her flat. And because she had really wanted to be alone she had sent her one faithful old servant away for a long-postponed visit to country relatives. Then she had sat down to rest, and to "get acquainted with herself." And in two days she had made her discovery. There was no "herself." She had been Peggy's mother so long that Bessie Lonsdale as a separate entity had entirely ceased to exist.

It was at the end of the week that Ayling telephoned. And, although she had been avoiding even chance meetings with acquaintances, she found herself asking Ayling, whom she had not seen for twenty-five years, and whom she had known but slightly then, to come that day at five to tea. She realized only after she had left the telephone that it was because his voice had come to her out of that far time before she had become the mother of Peggy, and because she had a vague sort of hope that he might help to bring back a bit of the old self she had lost.

She was, when she thought of it, a little puzzled by his looking her up. Had he and Harry been such friends?

PROMPTLY AT FIVE he came. At the door they greeted each other with a sudden unexpected warmth. And while he was clasping her hand and saying how jolly it was, after all this time, to find her here, and she was saying how nice it was to see *him*, how nice of him to look her up, he was thinking to himself that he might have recognized her by the brown-flecked eyes, and she was thinking, "He's an old man, older than I—the age Harry would have been——"

"So you've come home," she said, "to stay?"

"Yes, we all do. It's what we look forward to out there."

"I know." With a little hospitable gesture, and a step backward, she brought him in.

They had not mentioned the major who was gone, nor had they mentioned the years that had passed since their last meeting, yet suddenly, without any premonition, those two turned their eyes away from each other, to avoid bursting senselessly into tears. An almost inconceivable disaster, yet one for the moment which had been perilously imminent.

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Yet neither of them was thinking of Major Lonsdale, nor of anything so grievous as death; they were thinking of those terrifying little wrinkles round their eyes, and of the little up-and-down lines that would never disappear, and something inside them both gave suddenly away, melted, flooding them inside with tears that must not be shed.

She held out her hand for his hat and stick. For an instant they both felt a deep constraint, and as he was getting out of his coat each wondered if the other had noticed it.

AYLING TURNED ABOUT and stumbled awkwardly over a small hassock on the floor, and they both laughed, which helped them recover themselves.

"How long has it really been?" she asked, as she faced him beside the fire.

"Twenty-five years." He smiled at her, shaking his head. "Twenty-five years!"

"You *must* feel like the prodigal son!"

"Not until I came in your door just now, I didn't, at all." And then, without in the least intending to say it: "You were the only person in London I knew."

It was the first of many things he had not intended to tell. As it was the first of many afternoons when they sat before the fire in her pretty drawing-room—that gallant little blaze that did its best to combat the gloom and chill of London's late winter rains—and drank their tea and talked, the comfortable, scattering talk of old friends; although it was not because of the past that they were friends, but because of the present and their mutual need. They did not speak of loneliness; it was a word, perhaps, of which they were both afraid.

When they talked of her husband, of the old house, the old days, she felt herself coming back, materializing gradually again, out of the past. Ayling said to himself that he could talk to Bessie Lonsdale of things he had never been able to speak of to anyone else, because they had had so much common experience. For, from the beginning, Ayling had had the illusion that Bessie Lonsdale, as well as he, had been away all those years, and had just come back to London again. He had said this to her as he was leaving on that first afternoon, and she had smiled and said, "So I have, just that—I've been away and come back, and I hardly know where to begin." Later he understood. For once or twice he met there a few of her friends, people who dropped in to inquire what she had heard from Peggy; people who talked of how they were missing Peggy, of the time when she would be coming home, of her approaching wedding, and one and all they commented upon the emptiness of the flat without Peggy there, and how lonely it must be for dear Mrs. Lonsdale with Peggy away.

"I seem to be the only person in London not missing Peggy," he said to her one day. Her brown-flecked eyes looked at him straight for an instant, and then slowly they smiled, for she knew that he understood. She had not needed to tell him, for he had divined it for himself. Just as he had not needed to tell her how much her being in London meant to him.

As it was, the incessant chill and dampness of the weather had done his health no good. His blood was thin from long years of Indian sun, and he found it a constant effort to resist. The gloom seemed even worse than the cold, and, although he had thought that he should never wish for sun again, after India, he did wish for it now, wished for it until it became a sheer physical need. For the first time in his life he began to feel that he was getting old. Or was it, he asked himself, only that he had time now to think of such things? Bessie Lonsdale saw it, for her eyes were quick and keen, and she had long been in the habit of mothering. "It's this beastly London," she said. "I know!" And it was she who made him promise to go away for a week in the country, where he might have a glimpse at least of the sun. He remembered an inn at Homebury St. Mary, where he had spent a summer as a child, and it was there, for no reason except the memory of so much sun, that he planned to go, "by the middle of next week," he said, "when Peggy will be coming home."

They had been talking of her return, and he had confessed to the notion that he would feel himself superfluous, out of place, somehow, when Peggy came home. His confession had pleased her, she hardly knew why. As for herself, she had had something of the same thought, that when Peggy came there would be—well, a different atmosphere.

She was looking forward daily now to a letter saying by what train Peggy would return. On Thursday there arrived, instead, a letter from Lady McCrae, begging that they be allowed "to keep our dear Peggy for another ten days." The heavy weather had kept the young people indoors, and a great many excursions which they had planned had had to be put off on account of it. She said, in her dignified way, many things vastly pleasing to a mother's heart, and Mrs. Lonsdale could do nothing but write her consent.

When she had written the letter and sent it off she began to be curiously depressed, and she wandered through the flat, conscious at last of just how much she had really missed Peggy's laughter, her gaiety, and her swift young step. The week before her loomed longer than all the time she had been away.

THAT AFTERNOON SHE TOLD Ayling her news, but it was not until she had finished telling him that she remembered that he, too, would be going away. She hadn't known until then how much his being there had meant.

"I don't know," she said, "how I shall put in the week! After all, I've been missing her more than I knew."

It occurred to Ayling that, standing there before him with Lady McCrae's letter, which she had been showing him, in her hand, she was exactly like a little girl who was going to be left all alone.

The idea came to him suddenly. "Look here, Bessie; come down to Homebury St. Mary with me! It would do you no end of good."

The quality of their friendship was clear in the simplicity with which he made the suggestion, and the absence of self-consciousness with which she heard it made.

"I should love it!" she said.

"Then come along. You've nothing to keep you."

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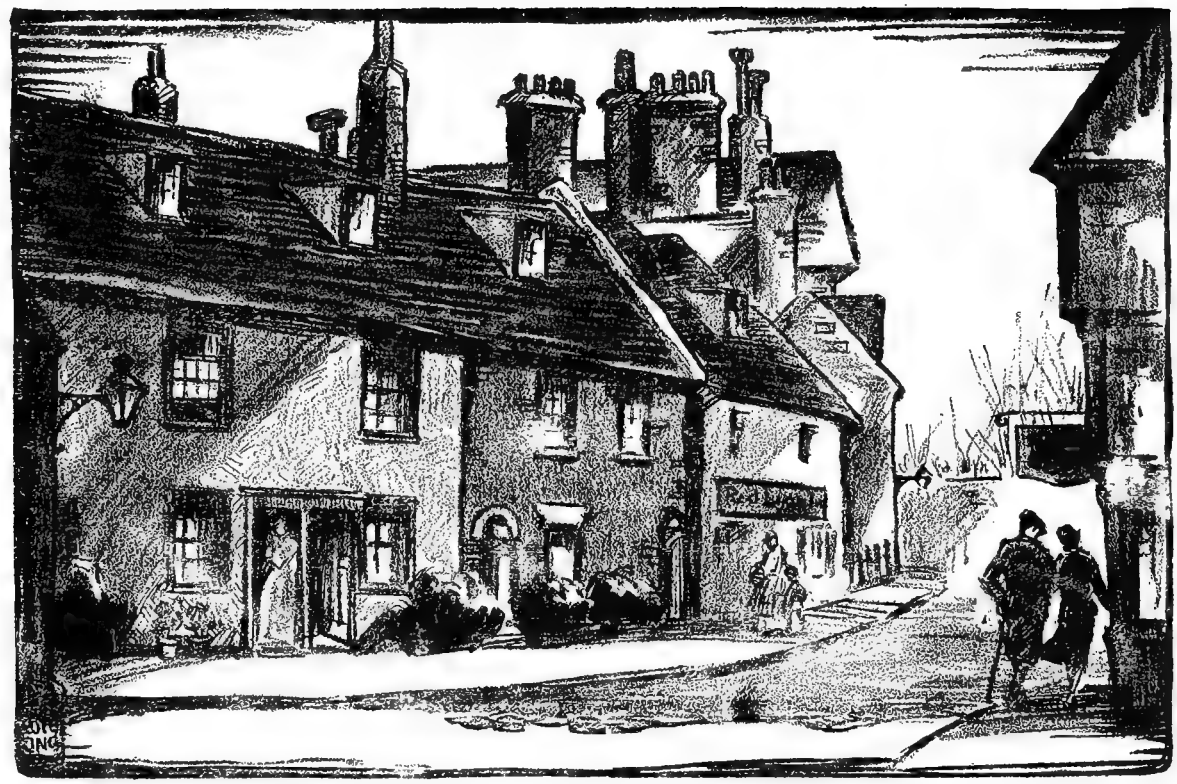

All morning they idled out-of-doors.

She did not answer at once, but stood looking away from him, a little frown between her eyes. She was thinking how absurd it would be to object, and how equally absurd it seemed to say yes. It *was* so nice to have some one think of her in the same way as he thought of himself, simply, normally, humanly, as Dick Ayling seemed to have thought of her from the first.

Then abruptly she accepted his simplification. "I'll go," she said.

"Good! I'll telephone through for a room for you. . . . When can you be ready?" he asked.

"Today—this afternoon. Let's get away before I discover all the reasons to prevent! I won't bother about a lot of luggage—my big bag will do."

"Great! I'll ask about trains."

All at once, like two children, they became immensely exhilarated at the prospect before them—a week's holiday!

He went to the telephone and presently reported: "There's a train at two-forty. Can you make it by then?"

She looked at the clock on the mantel. "We'll make it," she said.

He was getting into his coat. "I'll go on to the club, get my things together, and come back for you at two-fifteen, then."

He rushed away, both of them almost forgetting to say good-by, and she went into her bedroom to pack.

When, promptly at two-fifteen, he rang her bell, she was waiting, hat and gloves on, and called out, "All ready!" as the taxi-driver followed Ayling up for her bag. . . .

The spring had come up to meet them at Homebury St. Mary. So Bessie Lonsdale said to herself when she woke in her old-fashioned chintz-curtained room. The sun shone in at the windows, the air was balmy and sweet, and, lifting herself on her elbow, she saw in a little round swale in the garden outside a faint showing of green nestled into the damp brown earth.

She got up, rang for a maid, who came smiling, white-capped, rosy-cheeked. She had coffee and rolls with rich country cream while she dressed. Her room opened directly into the garden, and she put on stout boots and a walking-suit and a soft little hat of green felt, and went out. Ayling, who had evidently risen early, was coming toward her, swinging a great, freshly whittled staff cut from the woods beyond the inn. He called to her:

"You see! The sun *does* shine at Homebury St. Mary!" And then, as if in gratitude for so glorious a day, he wished to be fair to the rest of the world, he added, as he came up, "I wonder if it's shining in London, too."

"London?" she said. "London? There's no such place!"

"Glad you came?" he asked.

"Glad!" Her tone was enough.

"That's a jolly green hat," he said, and made her a little bow.

"Glad you like it," she laughed. "And that's a jolly staff."

He showed it off proudly. "Work of art," he said. "I made one just like it when I was here the summer I was twelve—I remembered it this morning when I woke up, and I came out to get this one."

She admired it critically, particularly the initials of the dark bark left on, but suggested an improvement about the knob.

"By Jove! you're right," he admitted, and set to work with his knife.

They were like two youngsters out of school. All morning they idled out-of-doors, exploring the little

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lanes that led off into the buff-coloured hills, returning at noon, ravenous, to lunch in the dining-room of the inn, parting afterward in the corridor, and going to their own rooms to rest and read. At four Ayling tapped at her door to say that there was in the sitting-room "an absolutely enormous tea."

That night, before a beautiful fire in the sitting-room, they caught each other yawning at half past nine, and at ten they said good night.

It had been so perfect that the next day found them following the same routine. And the next day, and the next. Bessie Lonsdale had not felt for years so much peace and so much strength. In their morning walks together her strength showed greater than his. The bracing air exhilarated her, and she felt she could have walked forever in the lovely rolling hills. Once she had walked on and on, faster and faster, not noticing how she had quickened her pace, her head up, facing the light wind blowing in from the sea. And, turning to ask a question of Ayling at her side, his white face stopped her instantly.

"Oh, I am sorry! Forgive me," she said.

He smiled, embarrassed, and waited a moment for breath before he said, "It's just the wind; it's pretty stiff."

And she had said no more, because it embarrassed him, but she suited her pace to his after that, never forgiving herself for her thoughtlessness. And she chose, instead of the hill roads, the level, winding lanes.

For five perfect spring days they spent their mornings out-of-doors in the sun, lunched, parted until tea, met at dinner again, and said good night at a preposterously early hour. And they could not have said whether they amused or interested or merely comforted each other. Perhaps they did all three. At any rate, it was an idyl of its kind, and of more genuine beauty than many less plantonic idyls have been.

ON THE MORNING of the sixth day Bessie Lonsdale went out into the garden as usual, to find the sky overcast with light, fleecy clouds. But the air was soft, and she wandered about for half an hour before it occurred to her that perhaps Ayling was waiting for her inside. She went in to look, but saw him nowhere, and decided that he was sleeping late. She waited until eleven, and then went out to walk by herself. But she did not relish the walk, because she was uneasy about Ayling. She was afraid he was ill. She forced herself to go on a little way, but when she came to the second turn in the road, she faced abruptly about and came back to the inn. Still Ayling was nowhere about. He was not in the garden; he was not in the coffee-room. She went to her own room and sat down with a book, but she could not read. So she went into the corridor, searching for some one of whom she might inquire. But no one was visible.

Ayling's room opened off of the little public sitting-room at the end of the corridor. She went on until she reached the sitting-room, which she entered, and then stood still, listening for some sound from beyond Ayling's door. The silence seemed to grow round her; it filled the room, it spread through the house. And then, propelled by that silence toward the door, she put out her hand and knocked softly. There was no response. She repeated the knock—twice—and only that pervading silence answered her. She took hold of the knob and turned it without a sound; the door gave inward and she stepped inside the room. The bed faced her, and Ayling was lying there, on his side. Even before she saw his face, her own heart told her that he was dead. . . . He lay there quite peacefully, as if he had died in his sleep.

For an instant Bessie Lonsdale thought she was going to faint. And then, moved by the force of an emotion which seemed to take possession of her from the outside, an emotion which she could not recognize, but which was irresistible, and which, as the silence had propelled her a moment ago, took her backward now, step by step, noiselessly, out of that room; caused her to close the door after her, and, still moving backward without a sound, to come to a stop in the middle of the little sitting-room. For now that strange fear, premonition—she knew not what—which seemed to have been traveling toward her from a great distance, seemed suddenly to concentrate itself into a single name, "Peggy!" . . . Confused, swirling, the connotations that accompanied the name took possession of her mind, of her body, her will. *Peggy was threatened.* . . . Through this thing that had happened Peggy's happiness might be destroyed! In a flash she saw the story—the cold facts printed in a newspaper—as they would undoubtedly be—or told by gossips, glad of a scandal to repeat: She, Peggy's mother—and Richard Ayling together at a country inn—the sudden and sensational discovery of Ayling's death. . . . She could see the stern face of Lady McCrae—the accusing blue eyes of Andrew McCrae . . . and Peggy's stricken face.

She tried to pull herself together—to think; her thoughts were not reasoning thoughts, but unrelated, floating, detached. . . .

Suddenly, by some strange alchemy of her mind, three things stood out clear. They stood out like the three facts of a simple syllogism.

There was nothing she could do for Richard Ayling now. . . . No one knew she was here. . . . A train for London passed Homebury St. Mary a little after noon.

All the years of Bessie Lonsdale's motherhood commanded her to act. Her muscles alone seemed to hear and obey. She was like a person hypnotized, who had been ordered with great detail and precision what to do.

Soundlessly, she went from the room down the length of the corridor. In her own room she threw scattered garments into a bag, swept in the things from the dresser, glanced into the mirror, and was astonished to see that she had on her coat and hat. Then out through the door that led to the garden, a sharp turn to the right, and she was off, walking swiftly, with no sensation of touching the earth. A train whistled in the distance, came into sight. She raced with it, reached the station just as it drew alongside and came to a stop. The guard took her bag, and she swung onto the step. It did not seem strange to her that she had reached the station at precisely the same time as the train. It seemed only natural . . . in accordance with the plan. . . .

At seventeen minutes past three o'clock Mrs. Lonsdale

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hurried into a telephone-booth in Victoria Station, called up a friend, and asked her to tea. Then she took a taxi to within a block of the flat, where she dismissed the taxi, went into a pastry-shop, bought some cakes, and five minutes later she was taking off her hat and coat in her own bedroom.

She worked quickly, automatically, without any sense of exertion, still as if she but obeyed a hypnotist's command. At four o'clock a leaping fire in the drawing-room grate flickered cheerily against silver tea-things, against the sheen of newly-dusted mahogany; books lay here and there, carelessly, a late illustrated review open as if some one had just put it down, and, dressed in a soft gown of blue crêpe, Bessie Lonsdale received her guest. She was not an intimate friend, but a casual one whom she did not often see. A Mrs. Downey, who loved to talk of herself and of her own affairs. Bessie Lonsdale did not know why she had chosen her. Her brain had seemed to work without direction, independent of her will. She could never have directed it so well.

Even now, as she brought her in and heard herself saying easy, friendly, commonplace things, she had no sense of willing herself to say them consciously. They said themselves. She heard nothing that Mrs. Downey said, yet she answered her. Later, while she was pouring Mrs. Downey's tea, she remembered a time, over a year ago, when she had heard Mrs. Downey say, "Two, and no cream." She put in the two lumps, and was startled to hear her guest exclaim, "My dear, what a memory!" . . . She did not know whether Mrs. Downey told her one or many things that afternoon. Only certain words, parts of sentences, gestures, imprinted themselves upon her mind, never to be erased. She seemed divided into two separate selves, neither of them complete—one, the intenser of the two, was at Homebury St. Mary, looking down upon Ayling's still, dead face; and that self was filled with pity, with remorse, with a tenderness that hurt. The other self was here, in a gown of blue crêpe, drinking tea, and possessed of a voice which she could hear vaguely making the conversation one makes when nothing has happened, when one has been lonely and a little bored. . . .

All at once something was going on in the room, a clangour that seemed to waken Bessie Lonsdale out of the unreality of a dream. It summoned her will to come back to its control.

Mrs. Downey was smiling and saying in an ordinary tone, "Your telephone."

Bessie Lonsdale rose and crossed the room, took the receiver from its stand, said, "Yes," and waited.

A man's voice came over the wire. "I wish to speak to Mrs. Lonsdale, please."

"I am Mrs. Lonsdale," she said in a smooth, low voice. Her voice was perfectly smooth because her will had deserted her again. Only her brain worked, clearly, independently.

"Ah, Mrs. Lonsdale; this is Mr. Burke speaking, Mr. Franklin Burke, of the Cosmos Club. I am making an effort to get into touch with friends of Mr. Richard Ayling, and I am told by a man named Chedsey that Mr. Ayling is an old friend of your family."

"Yes," she said, "that is true; we are old friends."

"You knew, then, I presume, that Mr. Ayling had gone away—to the country some days ago."

"Yes," she said, again, "I knew that he had not been well and that he had gone out of town for a week. . . . Is there—anything?" Her heart was beating very loudly in her ears.

"I dislike to be the bearer of bad news, Mrs. Lonsdale, but I must tell you that we have received a telephone message here at the club that—I hope it will not shock you too much—that Mr. Ayling died some time today, at an inn where he was staying, at Homebury St. Mary, I believe."

His voice was very gentle and concerned. She hesitated perceptibly, and his voice came over the wire, "I'm sorry—very sorry, to tell you in this way——"

She heard herself speaking: "Naturally, I—it's something of a shock. . . ."

"Indeed, I understand."

Again she caught the sound of her own voice, as if it belonged to someone else, "I suppose it was his heart."

"He was known to have a bad heart?"

"Yes; it has been weak for years."

"I wonder, Mrs. Lonsdale, if I may ask a favour of you. You know, of course, that Mr. Ayling had very few close friends in London; you are, in fact, the only one we have been able, on this short notice, to find. For that reason I am going to ask that you let me come to see you this afternoon; you will understand that there are certain formalities, facts which it will be necessary for us to have, which only an old friend of Mr. Ayling could give—that we could get in no other way. . . ."

"I understand, perfectly."

"Then I may come?"

"Certainly." . . . There was nothing else she could say.

She did not know how she got rid of her guest, what explanation she made, nor how she happened to be saying good-by to her at the very moment when the dignified, elderly Mr. Burke arrived, so that they had to be introduced. Though she must have made some adequate explanation, since Mrs. Downey's last words were, in the presence of Mr. Burke, "It's always so hard, I think, to lose one's really *old* friends."

Mr. Burke came in. He was very correct, very kind. He begged Mrs. Lonsdale to believe that it was with the greatest regret that he called upon so sad an errand; that he came only because it was necessary and she was the only person to whom they could turn. He added that he had known her husband, Major Lonsdale, in his lifetime, and hoped that she would consider him, therefore, not so entirely a stranger to her.

She heard him as one hears music far away, only the accents and the climaxes coming clear. He asked her questions, and she was conscious of answering them: How long had she known Mr. Ayling?—He and her husband had been boyhood friends; she had met him first at the time of her marriage to Major Lonsdale. Had they kept up the friendship during all these years?—No, she had heard nothing of Mr. Ayling since her husband's death; she knew that he was in

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India; they had renewed the friendship when he returned to England a short time ago.—Ah, it was probable, then, that she knew very little about any attachments Mr. Ayling might have had?—Here Mr. Burke shifted his position, coughed slightly, and said:

"I ask you these questions, Mrs. Lonsdale, because of a very—may I say—a very unfortunate element in connection with the case. It appears that there was a woman with Mr. Ayling at the Homebury St. Mary inn."

Bessie Lonsdale waited, she did not know for what. Whole minutes seemed to go by with the elderly Mr. Burke sitting there in his attitude of formal sympathy before his voice began again.

"I have only been free to mention this to you, Mrs. Lonsdale, because of the fact that you will hear of it in any case, since it must come out in the formalities——"

"Formalities?" Her voice cut sharply into his.

"There will, of course, be an inquest—an investigation—the usual thing. I have been in communication with the coroner's office by telephone, and I have promised to drive down to Homebury St. Mary myself this afternoon. He was away on another case, and will not reach there himself until six. Meantime we must do what we can. They will necessarily make an effort to discover the woman."

Bessie Lonsdale must have given some sort of involuntary cry, the implication of which Mr. Burke interpreted in his own way, for he changed his tone to say:

"I'm afraid, my dear Mrs. Lonsale, that she was a bit of a rotter, whoever she was, for she—ran."

"Ran?" she repeated the word.

He nodded. "Disappeared."

She did not know what expression it was of hers that caused him to say: "I don't wonder you look so shocked. I was shocked. Women don't often do that sort of thing. . . ." She wanted to cry out that that sort of thing didn't often happen to women, but he was going on. He had risen and was walking slowly up and down before the smouldering fire, and in his incisive, deliberate, well-bred voice he was excoriating the woman who had been so cowardly as to desert a dying man. "Even if she hadn't seriously cared, or if, for that matter, she hadn't cared at all, it would seem that mere common decency. . . . It puts, frankly, a very unpleasant light on the whole affair. . . . Ayling was a gentleman, and—you will forgive me for saying so, I'm sure—just the decent sort to be imposed upon, to allow himself to be led into the most unfortunate affair."

She wanted to stop him, to cry out, to protest. But his words were like physical blows which stunned her and made her too weak to speak. She felt that if he went on much longer she would lose consciousness altogether. Even now she heard only fragments of words.

Suddenly she heard the word "publicity." He had stopped before her and was looking down at her.

"I think, Mrs. Lonsdale, that the thing we both wish—that is, we at the club, and you, as his friend—is to do what we can to save any unnecessary scandal in connection with poor Ayling's death. It is the least we can do for him."

"Yes!" She grasped frantically at the straw. "Yes, by all means that!"

"You would be willing to help?"

"Yes, anything! But what is there I can do?"

He was maddeningly deliberate. "You are the only person, it appears—at least the only person available—who has been aware of the condition of Mr. Ayling's heart. You can say, can you not, with certainty, that he did suffer from a serious affection of the heart?"

"He came home from India on account of it."

"Very well, then. It was also the verdict of the doctor who was called. I think together we may be able to obviate the necessity for a too public investigation—at any rate, we shall see. It must be done, of course, before the official investigation begins. Therefore, if you will come down with me this afternoon, in my car——"

"Come with you? Where?"

"To the inn, at Homebury," he said.

She was trapped . . . trapped. . . . The realization of it sprang upon her, but too late, for already she had cried out, "Oh, I couldn't—I couldn't do that!"

Mr. Burke was looking down at her. He loomed above her like the figure of fate. . . . She was trapped. . . . There was no way out, and suddenly she realized that she had risen and said: "Forgive me! To be sure I will go."

"I understand," said Mr. Burke, "how one shrinks from that sort of thing."

She did not know what she was going to do. She only knew that for this step, at least, she could no longer resist. Again she had the sensation of speaking and moving automatically, of decisions making themselves without the effort of her will.

She asked how soon he wished to go, and he said, consulting his watch, that they ought to start at once: his car was waiting in the street, since he had planned to go on directly from her house. She excused herself, and went to her room. She did not change her dress, but put on a long, warm coat, her hat, her veil, her gloves, and made sure of her key in her purse. Then she came out and said she was ready to go. He complimented her, with a smile, on the short time it had taken her, and she wondered if he had really seen her hesitation of a few moments before. They went down the stairs together. At the curb a chauffeur stood beside a motor, into which, with the utmost consideration for her comfort, Mr. Burke handed her. Then he gave his instructions to the chauffeur, and followed her in.

And there began for Bessie Lonsdale that fantastic ride in which she felt herself being carried forward, as if on the effortless wings of fate itself, to the very scene from which she had fled.

She had no idea, no dramatization in her mind, of what awaited her or of what she intended to do. Her imagination refused to focus upon it; and, strangely, she seemed almost to be resting, leaning back against the tufted cushions, resting against the time when she could be called upon for her strength. For she only knew that when the time came to act she would act.

It was curious how she did not think of Peggy. She

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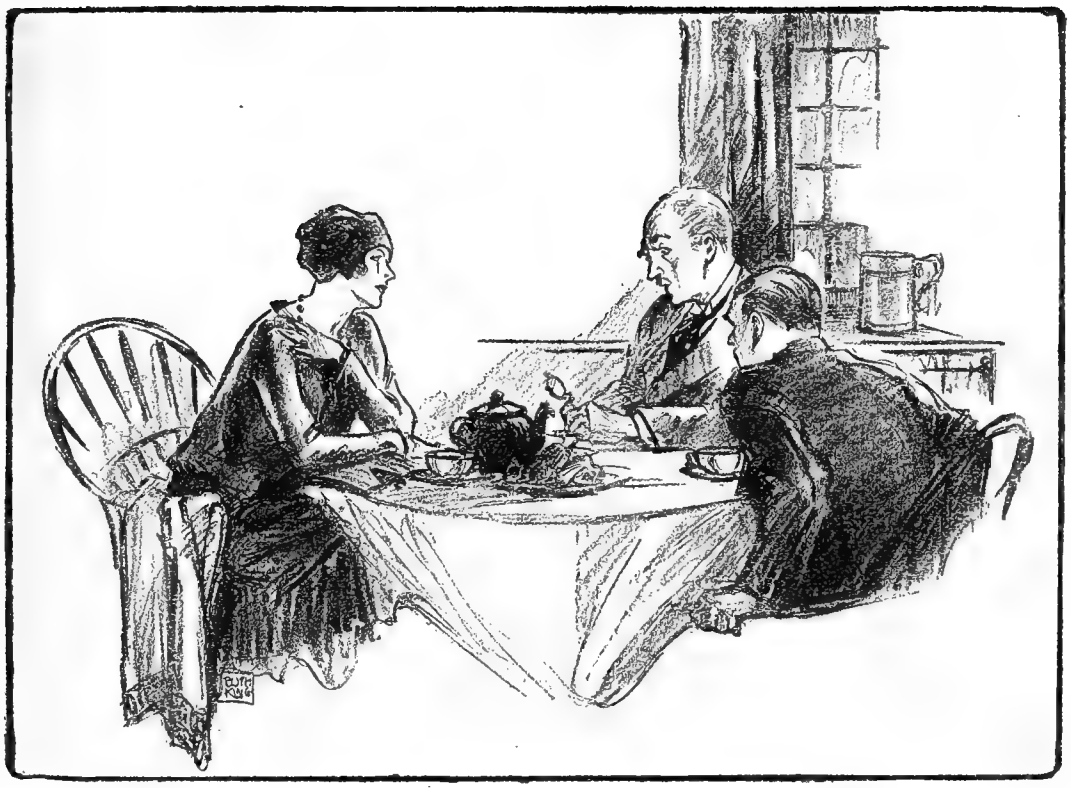

"I am the woman you have been talking about."

was like a lover who has been set a herculean task to accomplish before he may even think of his beloved.

Beside her, Mr. Burke seemed to understand that she did not wish to talk. Perhaps he was thinking of other things; after all, he had not been Richard Ayling's friend; it was only a human duty he performed.

Long stretches went by in which she saw nothing on either side, and other stretches in which everything —houses, trees, objects of all kinds—were exceedingly clear cut and magnified. . . .

"I'm afraid," said Mr. Burke's voice, "that we're running into a storm."

Bessie Lonsdale looked up, and saw that those fleecy, light-gray clouds which she had seen in the sky early that morning as she stood waiting for Ayling in the garden of the inn, and which had been gathering all day, hung now black and menacing just above her head.

It descended upon them suddenly; torrents ran in the road. The wind veered, and sent great gusts of rain into the car. The chauffeur turned and asked if he should stop and put the curtains up. Mr. Burke said no, to go on, they might run through it, and it was too violent to last. Meantime he worked with the curtains himself, and she helped. But it was no use; they were getting drenched, and the wind whipped the curtains out of their hands. Mr. Burke leaned forward and called to the chauffeur to ask if there was any place near where they might stop.

"There's an inn about half a mile farther on. Shall I make it?"

"By all means."

They ran presently into the strips of light that shed outward from the lighted windows of the inn. Several motors already were lined up outside. They got out and together ran for the door.

Inside, the small public room was almost filled. People sat at the tables, ordering things to eat and drink, and making the best of it. They chose a small corner table, a little apart from the rest. The landlord bustled up and took their coats to dry before the kitchen fire. A very gay, very dripping party of six came in, assembled with much laughter the last two tables remaining unoccupied, and settled next to them, so that they were no longer in a secluded spot.

In a few moments there came in, almost blown through the door by a violent gust of wind and rain, a short, stout, ruddy person, who, when the landlord had relieved him of his hat and coat, stood looking about for a vacant seat. The landlord came toward the table where sat Mrs. Lonsdale and Mr. Burke.

"Sorry, sir," he said; "it's the only place left."

"May I?" asked the stranger, and at Mrs. Lonsdale's nod and smile, and Mr. Burke's assent, he drew out the chair and sat down. The two men spoke naturally of the suddenness of the storm, of the good fortune of finding a refuge so near.

Bessie Lonsdale was glad of some one else, glad when she heard the stranger and Mr. Burke fall into the easy passing conversation of men. It would relieve her of the necessity to talk. It would give her time to think; for it seemed, dimly, that respite had been offered her. Into her thoughts broke the voice of Mr. Burke, addressing her:

"How very singular, Mrs. Lonsdale! This gentleman is Mr. Ford, the coroner, also on his way to Homebury!"

The stranger was on his feet, bowing and acknowledging the introduction of Mr. Burke. Bessie Lonsdale had the sensation of waters closing over her, yet

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she, too, was bowing and acknowledging the introduction of Mr. Burke. She had a vivid impression of light shining downward upon the red-gray hair of Mr. Ford, as he sat down again; and of Mr. Burke saying something about "the case," and about Mrs. Lonsdale being an old friend of the dead man; about her having been good enough to volunteer to shed whatever light she might have upon the case, and of their meeting being the "most fortunate coincidence."

Mr. Ford signified that he, too, looked upon it that way. They would go on to Homebury together, he said, when the storm had cleared.

"I SUPPOSE," HE ASKED, leaning forward a little confidentially, "that Mrs. Lonsdale knows of the—peculiar element——"

"The woman—yes," said Mr. Burke. And Bessie Lonsdale inclined her head and said, "I know."

"And do you know who she was?"

She had only to make a negative sign, for Mr. Burke, with nice consideration, anticipated her reply:

"Unfortunately, Mr. Ford, no one appears to have the least idea who she might be. Mrs. Lonsdale, however, has been able to clear up a point which may, I fancy, make the identity of the woman less important than it might otherwise appear to be. Mrs. Lonsdale has known for some time of the serious condition of Mr. Ayling's heart. It was because of it, she tells me, that Mr. Ayling came home from India. Mrs. Lonsdale's testimony, together with the statement of the physician who was called, would seem to leave little doubt that it was merely a case of heart."

Mr. Ford was nodding his head. "So it would," he said. "Yes, so it would." He stopped nodding, and sat there an instant, as if he were thinking of something else. "If that's the case," he broke out, "what a rotter, by Jove! that woman was!"

"Rotter," said Mr. Burke, "was the word *I* used."

And Bessie Lonsdale listened for the second time that day while two voices, now, instead of one, were lifted in excoriation of some woman who seemed to grow, as they talked, only a shade less real than herself.

She had again the sensation of the words beating upon her like blows which she was powerless to resist. She lost, as one does in physical pain, all sense of time. . . .

"However," Mr. Ford brought down his hand with a kind of judicial finality, "if Mrs. Lonsdale will come on down with us now—the storm seems to have slackened—we'll see what can be done." He turned in his chair as if he were preparing to rise.

At the movement Bessie Lonsdale seemed to grow rigid in her chair.

"Wait."

Mr. Burke and Mr. Ford turned, startled by the strangeness of her tone. They waited for her to speak.

"I can't go."

"Can't go?" They echoed it together. "Why not?"

"Because," said she, "I am the woman you have been talking about."

For an instant they sat perfectly motionless, the three of them. Then slowly Mr. Burke and Mr. Ford turned their heads and looked at each other, as if to verify what they had heard. Mr. Burke put out his hands toward Bessie Lonsdale's arm, resting on the table, and he spoke very gently indeed:

"My dear Mrs. Lonsdale, this is impossible."

"Impossible," she said, passing her hand across her eyes, "impossible?"

"Yes, Mrs. Lonsdale." He spoke reasonably, as if she were a child. "It couldn't be you." He turned now to include Mr. Ford, who sat staring at them both. "I myself gave Mrs. Lonsdale the news of Mr. Ayling's death, over the telephone. She was at her home, in Cambridge Terrace, quietly having tea with a friend; the friend was still there when I arrived. You have been at home, in London, all day."

"No," she said. "No, Mr. Burke."

"I think," said Mr. Ford, also very gently indeed, "that perhaps Mrs. Lonsdale is trying to shield some one."

Until that instant Bessie Lonsdale had no plan. She had only known that she could not go with them to Homebury St. Mary, there to be recognized. But something in the suggestion of Mr. Ford—in the tone, perhaps, more than the words—caused her to say, looking from one to the other of these two men so lately strangers to her:

"I wonder—I wonder if I could make you understand!"

They begged her to believe that that was the thing they wished most to do.

"I did it"—she paused, and forced herself to go on—"because of my daughter."

Intent upon her truth, she did not even see by the shocked expression of their faces the awfulness of the thing they thought she confessed, and the obviousness of the reason to which their minds had leaped.

Mr. Burke put out his hand again and laid it upon her arm, which trembled slightly at his touch. "Mrs. Lonsdale," he said, and this time he spoke even more gently, but more urgently, than before, "are you *sure* you wish to tell?"

"No," said Bessie Lonsdale, "but I've *got* to, don't you see?"

Mr. Ford moved in his chair, and spoke, guarding his voice, judicially. "Since we have gone so far, it will be even better, perhaps, for Mrs. Lonsdale to tell it to us here."

Mr. Burke nodded, and they looked toward her expectantly.

"Yes, Mrs. Lonsdale?" said Mr. Ford.

An instant the brown-flecked eyes appeared to be searching for some human contact which she seemed vaguely to have lost. And then she began at the beginning—with her daughter's engagement to young Andrew McCrae, her happiness, her security—and quietly, with only now and then a slight tension of her body and her voice, she told it all to them, exactly as it happened, without plea or embellishment. She had only one stress, and that she tried to make reasonable to them—her child's security.

And they waited, attentive and patient, for the motive to emerge, for the beginning of that complication between her daughter and Richard Ayling, which they believed was to be the crux of her narrative.

And as her story progressed, their bewilderment

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increased, for never, it appeared, had Bessie Lonsdale's daughter so much as heard of the existence of the man who lay dead at Homebury inn. She seemed even to make a special point of that.

They thought she but put it off against the time when it should be forced from her lips; but her story did not halt; she was telling it step by step, accounting for every hour of the time.

They waited for her to offer proof of the condition of Ayling's heart. She did not mention it, except to say, when she came to relating the moment of her discovery, that she had not thought of it; that even when she opened the door of his room she did not think directly of his heart; and only when she saw him actually lying there so peacefully dead did she remember the danger in which he constantly lived. She seemed to offer it as proof of the suddenness and completeness of her shock, and in extenuation of the thing she afterward did.

SLOWLY, GRADUALLY, as they listened, and as the light of her omissions made it clear, it had begun to dawn upon them that Bessie Lonsdale was telling the whole of the truth. And by it she sought to disprove *something*, but not the thing they thought.

She had paused, at the point of her flight, to attempt, a little hopelessly, to make her impulse real to them. She spoke of the inflexible honour of the McCraes, of the great respect which had for generations attached to their name. Then suddenly, as if she saw the utter hopelessness of making them understand, she seemed with a gesture to give up abstractions and obscurities and to find in the depth of her mother's heart the final simple words:

"Don't you see?" she said. "I hadn't thought how my being there at the same inn with Mr. Ayling would look—and then, all at once, it came over me. The whole thing, how it would look to the world, how it would look to the family of my daughter's fiancé—and that it might mean the breaking of the engagement—the wreck of her future happiness—don't you see—I didn't think of 'being a rotter'—I only thought of her!"

They uttered, both of them, a sudden exclamation, as if they had been struck. By their expressions one might have thought the woman the accuser and the two men the accused.

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Lonsdale—!" they both began at once, but she stopped them with a gesture of her hand.

"I don't blame you," she said, "I don't blame you. I *was* a rotter, to run, but I simply didn't think of myself."

Her tone, her gentleness, were the final proof. Only the innocent so graciously forgive.

"And now," she was saying, a great weariness in her voice, "I've told you. Do you want me to go on? It isn't raining any more."

"Perhaps, Mr. Ford—" Mr. Burke began. A look passed between them, like a question and an assent.

"If you, Mr. Burke," said Mr. Ford, "will come on with me, I think we can let your man drive Mrs. Lonsdale home. It will not be necessary for her to appear."

Bessie Lonsdale's thankfulness could find itself no words; it was lost in that first moment in astonishment. She had not really expected them to believe. It had not even, as she told it, seemed to her own ears adequate.

"I think," said Mr. Burke, seeing her silent so long, "that Mrs. Lonsdale hasn't an idea of the seriousness of the charge she has escaped."

"Charge?" she repeated—"Charge?"—and without another word, Bessie Lonsdale fainted in her chair. And as she lost consciousness she heard, dim and far away, the voice of Mr. Ford reply: "That—the fact that she *hadn't* an idea of it—and that alone, is why she *has* escaped."

"I'm perfectly sure," said Peggy Lonsdale, on Saturday afternoon, "that you *did* let yourself have a dull time!" She was exploring the flat before she had taken off her things, and had stopped to sit for a moment on the arm of her mother's chair. "Anyway, mother dear, you didn't have to think of me! That must have been a relief!"

She put down her head and kissed her, and Bessie Lonsdale patted the fragrant young cheek.

"Oh, I thought of you occasionally," she said.

The New Drink, Coffee, First Offered in England by Pasqua Rosee, 1652

The grain or berry called coffee, groweth upon little trees only in the deserts of Arabia. It is brought from thence and drunk generally throughout all the Grand Seignour's dominions. It is a simple innocent thing, composed in a drink, by being dried in an oven and ground to powder, and boiled up with spring water, and about half a pint of it to be drunk, fasting an hour before, and not eating an hour after, and to be taken as hot as can possibly be endured. . . .

It much quickens the spirits and makes the heart lightsome; it is good against sore eyes, and the better if you hold your head over it and take in the steam that way. It suppresseth fumes exceedingly, and is therefore good against the headache. . . . It is excellent to prevent and cure the dropsy, gout, and scurvy. It is known by experience to be better than any other drying drink for people in years, or children. . . . It will prevent drowsiness, and make one fit for business, if one have occasion to watch, and therefore you are not to drink of it after supper, unless you intend to be watchful, for it will hinder sleep.

It is observed that in Turkey, where this is generally drunk, that they are not troubled with the stone, gout, dropsy, or scurvy, and that their skins are exceedingly clear and white. *A Handbill in the British Museum.* (SAMPSON).

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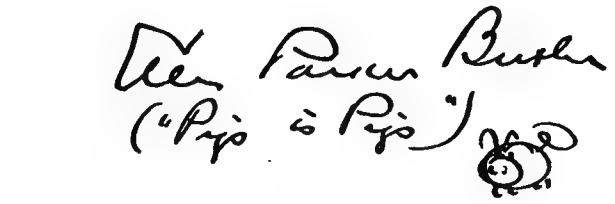
By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER



Drawing by E. W. Kemble

The Man Who Did Not Go to Heaven on Tuesday

Uncle Noah Prutt, sitting in the front row of seats, leaned forward and put his hand behind his ear, vainly seeking to hear what his wife was saying to Judge Murphy. From time to time he stood up, trying to hear the better, but each time the lanky policeman pushed him back into his seat.

"Judge, yer Honour," said the policeman, after the fifth time, "this man here has nawthin' t' do with th' case, an' he's disthurbin' th' coort. Shall I thrun him out?"

"Let him be, Flaherty, let him be!" said the justice, carelessly, and at the words Uncle Noah arose and came forward to the black walnut bar that separated the platform of the justice from the rest of the room.

"Ah pleads not guilty, Jedge!" said Uncle Noah, laying one trembling hand on the rail and pushing forward his ear with the other. He was a coal-black Negro, with close-kinked white hair that looked like a white wig. His nose was large and flattened against his face, and his eyeballs were streaked with brown veins that gave him a dissipated look. He was the type of Negro that, at fifty, claims eighty years of age, and, so judged, Uncle Noah Prutt might have been anywhere between sixty and one hundred and ten. As he stood at the bar his black face bore a look of the most deeply pained resentment, and his thick lower lip protruded loosely as a sign of woe.

"Sit down!" shouted both the justice of the peace and the policeman, and, with his lip hanging still lower, Uncle Noah backed into his seat. He sat as far forward as he could, and leaned his head still farther forward.

"Who is that man?" asked the justice of no one in particular.

"Him? He's mah husban'," said the young coloured woman, with a slight uptilt of her nose. "Yo' don' need to pay no 'tention to him at all, Jedge. Ah ain' ask him to come yere. He ain' yere in no capacity but audjeence, he ain'."

"He has no connection with this case?" asked the justice.

"No, sah!" said the young woman, decidedly.

"If he makes any more trouble, Flaherty," said the justice, "put him out of the court. Now, what is this trouble, Sally?"

The young woman standing against the bar was fit to be classed as a beauty. Well-formed, with a rich yellow skin through which the blood glowed in her cheeks, with masses of black hair and her head carried high, she was superb, even in her cheap print wrapper. Even the fact that her feet were hideous in a pair of broken and run-down shoes of the sort worn by men did not impair her general appearance of an injured brown Venus seeking justice, and when she glanced at the prisoner her bosom heaved with anger and her brown eyes glowed dangerously.

The prisoner sat humped down in a chair in an attitude of the most profound dejection. He was of a darker brown than the woman, and so loose of joint that when he moved he flopped. His feet were so large as to be almost grotesque, and he was so thin that the bones of his shoulders were outlined by his light coat. But as he sat in the prisoner's seat his face was the most noticeable feature. It was thin and long for a Negro, but with such high and prominent cheek-bones that his eyes seemed hidden in deep caves, and the eyes were like those of a dog that knows he is to be beaten. His wide mouth hung far down at the corners. He was a picture of the utterly crushed, the utterly helpless, the utterly hopeless. He was the shiftless Negro, with the last ray of hope extinguished. He had but one thing to look forward to, and that was the worst. As the justice asked Sally the question the prisoner's mouth sagged a bit farther at the ends, and his eyes took a still sadder dullness.

"Yo' ain' miss it none when yo' asks whut am dis trouble, Jedge," said Sally, angrily. "Dis yere ain' nuttin' but trouble, an' I gwine ask yo' to send dis yere Silas to jail forebber an' ebber. Yassah! An' den he

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ain' gwine be in jail long enough to suit me. An' Ah gwine ask yo' to declare damages ag'inst him, fo' huhtin' mah feelin's, an' fo' tryin' to drown me, an' fo' abductin' me away from dat poor ol' no-'count Noah whut am mah husban', an' fo' alieamatin' mah affections, on'y he couldn't. When Ah whack him awn de head wid dat bed-slat——"

"Now, one minute," said the justice, raising his hand. "Flaherty, what do you know about this case?"

"Well, yer Honour," said the policeman, in the confidential tone an officer of the law assumes when he feels that he, and he only, can explain matters, "th' way ut was was this way: I was walkin' me beat up there awn Twilf' Strate this mawrnin', like I always does, whin I heard a yellin' an' a shoutin'. So I run into th' lot——"

"What lot?" asked Justice Murphy.

"'Twas betwane Olive an' Beech Strates, yer Honour. This here deef man, Noah Prutt, lives in a shack-like there, facin' awn th' strate. Th' vacant lot is full iv thim hazel-brushes an' what all I dunno."

"You said there was a shanty on the lot. How could it be a vacant lot if there was a shanty on it?" asked the justice.

"Now, yer Honour," said Flaherty, with an ingratiating smile, "there's moore than wan lot in th' wurrld, ain't there? Th' lot this Noah Prutt lives awn is wan iv thim. And th' nixt wan is another iv thim. And th' nixt wan t' that is th' third iv thim, an' th' ould Darky owns all iv thim, ad iv th' three iv thim but wan is vacant, and that's th' middle wan. There's a shanty awn th' furrst wan, and there's a shanty awn th' thurrd wan, an' as I was sayin', there's nawthin' awn th' vacant wan excipt brush-like, an' mebby a few trees, an' some tin cans, an' what-not."

"Very good!" said his honour. "Go ahead."

"Well, sor," said Flaherty, "this Prutt an' this wife iv his lives in th' furrst shanty, but th' other wan is vacant excipt whin 'tis occupied. Th' ould man rints ut now an' again, an' a dang lonely habitation ut is, set 'way back fr'm th' strate, like ut is. So here I was, comin' along, whin I hear th' racket in th' vacant lot, an' whin I got there amidst th' hazel-brush here was this Sally a-hammerin' this Silas over th' head wid a bed-slat, an him yellin' bloody murdther. So I tuck thim up, th' bot' iv thim, yer Honour."

"And that's all you know of the case?" asked the judge.

"Excipt what she tould me," said Flaherty.

"And what was that?" asked Judge Murphy.

"UT WAS WHAT PREVINTED me from arristin' her for assault an' batthery," said Flaherty, "for if iver a man was assaulted an' batthered, this same Silas was. She can wield a bed-slat like a warryor."

"Ah'd 'a' killed him! Ah'd 'a' killed him, shore!" said Sally.

"She w'u'd!" said Flaherty, briefly. "Thim Naygurs have th' harrd heads, but wan more whack an' he'd iv had a crack in th' cranyum. So I wrested th' bed-slat from her. Th' place looked like there'd been a war, yer Honour. Plinty iv thim hazel-brushes she'd mowed down wid th' bed-slat, thryin' t' murdther him. An' whin I heard th' sthory, I did not blame her."

"I have been wating patiently to hear it myself," said the justice.

"Accordin' t' th' lady," said Flaherty, "she's a respictable married woman, yer Honour, bound in th' clamps iv wedlock to this Noah Prutt, an' niver stheppin' t' wan side iv th' path iv wifely duty or to th' other. 'Tis nawthin' t' us why a foine-lookin' gurrl like her sh'u'd marry an ould felly like him. Maybe him havin' two houses atthracted her. I dunno. But, annyway, she's had t' wash th' wolf from th' doore."

"Had to do what?" asked the justice.

"Go out doin' week's wash t' kape food in th' house," explained Flaherty. "For th' ould man will not wurrk much. He's got that used t' livin' awn th' rint iv th' exthra shanty, ye see. An' there's been no rint comin' in this long whiles, for th' prisoner at th' bar has been th' tinint iv th' shanty, an' he ped no rint at all."

"Why not?" asked the justice.

"WELL, SOR," said Flaherty, grinning, "th' lady here says he's been that busy coortin' her he's had no time t' wurrk. 'Twas nawthin' fr'm wan ind iv th' week till th' other but, 'Will ye elope wid me, darlint?' an', 'Come now, l'ave th' ould man an' be me own turtle-dove!'"

"Ah tol' him Ah gwine murder him ef he gwine keep up dat-a-way of proceedin'!" cried Sally, shrilly. "Ah tol' him! Ah say, 'Go on away, you wuthless deadbeat Nigger! Wha don' you pay yo' rent like a man, befo' yo' come talkin' 'bout supportin' a lady?' Dass whut Ah tol' him, Jedge. An' whut he say? He say, 'Sally gal! Ah gwine nab yo' an' hab yo'. Ah gwine steal yo' an' lock yo' up, an' nail yo' up, an' keep yo'!' Dass whut he say. An' he done hit!"

"Stole you, and locked you up?" asked the judge.

"Yassah!" cried Sally, glaring at the trembling Silas. "He lock me up, an' he nail me up, an' he try to drown me, ef Ah ain' say whut he want me to say. Dat low-down, hypocritical Nigger! Yassah! Ah tol' him, 'Silas, ef yo' don' go 'way an' leave me alone Ah gwine tek mah hands an' Ah gwine yank all de wool right offen yo' haid!' Dass whut Ah say, Jedge. An' Ah say, 'Ef yo' don't shet up Ah gwine tear yo' eyes out!' An' Ah means it. Talkin' up to me like dat! An' den whut he do?"

She held out her hand toward the dejected Silas and shook her finger at him.

"Den whut he do? He see Ah ain' to be coax' dat-a-way, 'cause he a no-'count Nigger, an' he let on he purtind he get religion an' wuk on mah feelin's. Yassah! 'Cause he know Ah's religious mahsilf, an' he cogitate how he come lak a snake in de grass an' cotch me whin Ah ain' thinkin' no meanness of him. So 'long come dish yere prophet-man, whut call hisself Obediah, whut get all de Niggers wuk up an' a-shoutin' over yonder on de ol' camp groun's. Ah ain' tek no stock in dat Obediah prophet-man, Jedge, 'cause Ah a good Baptis', lak mah husban' yonder; but plinty of de black folks dey run to him, an' dey hear him perorate an' carry on, an' dey get sot in dere minds dat dey gwine to hebben las' Tuesday night whin de sun set. Yassah, dass whut dey think, 'cause de prophet-man he pretch dat-a-way. An' dis yere Silas he let on he gwine to hebben along wid de rest of de folks."

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"Yassah!" cried Sally, glaring at the trembling Silas. "He lock me up, an' he nail me up, an' he try to drown me."

She let her lip curl scornfully.

"Him a-gwine to hebben!" she scoffed. "But Ah ain' but half believe he got religion lak he say. Ah say, 'Luk out, Sally! Ef he gwine to hebben nex' Tuesday, let him go; an' if he ain' gwine, let him alone.' But yo' look at him, Jedge! Jes look at him! He ain' look so dangeroos, is he? An' whin he come to me an' say, 'Sally, Ah done got quit of de ol' Nick whut was in me, an' Ah gwine be lak dat no mo',' Ah jes' got to believe him. Yassah! He dat pernicious meek an' lowly an' sorrumful-like dat Ah ain' suspict no divilment at all. 'Ah feel troubled in mah conscience,' he say, ' 'cause Ah been tryin' to lead yo' on de wrong paff, an' Ah can't go to hebben nex' Tuesday les' yo' forgib me,' he say, an' he look so downheart' an' seem lak he so set on gwine to hebben wid de rest ob de folks, dat Ah say, 'All right, Silas, Ah don' hold no hard feelin's. Ef yo' don' bodder me no more, Ah forgib yo' whut is pas' an' done for, but ef yo' gwine to hebben yo' better clean up yo' house an' put hit in order, lak de Book say, before yo' start, 'cause ef yo' don' yo' gwine get sint back, shore!' So he let on lak dat how he think, too. He purtind to thank me kinely fo' dat recommindation, an' he ask' c'u'd Ah lind him a scrub pail an' a mop an' a broom, twell he clean up he house. An' I so done.

"Dass all right! He scrub, an' he wash, an' he clean, an' he move all he furniture out in de lot, an' he clean, an' he wash, an' he scrub! He ain' wuk lak dat fo' months, Jedge. So den Ah think shore he got religion, lak he let on. So, come Monday, Ah got a job down to Mis' Gilbert's scrubbin' her house, an' Ah jes got to hab dat pail an' dat mop an' dat broom. So Ah tell Noah whut job Ah got, an' Ah say, 'Noah, Ah gwine down to Mis' Gilbert's house, fo' to help clean house, an' ef she want me, Ah gwine stay right dah twell de house all clean' up.' 'Cause dat a long perambulation down to Mis' Gilbert's house, Jedge, an' ef she ask me to stay a couple o' days, Ah gwine save mah breakfas' an' mah suppah whilst Ah stay down yonder. So Ah go outen de house an' Ah walk down de street twell Ah come to de gate whut lead up to Silas' house, an' Ah walk up he paff, an' Ah knock on de do'. Nobody say nuffin'! Ah knock ag'in. Nobody say nuffin'! Ah open de do' gintly, an' Ah peek in. Ain' nobody in de shack at all. So Ah steps in, fo' to get mah pail an' mah mop an' mah broom.

"Dah dey set, right by de do', an' excipt fo' dem, dey ain' nuffin' in de shack at all but de straw outen Silas he's bed, an' dat all scatter aroun' lak to dry an' air out. Excipt dey one bed-slat whut Ah calculate Silas he keep handy fo' to whack at de rats, which am mighty pestiferous about dat shack. So whin Ah seen he done clean up yeverything as neat as a pin, my heart soften unto him. Ah jes' gwine feel sorry fo' him, de leas' little bit. So Ah gwine look in de cupboard to see ef he got plenty to eat—an' he ain' got nuffin' in de cupboard but a box of matches, an' dat all! So Ah feel right smart sorry I been scold him lak I do, an' Ah gwine pick up mah pail an' mah mop an' mah broom whin—bang!—de do' go shut an' Ah all in de dark."

"Some one shut the door?" asked the justice.

"*He* shet de do'!" shouted Sally, shrilly, pointing her finger at the trembling Silas. "He shet de do', an' he lock de do', an' he start to nail de do', lak he say he would! Yassah! Ah bang mahsilf ag'inst de do' an' Ah yell an' shout, an' de do' don't budge, 'cause hit locked. An' all de while—bam! bam! bam!—he nailin' de do' from de outside. Ah poun' wif mah fists an' Ah pick up mah pail an' slam at de do' twell de pail all bus' to pieces, an' Ah bang mah mop to pieces,

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but—bam! bam! bam!—he go on wid he nailin'."

She paused for breath, and Silas opened his mouth, as if to speak, but closed it again.

"Yassah!" she shrilled, glaring at Silas, "he nail up de do' so Ah can't budge hit, an' whin Ah try de windows, dey nailed up too."

"There's two iv thim doors," explained Flaherty, "an' both iv thim open outward. He'd nailed sthrips acrost thim. Th' two windys has wooden shutters, and he'd nailed thim fast."

"What!" exclaimed Justice Murphy. "He nailed the woman in?"

"He did, sor!"

"But—but this is outrageous!" exclaimed the justice.

ALL THREE GLARED at the dejected Silas, and did not see Noah Prutt as he arose from his chair.

"Make him pay, Jedge! Make him pay!" cried Noah, eagerly.

"Sit ye down!" cried Flaherty, in a voice of thunder, and Noah subsided. On the edge of his chair he nodded like a toy mandarin. He understood that things were going badly for Silas, and that was enough to please him. Sally turned to him and shouted in his ear.

"Shet up an' stay shet!" she cried. "This is none of yo' business, Noah. Ah gwine manage this mahsilf!"

The old man smiled and nodded his willingness. As she turned away he touched her on the arm.

"Thutty dollahs," he said, and nodded and smiled again.

"Thutty nuffin's!" she muttered. "Ah guess yo' Honour will know whut Ah ought to get from dat Silas, an' whut he ought to get from yo'. 'Cause Ah suffer a heap o' distress of min' an' body whilst Ah been shet up in dat shanty dem three days."

"Three days!" exclaimed the justice.

"Yassah! Ah been nail up in dat shanty three days an' three nights," said Sally, "an' all dat time Ah been pestered an' annoyed. Ah been sploshed on mah feet an' Ah been hungry an' col', an' Ah been insulted. Dat Silas he jus' hong roun' dat shanty to make me mizzable, but Ah ain' give in one bit. No, sah! Ah'd a-died fus'. Fus' off Ah bang on de do' an' Ah bang on de windows, an' Ah keep wahm, an' whin Ah get col' Ah pile some straw in de fireplace an' Ah get dem matches an' Ah mek me a straw fire. An' prisintly Ah hear Silas scramble-scramble on de roof. 'Whut he up to now?' Ah say; 'He gwine try climb down de chimbly? Ef de do Ah whack him wid he bed-slat twell he mighty sorry he try dat.' But he ain' try hit. No, sah! Splosh! come a pail of wahtah down de chimbly, an' out go mah fire, an' mah feet suttinly get sopped. An' Silas he say, down de chimbly, lak he voice all clog up wif laughin', 'Ain' gone to hebben yit! Ain' gone to hebben yit!' an' splosh! yere come anudder pail of wahtah."

"Why, this is no case for me," said the justice. "This man should be bound over to the Grand Jury!"

"Ah don' care whut yo' bind him to, so as yo' bind him good an' strong," said Sally, vindictively. "Yevery time Ah try to get wahm by makin' a fire, down come dat pail of wahtah an' splosh mah feet, twell Ah think he try to drown me. 'Ain' gone to hebben yit!' he shout'. Hit right col' in dat shanty, Jedge. Hit pernicious col'. Dat wahtah freeze on de flo', an' hit freeze on mah shoes, an' Ah get hungrier an' hungrier, an' Ah shout an' Ah rage, an' all he say is, 'Ain' gone to hebben yit! Ain' gone to hebben yit!' Ah bet he ain'! Whin de time come he gwine somewheres ilse!"

"How did you get out, finally?" asked the justice.

"Ah keep maulin' at de do' wif dat bed-slat all de whiles," said Sally. "Dat a mahty fine piece of bed-slat, dat is. An' prisintly, whin Ah about to drap wid hunger an' col' an' die where Ah drap, Ah beat a hol' in de do'. 'Ain' gone to hebben yit!' he 'low, an' whack at de bed-slat wif a club, but Ah right smart mad, an' Ah pry an' Ah wuk, an' prisintly Ah pry off one board. An' when he see Ah gwine win out he scoot. Yassah! He scoot. Ah 'low he run away 'cause he afraid, but dass not hit. No, suh! He gwine fotch an ax, fo' to nail up dat do' ag'in. So prisintly Ah wuk dat do' open an' Ah step out, an' whut Ah see? Ah see dat Silas a-standin' yere in de paff, wid he ax in he hand an' he mouf wide open, lak Ah been a ghos'. 'Ain' gone to hebben yit, hey?' Ah say; 'Well, if yo' ain' gone yit, yo' gwine mighty soon!' an' I wint fo' him wif de bed-slat, an' he yell lak blazes whilst Ah gwine murder him. An' dat how-come de pleeceman heah him an' save he life."

THE JUSTICE FOLDED HIS HANDS, his fingers working nervously, as if they longed to take hold of the throat of the dispirited prisoner.

"In all my experience," he said, "this is the most outrageous case I have ever met! I am only sorry I am not the proper official to try this case. I hope this man gets the full penalty of the law. I can't express—"

He shook his head.

"Whatever possessed you?" he asked the shrinking Silas.

"His Honour is speakin' t' ye!" cried Flaherty, poking Silas with his baton. "Spake up whin he addrisses ye! Why did ye do ut?"

"Ah—" began Silas, in a thin, scared voice.

"Sthand up whin ye addriss th' coort!" said Flaherty, and Silas stood.

As he stood there was nothing about him that suggested the fiery lover. His drooping shoulders and general air of long-permanent shiftlessness almost gave the lie to the idea that he could have taken the trouble to carry a pail of water to a roof. He looked as if to walk at a shambling gait was about the extreme of any exertion of which he was capable.

"Ah didn' do hit," he said weakly, and sat down again.

"Now! now!" said Justice Murphy, sharply. "None of that!"

"Sthand up whin his Honour addrisses ye!" said Flaherty.

"Ah don' know nuffin' about hit, Jedge," said Silas, in a squeaky voice as he half lifted himself out of the chair. "Ah'll tell yo' all whut Ah know. Ah wint away from mah shanty Monday, 'cause Ah got to yearn a dollar fo' to buy a white robe fo' to go to hebben in Tuesday, an' Ah chop a cord ob wood an' yearn

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mah dollar an' buy mah white robe. An' dat night all de prophet's folks spind de night on de hilltop, a-waitin' fo' de dawn ob de great day, an' a-prayin' an' a-singin' an' a-fastin'. An' Tuesday Ah spint awn de hilltop like dat, a-prayin' an' a-singin' an' a-fastin' twell de sun sh'u'd set. An' whin de sun set nuffin' happen. No, sah. Nobody go nowheres, an' dey ain' no prophet no mo', fo' he wint away wid whut he done collicted up endurin' de revival. So whin dat come about Ah quite pertickler hungry, an' Ah go fo'th t' yearn some money fo' to get mah food an' to pay whut Ah owe Noah, 'cause he been pesterin' me about he rint. So Ah get some wood to chop, an' I chop hit. An' bime-by, whin Ah chop all dat wood Ah guesses Ah'll go home, an' Ah go home. An' whin Ah retch mah shanty, Ah see de do' bruk, an' somebody a'yammerin' on hit, an' whilst Ah look, out sprong dis Sally Prutt an' whack me on de hair wid a bed-slat, an' holler, 'Ain' gone to hebben yit! Ain' gone to hebben yit!' lak she done gwine crazy, an' ebbery time she whack she holler, an' ebbery time she holler she whack. So I gwine get away from dere quick, an' whin Ah run, she run, an' she shore gwine murder me, ef dish yere pleeceman ain' come an' stop her."

"Yo' ain' gwine to hebben yit!"

"Just so!" said Justice Murphy, sarcastically. "And you were not near the shanty at all? And you did not nail this woman in it? And you did not pour water down the chimney?"

"No, sah," said Silas, in a frightened voice.

"Oh, you brack liah!" said Sally, angrily.

"And I suppose you never said, 'Ain't gone to heaven yet!' did you?" said the judge. "You never heard those words, did you?"

Silas looked from side to side, and his lower lip trembled. His back took a more disconsolate droop. There are no words in the English language to describe how utterly downcast and hopeless and woe-saturated he looked. Milton came near it when he said something about "Below the lowest depths still lower depths—" In woe Silas was in depths a couple of stories lower than that.

"Well?" said the justice, sharply.

"Answer his Honour whin he addrisses ye!" shouted Flaherty, and Silas moistened his lips and gulped.

"No, sah! Ah—Ah ain' hear them wuds perzackly, nevah befo'. Ah ain' heah, 'Ain' *gone* to hebben.' Ah jes heah 'Ain' *gwine* to hebben.'"

"Oh, you did hear that, did you?" said the justice. "Who said that?"

Silas stared at his boot. He blinked a couple of times, and then spoke slowly and significantly.

"Ol' Noah, he say thim wuds," he said. The judge turned to the old Negro on the chair in the front row, and pointed at him.

"That Noah?" he asked. "Is that the man?"

"Yassah," said Silas, sadly. "Dass de man. He say hit."

Old Noah, seeing that the conversation was veering his way, arose and came forward, his hand behind his ear and expectation in his face.

"Thutty dollahs, Jedge!" he said eagerly. "Dass de right amount. Thutty dollahs."

"You go set down!" yelled his wife in his ear, but the old man shook his head.

"Ain' he gwine pay hit?" he asked resentfully. "Ain' de jedge gwine *mek* him pay hit? Whaffo' Ah nail up de shack ef he ain' gwine pay hit?"

"Whut yo' palaver about? Nail up de shack! *You* ain' nail up no shack. Dat no-'count Silas *he* nail up de shack," shouted Sally.

The old man nodded his head and grinned.

"Yas, dasso! Dasso! Ah nail up de shack, Jedge," he chuckled. "Ah nail him in. Yassah, Ah done jes so."

"*Him?*" shouted the justice; "you mean *her?*"

"Yassah, Ah nail *him* in," said Noah.

"*You* did?" shouted the justice.

"Ah—Ah beg pawdon, Jedge," said the old man. "Ah cawn't heah as—as well as Ah used to heah. Ah cain't hear whisperin' tones no moah. Ah—Ah got to beg yo' to speak jes a leetle mite louder."

"WHY DID YOU NAIL HIM IN THE SHACK?" shouted Justice Murphy at the top of his voice.

"Why, 'cause he won' pay me de rint," said Noah, as if it was a thing everyone should have known. "Ain' Sally been jes tol' yo'? Ah surmise she done confabulate about that all de whiles she talkin'. Yo' mus' 'scuse her, Jedge. Whin de women's staht talkin', nobuddy know *whut* they talk about. Dey jes talk fo' de exumcise. Mah secon' wife, which am de las' but one befo' Ah tuck Sally—"

"Look here!" shouted Justice Murphy. "Why did you nail him in the shack?"

"Zack?" said the old man, doubtfully. "No, sah, he name Silas. Dass him yondah. I arsk him fo' de rint, an' I *beg* him fo' de rint, an' I argyfy about dat rint twell Ah jes wohn out, an' Ah don' git no rint at all. So bime-by erlong come dish yere prophet whut you heah about, maybe. Ah ain' tek no stock in dat prophet-man at all! No, sah! Ah's a good Baptis', an' Ah don' truckle to none o' dem come-easy, go-easy

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folks like dat. Ah stay 'way from him, an' Ah tell Sally she stay 'way likewise. But dis yere Silas he get de prophet-man's religion bad. Yas-sah. He 'low he gwine to hebben las' Tuesday whin all de res' ob de gang go. Ah reckon he ain' gwine go, 'cause Ah feel dey ain' none of dem gwine go, but Ah can't be shore. Mos' anything li'ble to happen whin times so bad like dey is. So Ah projeck up to Silas an' Ah say to him, 'Ef yo' gwine to hebben nex' Tuesday, yo' bettah pay me de rint befo' yo' go.' 'Cause, Jedge, ef he gwine to hebben Tuesday, Ah ain' gwine hab no chance *to* collict dat rint come Winsday. No sah."

"Then what?" shouted the justice.

"Nuffin'!" said Noah. "Nuffin' *at* all. He say, ' 'Scuse me, Noah, but Ah so full ob preparations fo' de great evint Ah ain' got time to yearn no money to pay de rint.' An' Ah say, 'Silas, Ah want mah rint!' So, bime-by, whin Monday mawrnin' come erlong, Sally she gwine away to do a job o' work, an' Ah meyander ober to Silas' shack, an' Ah got mah hatchit an' mah nails, whut Ah gwine mind de fince. An' whin Ah come to de shack Ah hear de squawk ob a board in de flo' an' Ah know Silas he in de shack, an' Ah slam de do' an' Ah nail up de do' an' he carry on scandalous, but he can't git yout. An' Ah don' care whut he say, 'cause Ah can't heah ef he cuss or ef he palaver.

" 'Cause Ah ain' gwine hab no tinint go to hebben like dat whin he owe me rint *twell* he pay de rint. So Ah reckon Ah leave him dere twell de gwine is all gone, an' Ah ain't worried erbout Silas gwine alone by hiss'f. So Ah leab him dah twell he bus' out."

"You tried to starve him," shouted the justice. "You threw water down the chimney."

"Dass jes' a *pre*-caution, Jedge, dass jes' a *pre*-caution," said the old Negro. "Ah got mah doubts erbout dat ol' Obediah prophet-man whut come from nowhars. Whin Ah see de smoke a-risin' from de chimbly, Ah speculate ef et hebben whar de prophet-man gwine tek they-all, or ef he gwine fer t' tek dem ilsewhars, an' Ah cogitate 'at maybe Silas gwine *es*-cape in de flame ob he fiah. Dey yain't nuffin' like good ol' Baptis' water fo' to fight debbil's fiah, so Ah fotch a couple o' pail' ob wahtah, an' Ah po' hit down de chimbly, an' Ah say, 'Yo' ain' gwine to hebben yit!"

He chuckled with glee, but at the same moment he caught a glimpse of Sally's face, and his grin gave way to a look of blank suprise. Slowly and carefully Sally was rolling up her sleeves, and her eyes glittered menacingly. Flaherty tapped her on the shoulder.

"None iv that here!" he said sternly.

The justice looked from one to the other of the parties before him, closed an impressive-looking law book with a bang, and stood up, feeling for his pipe.

"Flaherty," he said slowly, "this is not a case for this court. It seems in the nature of a domestic misunderstanding. Under ordinary circumstances," he added, pressing tobacco into the pipe with his thumb, "I should undertake to explain to all parties just what happened and how it happened and why it happened; but—" he looked at old Noah and shook his head—"there is nothing in the statutes of the State of Iowa compelling a justice of the peace to shout that loud. Case dismissed!"

Flaherty herded the three parties out of the room and the justice lighted his pipe.

"Whaffo' Ah ain' git mah thutty dollahs?" he heard Uncle Noah ask in the hall. "Wha' we gwine?"

"Ah tell yo' wha' yo' ain' gwine!" he heard Sally shout. "You ain' gwine to hebben yit! But yo' gwine to wish yo' was gwine 'fo' Ah git froo wif yo'!"

"Flaherty," said his Honour, tilting back comfortably, "go out and warn her to keep the peace."

"I will," said Flaherty, "but can ye ixpict ut iv her, Murphy?"

☆ Discretion

THERE WAS A CHILDE OF ROME that was named Papirus that on a tyme went with his fader whiche was a senatour into the chambre where as they helde their counceyll. And that tyme they spak of such maters as was commanded and agreed shold be kept secrete upon payn of their heedes, and so departed. And whan he was comen home from the senatoire and fro the counceyll with his fader, his moder demanded of hym what was the counceyll and whereof they spack and had taryed so longe there. And the childe answered to her and sayd he durst not telle ner saye hit for so moche as hit was defended upon payn of deth. Than was the moder more desirous to knowe than she was to fore, and began to flatere hym one tyme, and afterward to menace hym that he shold saye and telle to her what hit was. And whan the childe sawe that he might have no reste of his moder in no wise, he made her first promise that she shold kepe hit secrete and to telle hit to none of the world. And that doon he fayned a lesing or a lye and sayd to her that the senatours had in counceyll a grete question and difference which was this: whether hit were better and more for the comyn wele of Rome that a man shold have two wyvys or a wyf to have two husbondes. And after this she wente to her gossyb and told to her this counceyll secretly, and she told to an other, and thus every wyf tolde hit to other in secrete. And thus hit happened anone after that alle the wyves of Rome cam to the senatorye where the senatours were assemblid, and cryed with an hye voys that they had liever, and also hit were better for the comyn wele that a wyf shold have two husbondes than a man two wyves. *Game and Playe of the Chesse.* WILLIAM CAXTON.

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Ethics in a Business Suit

Should Luck Be Shared?

A local newspaper offered to redeem at a premium dollar bills which bore specified serial numbers. The winning numbers were published in the paper daily. Certain of the bills were redeemable for five dollars, and a few for as much as a hundred dollars, and there was much anticipatory scanning of modest greenbacks.

A guest, stopping at little Jimmy's home, at the end of his visit gave the boy a dollar, and instructed him to share it equally with his younger sister. The youngster, with the instincts of a good business man, consulted the list of redeemable bill numbers, and discovered that the note given him was worth five dollars. He cashed it, giving fifty cents to his sister and keeping the balance for himself.

Was the nine-to-one division a fair one?

W. R.

"One Can Argue Either Way"

There is a vast borderline of transactions that may or may not be honest. For instance, a jobber ordered a large number of sheets from a cotton mill. They arrived one inch shorter than the specifications, and were rejected. It seems impossible to believe that any textile man would take the chance of his sheets not being measured by a professional buyer, but that one inch on the whole order meant the saving of a lot of cotton. These sheets were special, and could not be sold in the general trade. The buyer sat tight for a couple of months, refusing the sheets at any price, but finally he took them at about one-half the cost of manufacture. That sort of thing happens every day in all kinds of commodities. If the seller tries to put one over on the buyer, and fails—is the buyer then justified in trying to put one over on the seller?

Is it honest, all the cards being on the table, for a large buyer to drive a bargain which will cripple the seller? That is rather an open question, and yet most improvements in manufacturing have been brought about through price pressure, and one great manufacturer has the firm policy of making his prices without much regard to costs and then insisting that costs be so lowered as to earn a profit. Is it honest to cut wages according to the labour market—to pay the minimum rather than the maximum? Putting aside the economic value of high wages in creating markets, is it honest to buy labour at the lowest quotation? Is it honest to take all the output of a factory over several years and then shut off the orders so that the owners will have to sell out? Is it honest for a manufacturer or wholesaler to have different prices for different buyers? Is it honest to raise all sorts of minor technical objections to the sole end of forcing the seller to shave his bill?

One can argue either way.

Money. How to Make It, Use It, and Invest It.

Samuel Crowther.

The Caveat Emptor Way

A young bride in rather straitened circumstances, in great need of a sewing-machine, saw one advertised for $12.50. She doubted the capabilities of such a low-priced machine, but bought it none the less; and though its hand-turned movement was quite a drawback, it served its purpose well for eighteen months or so. Then came a chance to purchase a fully-equipped foot-power machine for $75 on the instalment plan, with the added incentive of an allowance of $15 for the old machine. The bride did not reveal to the agent that her first piece of equipment had cost less than $15 when it was purchased, and the deal was closed on the stated basis.

The purchaser was extremely pleased with her new acquisition—until a meddling (and perhaps envious) acquaintance suggested that it was shady business to take an allowance of $15 for a machine which had cost less than that new. However, her husband soothed her uneasy conscience with the assurance that the company which had sold them the $75 machine was out only to get other makes of machines off the market, and that they probably knew the purchase price of the old one anyway. But——

Was the transaction wholly an honest one on the bride's part?

L. M. T.

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When Silence Was Golden—For Ten Years

About ten years ago the firm for which I work closed one of its branch offices in another city. To a second-hand book dealer it sold over four hundred dollars' worth of merchandise at reduced prices, receiving in payment two checks.

Through one of the inexplicable quirks of accounting which occur in every business, the checks were filed away with the papers covering the transaction. They came to light only recently, and were sent to the dealer who drew them, with a request that a "fresh" check be made out. The request was complied with in due time, and the proper auditing adjustments made.

According to the law of the state, the check became outlawed after six years. From a legal point of view, therefore, the dealer was not obliged to make payment for the merchandise; morally, there can be no difference of opinion, I think, as to his liability. In addition, it remains my conviction that the dealer should have called attention to our firm's failure to deposit the checks within a reasonable time after their issuance, and that we were entitled to interest for the ten-year period. H. P. W.

Medical Ethics

Consider the following case:

> A becomes suspicious of a physical ailment. He goes to Dr. B, who declares that A shows symptoms of appendicitis and should have his appendix removed. A then goes to Dr. C and asks for an examination, not telling C that B had already diagnosed the case. C declares A's trouble to be due to liver-tumours, or perhaps stomach-ulcers. A then goes to Dr. D, who pronounces the trouble to be intra-intestinal fermentation.

We shall disregard, for simplicity's sake, the ethics of A in not telling Drs. C and D that he had previously consulted Drs. B and C respectively and what they had told him. We can disregard A's conduct if he was prompted by the scientific spirit, which challenges independent and repeated observations and judgments. If A had a determinable ailment, as all three doctors held, then repeated independent diagnoses should have agreed. If they did not correspond then none of the doctors had the right to state unqualifiedly what the trouble was. Some doctors—the very best—are not only not afraid to state that their diagnosis is hypothetical, but they welcome independent diagnoses. Such an attitude alone can warrant the appellation "scientific."

Suppose now that A, when he approaches Dr. C, tells C that Dr. B has previously diagnosed the case and that the trouble was declared to be appendicitis. Dr. C is now prohibited from giving A the results of his diagnosis if this disagrees with Dr. B's findings. For he now comes under the ruling that:

> (After consultation) . . . no opinions or prognostications should be delivered as a result of the deliberations of the consultants, which have not been concurred in by the consultants at their conference.

Not only do many medical men refuse to repeat independently an examination made by another physician; but even if they do, few physicians will tell the patient that they disagree as to the diagnosis. Indeed, many physicians become incensed when they learn that patients have done what A did in the case cited. Men of this type not only regard the profession as a closed organization, but they try to maintain about the practice of medicine an air of mystery which will make the gullible gape. . . . Medicine, from such a point of view, is largely an art, and not exclusively a science.

Professional and Business Ethics.
Carl F. Taeusch.

A Difficult Decision

The warden of a famous prison once had among his wards a man who had been "sent up" for robbing a bank. He proved a model prisoner, and as a reward for good behaviour he was released months before the expiration of his term. On the day of his departure he was brought into the warden's office.

"So you're leaving us today, are you?" was the official's greeting. "Well, I'm glad—and I believe you intend to live an upright life hereafter. Go straight, and you'll succeed in whatever you undertake."

"It's kind of you to say so, warden," the man replied. "But the thing that is worrying me is the choice of the business I'll enter.... By the way, what line would you suggest for an ambitious man with fifteen thousand dollars in cash?"

"Fifteen thousand dollars in cash?" gasped the warden, amazed. "Where did you get that much money?"

"It's the money I stole from the bank."

"But that isn't yours."

"Oh, yes, it is," was the reply. "Haven't I earned the right to it by these years at hard labour?"

"That money still belongs to the bank," said the warden, firmly. "The years you served were penance for the crime you committed. If I were you," and he laid a friendly hand on the man's shoulder, "I'd take the money back to the bank and say to the officers: 'Here is the fifteen thousand I stole from your bank.' Do that and I believe you will find them ready to help you make a new start in the world. It's the only thing an honest man can do."

It was a crushing blow. The man's agony was painful to behold. Finally he pulled himself together, and, looking the warden in the face, said: "I never thought of it in that light. I shall do as you suggest."

He did—and be it said that the former convict is today a respected and thriving business man. But a doubt still does linger in his mind as to the justice of his having undergone punishment *and* made restitution, especially when he reads of cases where restitution has mitigated punishment (the case of the brothers Clarke, New York bankers, is very much in point), or been accepted in lieu of it. P. W. M.

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Break-Neck Hill

By ESTHER FORBES

Esther Forbes—

Down Holly Street the tide had set in for church. It was a proper, dilatory tide. Every silk hat glistened, every shoe was blacked, the flowers on the women's hats were as fresh as the daffodils against the house fronts. Few met face to face, now and then a faster walker would catch up with acquaintances and join them or, with a flash of raised hat, bow and pass on down the stream.

Then the current met an obstacle. A man, young and graceful and very much preoccupied, walked through the church-goers, faced in the opposite direction. His riding breeches and boots showed in spite of the loose overcoat worn to cover them. He bowed continually, like royalty from a landau, almost as mechanically, and answered the remarks that greeted him.

"Hello, Geth."

"Hello."

"Good morning, Mr. Gething. Not going to church this morning?" This from a friend of his mother.

"Good morning. No, not this morning." He met a chum.

"Good riding day, eh?"

"Great."

"Well, Geth, don't break your neck."

"You bet not."

"I'll put a P. S. on the prayer for you," said the wag.

"Thanks a lot." The wag was always late—even to church on Easter morning. So Gething knew the tail of the deluge was reached and past. He had the street almost to himself. It was noticeable that the man had not once called an acquaintance by name or made the first remark. His answers had been as reflex as his walking. Geth was thinking, and in the sombre eyes was the dumb look of a pain that would not be told—perhaps he considered it too slight.

He left Holly Street and turned into Holly Park. Here from the grass that bristled so freshly, so ferociously green, the tree trunks rose black and damp. Brown pools of water reflected a blue radiant sky through blossoming branches. Gething subsided on a bench well removed from the children and nursemaids. First he glanced at the corner of Holly Street and the Boulevard where a man from his father's racing stable would meet him with his horse. His face, his figure, his alert bearing, even his clothes promised a horseman. The way his stirrups had worn his boots would class him as a rider. He rode with his foot "through" as the hunter, steeplechaser, and polo-player do—not on the ball of his foot in park fashion.

He pulled off his hat and ran his hand over his close-cropped head. Evidently he was still thinking. Across his face the look of pain ebbed and returned, then he grew impatient. His wrist-watch showed him his horse was late, and he was in a hurry to be started, for what must be done had best be done quickly. Done quickly and forgotten, then he could give his attention to the other horses. There was Happiness—an hysterical child, and Goblin, who needed training over water jumps, and Sans Souci, whose lame leg should be cocained to locate the trouble—all of his father's stable of great thoroughbreds needed something except Cuddy, who waited only for the bullet. Gething's square brown hand went to his breeches pocket, settled on something that was cold as ice and drew it out—the revolver. The horse he had raced so many times at Piping Rock, Brookline, Saratoga, had earned the right to die by this hand which had guided him. Cuddy's high-bred face came vividly before his eyes, and the white star would be the mark. He thrust the revolver back in his pocket hastily, for a child had stopped to look at him; then slowly rose and fell to pacing the gravel walk. A jay screamed overhead, "Jay, jay, jay!"

"You fool," Geth called to him and then muttered to himself. "Fool, fool—oh, Geth——" From the boulevard a voice called him.

"Mr. Gething—if you please, sir——!" It was Willet the trainer.

"All right, Willet." The trainer was mounted, holding a lean greyhound of a horse. Gething pulled down the stirrups.

"I meant to tell you to bring Cuddy for me to ride. Last time, you know."

"Not that devil. I could never lead him in. Frenchman, here, is well behaved in cities."

Gething swung up. He sat very relaxed upon a horse. There was a lifetime of practice behind that graceful seat and manner with the reins. The horse started a low shuffling gait that would take them rapidly out of the city to the Gething country place and stables.

"You know," Geth broke silence, "Cuddy's got his—going to be shot."

"Not one of us, sir," said Willet, "but will sing Hallelujah! He kicked a hole in Muggins yesterday. None of the boys dare touch him, so he hasn't been groomed proper since your father said he was to go. It's more dangerous wipin' him off than to steeplechase the others." Geth agreed. "I know it isn't right to keep a brute like that."

"No, sir. When he was young and winning stakes it seemed different. I tell you what, we'll all pay a dollar a cake for soap made out 'er old Cuddy."

"There'll be no soap made out of old Cuddy," said

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Gething, sharply. "I'll ride him out—up to the top of Break-Neck Hill and shoot him there. You'd better begin the trench by noon. When it's dug I'll take him to the top and——"

"But nobody's been on his back since your father said it was useless to try to make him over. Too old for steeplechasing and too much the racer for anything else, and too much the devil to keep for a suvnor."

"Well, I'll ride him once again."

"But, Mr. Geth, he's just been standing in his box or the paddock for four weeks now. We've been waiting for you to say when he was to be shot. He's in a sweet temper, and d' y'er know, I think, I do——"

"What do you think?" Willet blushed purple.

"I think Cuddy's got something in his head, some plan if he gets out. I think he wants to kill some one before he dies. Yes, sir, *kill* him. And you know if he gets the start of you there is no stopping the dirty devil."

"Yes, he does tear a bit," Geth admitted. "But I never was on a surer jumper. Lord! How the old horse can lift you!" Gething dropped into a disconsolate silence, interrupted before long by Willet.

"Happiness will get Cuddy's box—she's in a stall. Cuddy was always mean to her—used to go out of his way to kick her—and she, sweet as a kitten."

"So you'll give her his box in revenge?"

"Revenge? Oh, no, sir. Just common sense." Any thought of a sentimental revenge was distasteful to the trainer, but he was glad that good Happiness should get his box, and disappointed about the soap. It would have lent relish to his somewhat perfunctory washings to say to himself, "Doubtless this here bit of soap is a piece of old Cuddy."

"How long will the trench take?"

"A good bit of time, sir. Cuddy isn't no kitten we're laying by. I'll put them gardeners on the job—with your permission—and they know how to shovel. You'll want an old saddle on him?"

"No, no, the one I've raced him in, number twelve, and his old bridle with the chain bit."

"Well, well," said Willet, rubbing his veiny nose.

He considered the horse unworthy of any distinction, but in his desire to please Geth, took pains to prepare Cuddy for his death and burial. Gething was still at the big house, although it was four o'clock and the men on Break-Neck Hill were busy with their digging. Willet called them the sextons.

"And we, Joey," he addressed a stable boy, "we're the undertakers. Handsome corpse, what?" Cuddy stood in the centre of the barn floor fastened to be groomed. He was handsome, built on the cleanest lines of speed and strength, lean as an anatomical study, perfect for his type. The depth of chest made his legs, neck, and head look fragile. His face was unusually beautiful—the white-starred face which had been before Geth's eyes as he had sat in Holly Park. His pricked ears strained to hear, his eyes to see. The men working over him were beneath his notice.

He did not speak to the horse as he usually would have done . . .

"Look at him," complained Joey, "he pays no more attention to us than as if we weren't here." Cuddy usually kicked during grooming, but his present indifference was more insulting.

"Huh," said Willet. "He knows them sextons went to Break-Neck to dig the grave for him. Don't yer, Devil? Say, Joey, look at him listening like he was counting the number of spadefuls it takes to make a horse's grave. He's thinking, old Cuddy is, and scheming what he'd like to do. I wouldn't ride him from here to Break-Neck, not for a thousand dollars." He began rapidly with the body brush on Cuddy's powerful haunch, then burst out:

"He thinks he'll be good and we'll think he's hit the sawdust trail, or perhaps he wants to look pretty in his coffin. Huh! Give me that curry. You wash off his face a bit." Cuddy turned his aristocratic face away from the wet cloth and blew tremulously. Joey tapped the blazing star on his forehead.

"Right there," he explained to Willet, "but anyhow, he's begun to show his age." He pointed to the muzzle which had the run forward look of an old horse and to the pits above the eyes. The grooming was finished, but neither Gething came to the stable from the big house nor the trench diggers from Break-Neck to say that their work was done.

"Say, Joey," suggested Willet, "I'll do up his mane in red and yellow worsteds, like he was going to be exhibited. Red and yellow look well on a bay. You get to the paddock and see Frenchman hasn't slipped his blanket while I fetch the worsteds from the office."

Cuddy, left alone, stopped his listening and began pulling at his halter. It held him firm. From the brown dusk of their box-stalls two lines of expectant horses' faces watched him. The pretty chestnut, Happiness, already had been transferred to his old box; her white striped face was barely visible. Farther down, on the same side, Goblin stood staring stupidly, and beyond were the heads of the three brothers, Sans Pareil, Sans Peur, and the famous Sans Souci, who could clear seven feet of timber (and now was lame). Opposite stood Bohemia, cold blood in her veins as a certain thickness about the throat testified, and little Martini, the flat racer. On either side of him were Hotspur and Meteor, and there were a dozen others as famous. Above each stall was hung the brass plate giving the name and pedigree, and above that up to the roof the hay was piled sweet and dusty-smelling. The barn swallows twittered by an

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open window in the loft. In front of Cuddy the great double doors were open to the fields and pastures, the gray hills and the radiant sky. Cuddy reared abruptly, striking out with his front legs, crouched and sprang against his halter again, but it held him fast. Willet, on returning with his worsted, found him as he had left him, motionless as a bronze horse on a black marble clock.

Willet stood on a stool the better to work on the horse's neck. His practised fingers twisted and knotted the mane and worsted, then cut the ends into hard tassels. The horse's withers were reached and the tassels bobbing rakishly gave a hilarious look to the condemned animal.

FOUR MEN, very sweaty, carrying spades, entered. "It's done," said the first, nodding, "and it's a big grave. Glad pet horses don't die oftener."

"This ain't a pet," snapped Willet. "He's just that much property, and being of no more use is thrown away—just like an old tin can. No more sense in burying one than the other. If I had my way about it I'd——" But Geth entered. With his coat off he gave an impression of greater size; like Cuddy his lines were graceful enough to minimize his weight.

"Hole dug? Well, let's saddle up and start out." He did not go up to Cuddy to speak to him as he usually would have done, but, as if trying to avoid him, he fell to patting Happiness's striped face. She was fretful in her new quarters. "Perhaps," thought Willet, "she knows it's old Cuddy's, and *he's* gone out for good." All the horses seemed nervous and unhappy. It was as if they knew that one of their number was to be taken out to an inglorious death—not the fortune to die on the turf track as a steeplechaser might wish, but ignominiously, on a hill top, after a soft canter through spring meadows.

Cuddy stood saddled and bridled, and then Willet turned in last appeal to his master's son.

"Mr. Geth, I wouldn't ride him—not even if I rode as well as you, which I don't. That horse has grown worse and worse these last months. He wants to kill some one, that's what he wants." Geth shook his head.

"No use, Willet, trying to scare me. I know what I'm doing, eh, Cuddy?" He went to the horse and rubbed the base of his ears. The satin head dropped forward on to the man's chest, a rare response from Cuddy. Gething led him out of the stable, Willet held his head as the man mounted. As he thrust his foot in the stirrup Cuddy lunged at Willet, his savage yellow teeth crushed into his shoulder. The rider pulled him off, striking him with his heavy hunting whip. The horse squealed, arched himself in the air and sidled down the driveway. He did not try to run or buck, but seemed intent on twisting himself into curves and figures. The two went past the big house with its gables and numberless chimneys and down to the end of the driveway.

There is a four-foot masonry wall around the Gething country-place ("farm" they call it). The horse saw it and began jerking at his bit and dancing, for ever since colthood walls had had but one meaning for him.

"Well, at it, old man," laughed Gething. At a signal Cuddy flew at it, rose into the air with magnificent strength and landed like thistle-down.

"Cuddy," cried the man, "there never was a jumper like you. Break-Neck will keep; we'll find some more walls first." He crossed the road and entered a rough pasture. It was a day of such abounding life one could pity the worm the robin pulled. For on such a day everything seemed to have the right to live and be happy. The crows sauntered across the sky, carefree as hoboes. Under foot the meadow turf oozed water, the shad-bush petals fell like confetti before the rough assault of horse and rider. Gething liked this day of wind and sunshine. In the city there had been the smell of oiled streets to show that spring had come, here was the smell of damp earth, pollen, and burnt brush. Suddenly he realized that Cuddy, too, was pleased and contented, for he was going quietly now; occasionally he threw up his head and blew "Heh, heh!" through his nostrils. Strange that Willet had thought Cuddy wanted to kill some one—all he really wanted was a bit of a canter.

A brook was reached. It was wide, marshy, edged with cowslips. It would take a long jump to clear it. Gething felt the back gather beneath him, the tense body flung into the air, the flight through space, then the landing well upon the firm bank.

"BRAVO, CUDDY!" The horse plunged and whipped his head between his forelegs, trying to get the reins from the rider's hands. Gething let himself be jerked forward until his face almost rested on the veiny neck.

"Old tricks, Cuddy. I knew *that* one before you wore your first shoes." He still had easy control and began really to let him out. There was a succession of walls and fences and mad racing through fields when the horse plunged in his gait and frightened birds fluttered from the thicket and Gething hissed between his teeth as he always did when he felt a horse going strong beneath him.

Then they came to a hill that rose out of green meadows. It was covered with dingy pine trees except the top that was

Drawings by Frank Boyd

Gething began really to let him out.

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bared like a tonsure. A trail ran through the woods; a trail singularly morose and unattractive. The pines looked shabby and black in comparison to the sun on the spring meadows. This was Break-Neck Hill. Perhaps Cuddy felt his rider stiffen in the saddle, for he refused passionately to take the path. He set his will against Gething's and fought, bucking and rearing. When a horse is capable of a six-foot jump into the air his great strength and agility make his bucking terrible. The broncho is a child in size and strength compared to Cuddy's race of super-horse. Twice Geth went loose in his flat saddle and once Cuddy almost threw himself. The chain bit had torn the edges of his mouth and blood coloured his froth. Suddenly he acquiesced and, quiet again, he took the sombre path. Geth thrust his right hand into his pocket: the revolver was still there. His hand left it and rested on the bobbing, tasseled mane.

"Old man," he addressed the horse, "I know you don't know where you're going, and I know you don't remember much, but you must remember Saratoga and how we beat them all. And Cuddy, you'd understand—if you could—how it's all over now, and why I want to do it for you myself."

The woods were cleared. It was good to leave their muffled dampness for the pure sunshine of the crest. On the very top of the hill clean-cut against the sky stood a great wind-misshaped pine. At the foot of this pine was a bank of fresh earth, and Gething knew that beyond the bank was the trench. He bent in his saddle and pressed his forehead against the warm neck. Before his eyes was the past they had been together, the sweep of the turf course, the grandstand a-flutter, grooms with blankets, jockeys and gentlemen in silk, owners' wives with cameras, then the race that always seemed so short—a rush of horses, the stretching over the jumps, and the purse or not, it did not matter.

He straightened up with a grim set to his jaw and gathered the loosened reins. Cuddy went into a canter and so approached the earth bank. Suddenly he refused to advance, and again the two wills fought, but not so furiously. Cuddy was shaking with fear. The bank was a strange thing, a fearsome thing, and the trench beyond, ghastly. His neck stretched forward. "Heh, heh!" he blew through his nostrils.

"Six steps nearer, Cuddy." Geth struck him lightly with his spurs. The horse paused by the bank and began rocking slightly.

"Sist! be quiet," for they were on the spot Gething wished. The horse gathered himself, started to rear, then sprang into the air, cleared earth-mound and trench and bounded down the hill. The tremendous buck-jump he had so unexpectedly taken, combined with his frantic descent, gave Gething no chance to get control until the level was reached. Then, with the first pull on the bridle, he realized it was too late. For a while at least Cuddy was in command. Gething tried all his tricks with the reins, the horse dashed on like a furious gust of wind, he whirled through the valley, across a ploughed field, over a fence and into more pastures. Gething, never cooler, fought for the control. The froth blown back against his white shirt was rosy with blood. Cuddy was beyond realizing his bit. Then Gething relaxed a little and let him go. He could guide him to a certain extent. Stop him he could not.

The tense body flung into the air and landed like thistledown.

The horse was now running flatly and rapidly. He made no attempt to throw his rider. What jumps were in his way he took precisely. Unlike the crazed runaway of the city streets Cuddy never took better care of himself. It seemed that he was running for some purpose, and Gething thought of Willet's often repeated remark, "Look at 'im—old Cuddy, he's thinking." Two miles had been covered and the gait had become business-like. Gething, guiding always to the left, was turning him in a huge circle. The horse reeked with sweat. "Now," thought Gething, "he's had enough," but at the first pressure on the bit Cuddy increased his speed. There was another mile and the wonderful run grew slower. The man felt the great horse trip and recover himself. Again the fight between master and horse began. Cuddy resisted weakly, then——

"Oh, I'm damned," muttered Gething and let the reins lie loose on his neck, "your own way, Cuddy. Old friend, I'll not try to stop you again." For he knew if he tried he could now gain control.

Again Gething turned, still keeping toward the left. A hill began to rise before them, and up it the horse sped, his breath whirring and rattling in his throat, but his strength still unspent. To the very top he made his way and paused, dazed. "Oh, Cuddy," cried Gething, "this is Break-Neck." For there was the wind-warped pine, the bank of earth, the trench. The horse came to a shivering standstill. He stood sobbing, his body rocking slightly, rocking gently, then with a sigh, came slowly down on to the turf. Gething was on his feet, his hand on the dripping neck.

"You always were a bad horse and I always loved you," he whispered, "and that was a great ride, and now——" He rose abruptly and turned away as he realized himself alone in the soft twilight. The horse was dead. Then he returned to the tense body, so strangely thin and wet, and removed saddle and bridle. With these hung on his arm he took the sombre path through the pines for home.

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Gentle Alice Brown

By W. S. GILBERT

It was a robber's daughter, and her name was Alice Brown,
Her father was the terror of a small Italian town;
Her mother was a foolish, weak, but amiable old thing;
But it isn't of her parents that I'm going for to sing.

As Alice was a-sitting at her window-sill one day,
A beautiful young gentleman he chanced to pass that way;
She cast her eyes upon him, and he looked so good and true, [like you!"
That she thought, "I could be happy with a gentleman

And every morning passed her house that cream of gentlemen,
She knew she might expect him at a quarter unto ten;
A sorter in the Custom-house, it was his daily road
(The Custom-house was fifteen minutes' walk from her abode).

But Alice was a pious girl, who knew it wasn't wise
To look at strange young sorters with expressive purple eyes;
So she sought the village priest to whom her family confessed, [assessed.
The priest by whom their little sins were carefully

"Oh, holy father," Alice said, "'twould grieve you, would it not,
To discover that I was a most disreputable lot?
Of all unhappy sinners I'm the most unhappy one!"
The padre said, "Whatever have you been and gone and done?"

"I have helped mamma to steal a little kiddy from its dad,
I've assisted dear papa in cutting up a little lad,
I've planned a little burglary and forged a little check,
And slain a little baby for the coral on its neck!"

The worthy pastor heaved a sigh, and dropped a silent tear, [my dear:
And said, "You mustn't judge yourself too heavily,
It's wrong to murder babies, little corals for to fleece;
But sins like these one expiates at half-a-crown apiece.

"Girls will be girls—you're very young, and flighty in your mind; [to find:
Old heads upon young shoulders we must not expect
We mustn't be too hard upon these little girlish tricks.
Let's see—five crimes at half-a-crown—exactly twelve-and-six."

"Oh, father," little Alice cried, "your kindness makes me weep,
You do these little things for me so singularly cheap—
Your thoughtful liberality I never can forget; [yet!
But, oh! there is another crime I haven't mentioned

"A pleasant-looking gentleman, with pretty purple eyes,
I've noticed at my window, as I've sat a-catching flies;
He passes by it every day as certain as can be—
I blush to say I've winked at him, and he has winked at me!"

"For shame!" said Father Paul, "my erring daughter! On my word [heard.
This is the most distressing news that I have ever
Why, naughty girl, your excellent papa has pledged your hand [band!
To a promising young robber, the lieutenant of his

"This dreadful piece of news will pain your worthy parents so!
They are the most remunerative customers I know;
For many, many years they've kept starvation from my doors:
I never knew so criminal a family as yours!

"The common country folk in this insipid neighbourhood
Have nothing to confess, they're so ridiculously good;
And if you marry anyone respectable at all,
Why, you'll reform, and what will then become of Father Paul?"

The worthy priest, he up and drew his cowl upon his crown, [Brown—
And started off in haste to tell the news to Robber
To tell him how his daughter, who now was for marriage fit,
Had winked upon a sorter, who reciprocated it.

Good Robber Brown he muffled up his anger pretty well:
He said, "I have a notion, and that notion I will tell;
I will nab this gay young sorter, terrify him into fits,
And get my gentle wife to chop him into little bits.

"I've studied human nature, and I know a thing or two; [do,
Though a girl may fondly love a living gent, as many
A feeling of disgust upon her senses there will fall
When she looks upon his body chopped particularly small."

He traced that gallant sorter to a still suburban square;
He watched his opportunity, and seized him unaware;
He took a life-preserver and he hit him on the head,
And Mrs. Brown dissected him before she went to bed.

And pretty little Alice grew more settled in her mind,
She never more was guilty of a weakness of the kind,
Until at length good Robber Brown bestowed her pretty hand [band.
On the promising young robber, the lieutenant of his

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Hors-d'oeuvres from the Newest Books

Aubrey Beardsley

The Evening Land

Oh, America,
The sun sets in you.
Are you the grave of our day?

Shall I come to you, the open tomb of my race?

I would come, if I felt my hour had struck.
I would rather you came to me.

For that matter
Mahomet never went to any mountain
Save it had first approached him and cajoled his soul.

You have cajoled the souls of millions of us,
America,
Why won't you cajole my soul?
I wish you would.

I confess I am afraid of you.

* * *

Nobody knows you.
You don't know yourself.
And I, who am half in love with you,
What am I in love with?
My own imaginings?

Collected Poems of D. H. Lawrence.

The One Absolute Rule of Wealth

Commodore Vanderbilt did not owe his fortune to his rough ways; at seventy he had ten million dollars, and it was all invested in steamboats. He sold out and went into railroads, buying short lines and combining them until he achieved the New York Central. He died worth a hundred million dollars. Any man who has the energy to undertake a new career at seventy and then the brains to make a success of it must have something other than merely objectionable personal habits. Jay Gould was ruthless, but he had to have more than that up his sleeve to die leaving the control of nineteen thousand miles of railroad, the Western Union Company, and the Manhattan Elevated Railroad Company.

Only this can be said: No American has ever acquired riches by being destructive. Thousands have tried it, and a portion of the public still thinks that the stories of vast wealth gained by wrecking are true. There is not a word of truth in them in spite of the way that the railroads were rigged in the days that have passed. Some of the riggers gained for a time, but in the few cases where they held their gains it was only by shifting their tactics, and building instead of destroying. No man has ever gained wealth by selling the U. S. A. short. This is the one absolute rule of wealth.

Money. How to Make It, Use It, and Invest It.
Samuel Crowther.

"Age Is So Often Silly"

At first, Laura was diffident, and only spoke when a remark was addressed to her, but she soon began to enjoy the sound of her own voice, and entered freely into the discussions. . . .

He (Mr. John) was pleased by her scepticism, as he was pleased by all scepticism that was honest.

"Read everything you do read with a critical mind," he said. "In an age of silly and easy faith this is imperative. We are too much moulded by our time. Try to escape that. My advice to the young is to doubt whatever is accepted by their elders, until they are logically convinced of its truth and worth."

"But oughtn't I to feel ashamed to hold opinions contrary to those of people older and probably wiser than myself?" Laura asked. "I am constantly doing it, but I can't help feeling it's a form of conceit."

"Age has nothing to do with it. Age is so often silly," Mr. John told her, his dark eyes sparkling above his white beard. "Mistrust age. With all due respect, I consider you and James infinitely wiser than your parents."

The Galaxy. Susan Ertz.

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Mary Baker Eddy: The Woman Who Became a Deity

There arose among some of Mrs. Eddy's students the tradition that she could be in many places at one time, and that in her omnipresence she could see all, understand all. Because she now allowed these students to see her only at her best, she appeared to them a wholly different woman than her neighbours had known in the old Lynn days. She was stern, but as God was stern; she was exacting, but so was Divine Justice. And when she arose to talk about this subject that had now become not merely an obsession but her entire existence, there were times indeed when she seemed transfixed—her voice throbbing with emotion, her eyes glistening, her muscles tense with the thrill that comes to every great actress, when she knows instinctively that her audience has momentarily lost itself utterly in the eloquent words of her own soul.

For Mary Baker Eddy believed her doctrine with a belief that burned like fire. And there were times when her belief so consumed her that she was like a disembodied being. Under the adulation of her students she herself evinced a real change. Growing up around her was a tradition she desired to live up to. There was being established in her students' minds an ideal of her which she was not, but which she hungrily desired to be. And so, in her worst moments, she secluded herself in her room; and her students came to know that at this time she was communing with her God, and became even more hushed and worshipful. And when she again came down the stairs, to beam upon them radiance and a sense of well-being, none knew or guessed about those terrible moments she had spent in the fight against herself and her physical torture.

Mrs. Eddy. The Biography of a Virginal Mind.
Edwin Franden Dakin.

Disillusionment

In the severe discipline of marriage Mr. Littlepage had cultivated the habit of looking at his wife without seeing her. It was only in those rare intervals when his evasive idealism was transfixed by the sharp flash of reality that he perceived how time—or was it marriage?—had altered his vision. The wonder of it, he felt, while the actual Victoria imprisoned between the pointed beams of fancy and fact, was that he could ever, even in the flower of her girlhood, have found her exciting. That he had fallen in love with her features was less astonishing today than that he was once interested in her opinions. Even now he could see that she was one of those women who might still be beautiful if they had less confidence in the fidelity of their husbands. But her mind, which must have matured with years, could scarcely have been more interesting at twenty than it was at fifty. To be sure, he found himself insisting, she had been a perfect wife to him, and as a husband rather than a human being he was still faithful, he was even devoted. Was it merely, he asked himself, that he had grown older and more settled in spirit? Yet there were moments in spring and autumn when he was still young enough to feel that a thwarted buccaneer ranged in his soul, while the quiet air about him was charged with the bloom of the wild grape or the magic of drying vines. And in these moments, before this frail rapture broke, he would grasp again the perilous illusion of desire without end.

They Stooped to Folly. Ellen Glasgow.

The Disavantage of the Double Standard

The alarmist, you see, has harboured a quaint notion that women were the moral leaders of the world; that they are naturally better than men and should avoid all appearance of evil in order to keep men even passably good. You may not have heard of this idea, but it's what has been called variously a High Ideal of Womanhood and the Double Standard.

The Double Standard in its fullest expression gave women almost a monopoly of morals, and in its least, a handicap in the golfing sense; men were allowed a few slices into the rough, so to speak, as part of their game. You as an intelligent young man will see at once that this wasn't a compliment; quite the contrary. The assumption was that men hadn't the moral stamina to play the game of monogamy according to the rules set down, and so they were allowed by common consent to cheat. We needn't bother now about placing the blame for this state of affairs; the fact is that many women for selfish reasons encouraged the cheating, or at least shut their eyes to it, while the fact is, too, that many men scorned to take advantage of their special opportunities.

With most intelligent people the Double Standard has come into disrepute, and you will readily see why intelligent women found a change worth while. I have mentioned how, by the romantic moralists, women were made the custodians of all decency and virtue, placed on a pedestal far above the level of mere male humanity. Well, the lady on the pedestal discovered that men said of her "How noble! How pure! How holy!" and "How different from us," and that the last sentence, by separating her from the exploits, decisions, and achievements they had taken upon themselves, effectively rendered her nobility, purity, and holiness null and void.

There are more ways of killing a cat than choking it to death with cream, but that remains a perfectly feasible method.

An Intelligent Man's Guide to Marriage and Celibacy.
Juanita Tanner.

The Golden Book Editorial Department, as a service to readers, will be glad to furnish information as to publisher, price, etc., of any volume mentioned here.

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By
AUSTIN
STRONG

Linoleum Cut
by Clarence Lynch

The Drums of Oude

Austin Strong

CHARACTERS

CAPTAIN HECTOR MCGREGOR.
LIEUTENANT ALAN HARTLEY.
SERGEANT MCDOUGAL.
STEWART, *the sentry.*
TWO HINDUSTANI SERVANTS.
MRS. JACK CLAYTON, *Hartley's sister.*
A PRIVATE.

SCENE: *An interior of a palace in Northern India, occupied by British troops.*

TIME: *Spring of* 1857.

Music before curtain rises to be of that mysterious, nervous Indian quality, in a minor key, with the barbaric drum-beat measure throughout.

All lights out. Theatre in total darkness. Drumming is heard from beyond the stage, mingled with faint cries. This drumming must be great in volume, yet low in key. It stops short.

Repeats itself and again stops short. The curtain has gone up in the darkness. The audience first becomes aware of the moonlit Indian City, in the distance, over the top of an intervening forest.

Then they see the outline of the archway and the stage itself, which is a store-room in an old Indian Palace, now occupied by the British. There is no furniture in the room except a piano, R., and a business desk, R., rear. A large Indian carpet is upon the floor. The only decorations are two crossed swords on either side of the arch.

SENTRY STEWART, *in Highland uniform, passes beyond the arch, in the moonlight, from R. to L. Pause. He returns. Pause. Then again from R. to L. The drumming swells in the distance and seems to come from the Indian City. As the* SENTRY *appears on his return beat, the drumming ceases. He halts centre of archway and turns a puzzled face towards the audience and listens intently. Dead silence.*

He is seen to breathe a sigh of relief, straighten himself and continue his stolid march. Silence.

Then with a crash door L. bursts open and MCGREGOR *slides in. He shuts the door softly and swiftly and listens intently with his ear to the panels. He gives a glance at the open arch, then takes three steps centre, stoops, takes hold of the corner of carpet and flings it back. Rises, goes back to door L. and listens at panels again. Then returns centre and opens a trap-door which was beneath the carpet. The trap-door is three feet square and eight inches thick.*

He looks carefully in and then, closing it, returns the carpet to its place, stands on it, and listens intently, his eyes to the audience. He then draws from his left-hand coat pocket a large leather cigar case. Chooses a cigar and returns case. He then slowly backs to wall R. When he reaches it he strikes a match upon it with a downward sweep of his hand. He lights cigar and, carefully putting out the match, he assumes a graceful, easy position, his back against the wall, his hands rammed deep in his coat pockets and his right foot crossed over his left, his eyes always on the corner of the carpet.

STEWART, *the sentry, is seen to pass at rear. He halts again and listens as if he heard something. He turns his face towards the audience to listen better, and with a start becomes aware of* MCGREGOR'S *presence. He brings his musket sharply to the shoulder, comes down the stage and halts three paces from* MCGREGOR, *his face towards the audience. He makes the stiff soldiers' salute, right hand across the body.*

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McGregor *continues smoking and regarding the carpet.* (*Pause.*)

McGregor (*cigar between his teeth*)—Well, Stewart?

Stewart—Please, sir! Beg pardon, sir, but did you 'ear anything, sir?

McGregor—Eh?

Stewart—Listen, sir! (McGregor *removes the cigar from his mouth and listens. Dead silence.*)

McGregor—What do you mean?

Stewart (*intensely*)—Listen, sir! (*The drumming is heard. It stops abruptly.*) There, sir!

McGregor—Well?

Stewart—Beg pardon, sir—but me and the men don't fancy it, sir.

McGregor—That will do, Stewart.

Stewart—Yes, sir! (*Salutes stiffly—faces about—marches out and resumes sentry duty, and is seen at stated intervals passing and repassing beyond the arch.*)

Door L. softly opens and two Hindustani Servants *enter, one bearing a standard lamp with a red shade. The lamp is lighted. The other bears a small table which he places at L. centre. The standard lamp is placed near the business desk.* Sergeant McDougal *enters L. with* Private, *both in Highland uniform and carrying telegraphic apparatus. They cross the stage and exeunt door R. After a moment ticking is heard from that room. The two* Servants *have by this time returned with the two wicker chairs, which they place R. and L. and then exeunt.* Sergeant McDougal *and* Private *return through door R. The* Private *crosses stage and exits door L.* Sergeant McDougal *comes down centre.*

Enter First *and* Second Hindustani Servants *through door L. They go over to* McGregor *and salaam deeply before him.*)

McGregor—I want you to serve supper up here for two. (*They do not move. A pause.*) Did you hear what I said? I said—serve supper—supper—up here for two. (*They salaam and exeunt softly.*)

McDougal—The telegraph is in working order, sir! (*He faces about and goes towards door L. Just as he is about to exit*——)

McGregor—Sergeant!

McDougal (*stopping abruptly*)—Y-y-yes, sir!

McGregor—How many men on guard duty?

McDougal (*in a surprised tone*)—Seven, sir! (*Pause.*)

McGregor—Wake the others up!

McDougal (*his tone more surprised*)— B-b-beg p-pardon, sir!

McGregor—Double the sentries. Put Neill and ten men on the ground floor with orders to let no one enter except women and civilians. Take the rest yourself and string them along the walls. North and West sides as much as possible, towards the dome.

McDougal—Yes, sir! (*Is about to exit.*) Pardon, sir—but—but do you know when the regiment will be back?

McGregor—Can't say, McDougal.

McDougal—Thank you, sir. (*Is about to exit.*)

McGregor—Sergeant!

McDougal—Yes, sir!

McGregor—Sergeant, Lieutenant Hartley will take command. Kindly wake him up with my compliments and ask him up here.

McDougal—Yes, sir. (*Exits.*)

(*Drumming is heard again.* Sentry *is seen to pass from R. to L., then L. to R.* McGregor *still regards the corner of the carpet, the cigar between his teeth. Door L. opens and* Lieutenant Hartley *enters; a tall fair-haired English lad, garrulous and pink-cheeked. He is buttoning his tunic and wears the expression of one who has been aroused from a deep sleep. He looks vaguely about for* McGregor, *but does not see him.*)

McGregor—Ah, Hartley.

Hartley (*in a thick, sleepy voice*)—Oh, there you are—didn't see where you were at first. Why in thunder—(*yawns*)—d-d-did y-y-you w-wake me u-up at this hour? Must be near one or two or something—your man bounced me out of bed as if the house was afire. (*Goes over to table and mixes brandy and soda.*) And why have you moved up to this outlandish store-room? (*Drinks, his voice becoming more awake.*) Shifted all your things, too! (*He pauses, and then becoming wide awake he suddenly asks*) I say, McGregor, what's up?

McGregor—Listen!. (*The drumming a shade louder.*)

Hartley—Oh, that's the Mohurrum business they're having. Guess the beggars will keep it up all night. Tell me it is a religious festival they hold here once a year. (Hartley *takes a few strides nearer* McGregor.) I say, you don't think there is anything nasty about it, do you?

McGregor—India is a queer place, Hartley.

Hartley—By Jove—come to think of it—I—did you hear that queer rumour this morning.

McGregor—Rumours. You're all alike, you youngsters. I was the same myself once—well, out with it!

Hartley—Something about a small cake——!

McGregor (*sharply*)—What?—Quick—where was it seen?

Hartley (*blithely*)—The chaps I was talking to said that it was a sure sign that these devils meant mischief. They called it the fiery cross of India, and they said that this little cake passes from hand to hand—from village to village—and the message which means mutiny and disaster flies faster than our telegraph!

McGregor—Oh, yes—I know all that—— But where was it seen?

Hartley—This morning, on the steps of the Mission! (*A pause while* Hartley *watches face of* McGregor, *who goes on smoking.* Hartley, *in an eager voice*) I say—by Jove—you don't think there's a chance for a row, do you?

McGregor—Hartley.

Hartley—Yes, old chap?

McGregor—You are standing over forty tons of gunpowder!

Hartley (*standing back and looking down at the carpet*)—What!

McGregor—Beneath you is the magazine!

Hartley—The magazine! (*Stooping and lifting edge of carpet.*) I didn't know it was here! Thought it was by the Colonel's quarters.

McGregor—Hartley, the Sepoys want that powder.

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HARTLEY—Eh?

McGREGOR—I'm afraid they will be disappointed.

HARTLEY—I say, McGregor—do you really think—

McGREGOR—The regiment is away—we don't know when it will be back. The town is full of strangers. . . . (*Pause.*) Hartley, there are women in this town—white women—English women.

HARTLEY—Rather. And, by Jove, there's my sister, Mrs. Clayton, the widow—I hadn't thought of her!

McGREGOR—Well, you see—I had, Hartley!

HARTLEY (*surprised*)—Why, what do you mean . . . ?

McGREGOR—Only that I bribed her woman—her faithful ayah—to bring her here tonight, under some pretext or other. I expect her any minute now.

HARTLEY—I say, that was clever of you! (*Pause.* McGREGOR *goes over centre for the first time and looks through archway.* HARTLEY, *in a queer voice*) You have known my sister, Mrs. Clayton, a long time out here, haven't you?

McGREGOR—I remember her before she left England—when you were still at Sandhurst.

HARTLEY—She used often to write me of you.

McGREGOR (*turning*)—She did?

HARTLEY—You have been a better friend to her than ever Clayton, her husband, was.

McGREGOR—The man's dead, Hartley.

HARTLEY—Oh, yes, I know—but it was all the mater's fault she ever married him. (*Pause.* HARTLEY *goes over to* McGREGOR *in a shy, boyish manner.*) I say, McGregor—give us a chance if there's a row?

McGREGOR (*smiling*)—I woke you up for that purpose. You'll take command of the walls in a few minutes. I don't trust anyone here except myself. That is why I had my things shifted. (*Takes out watch.*) The Colonel ought to be near Bandaggaar by this time. You stay here a moment—I'll telegraph along the line. (*Goes toward the door at R.*)

HARTLEY—McGregor!

McGREGOR—Eh?

HARTLEY—You're a brick to give a fellow such a chance—thanks!

McGREGOR (*laughing*)—Don't be too sanguine, Hartley—it's a bad habit. Perhaps, after all, this is nothing. (*Exits into next room, at R., and after a moment is heard telegraphing.* HARTLEY *takes another look at the magazine, then goes to the centre of the archway and listens a moment to the drumming, which by fine degrees has grown louder. The* SENTRY *passes at rear, but doesn't see* HARTLEY. HARTLEY *goes over R. to business desk and idly looks over it. Picks up a newspaper, looks at it a moment, and then drops it. He sees writing materials upon the desk. He seats himself, spreads paper, leans forward and dips pen in ink.*)

HARTLEY (*as he writes*)—"Dear mater . . . This is the slowest station in Northern India . . . there is nothing to do . . . no society . . . nothing! Sis is practically the only Englishwoman of any account, except the Major's wife and Mrs. Indermaur. By the way, Captain McGregor, my senior, you remember him . . . the chap Sis used to write us about. . . . Well, he's a thoroughbred, and dead nuts on Sis . . . has been all his life, it seems. I think McGregor is the only man Sis ever cared a straw about, but she won't have a word said against Clayton's memory." . . . (HARTLEY *leans back in his chair, lifting his pen and searching the ceiling for ideas. Then leans forward and continues writing in silence.*)

Door L. softly opens and FIRST *and* SECOND SERVANTS *glide noiselessly in, walking as Orientals do, straight from the hips. They move about quietly setting the table. The drumming ceases suddenly. The* SERVANTS *raise their heads slowly and look deep into each other's eyes, across the table. They both come forward centre without changing their relative positions or shifting their gaze from each other's eyes. They stand centre a moment listening. Then a small white cake, the size of a griddle cake, flies through the archway and falls between the* SERVANTS. *The* FIRST SERVANT *drops on one knee and covers the cake with his right hand, and watches his companion.* SECOND SERVANT *takes four deliberate steps backwards, which bring him immediately behind* HARTLEY, *who is deep in his letter.* SECOND SERVANT *slowly draws from his bosom a pistol which he levels at* HARTLEY'S *neck, about two feet distant.* HARTLEY *blots letter with a satisfied air, throws down pen, leans far back in his chair, which brings the muzzle of the pistol within two inches of his neck. He passes his hand through his hair and reads.* (*Reading in a satisfied air*) . . . "and I always wear my flannels as you asked me to, and take my two grains of quinine regularly. I forgot to say in my last letter that Spiffy Watkins may have my cricket bat. I shan't need it again, but don't let anyone touch my fishing rod on any account! (*Leans forward to underline—"any."*) You needn't be anxious about me, mother dear—there is no danger in India. It's positively dull, it's so safe. Love to everybody—shall write the girls next mail. Your affectionate son, Alan Hartley. P. S.—I repeat—don't let anyone touch my fishing rod."

(*The ticking of the telegraph is heard to stop suddenly.* SECOND SERVANT *hides pistol in his bosom.* FIRST SERVANT *rises and hides cake in his sash. Both assume position at door L., one immediately behind the other—watching* HARTLEY *intently.* HARTLEY *rises, folds letter, slips it into envelope, and is about to lick it when he becomes aware of the two Indians staring at him. He is taken aback. They drop their eyes—salaam, and exeunt together.*)

HARTLEY (*taking five paces after them and stopping with a startled expression*)—By Gad, I didn't know those men were in the room. I wish these servant fellows would laugh or make a noise, or anything—instead of bowing and gliding about. (*With a slight shudder*) Makes a fellow feel deuced uncanny!

McGREGOR (*entering with papers which he throws on business desk, then comes centre, sits*)—Can't get the Colonel yet. They haven't reached the station—or they have passed it.

HARTLEY (*still looking after the servants*)—I say, McGregor, do you trust those two servants of yours?

McGREGOR (*laughing and coming forward*)—Implicitly. . . . Come, my dear boy, take a seat and have some supper. (*Motions* HARTLEY *to a seat opposite to him at the table.*) I would trust those two men with my life.

HARTLEY—Well, I suppose you know. For myself, I

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don't like them. Fact is, I never liked the looks of any of these vermin—they're so damned slippery.

McGregor—Hartley, may I give you a piece of advice?

Hartley (*taking a large piece of toast. His mouth full*)—Go ahead.

McGregor—You are new to India—you have only joined the regiment three weeks, and you have imagination. . . . My boy, quell it—stifle it—for if you let it grow in this hotbed of rumours and strange noises, it will devour you! I have seen brave men made cowards by it. . . . Sherry?

Hartley—Thanks. (McGregor *pours it out.*) Perhaps you're right, but talking of rumours—do tell me more about this chuppattie cake!

McGregor—Fact is, no one knows much about them. A chuppattie cake is the commonest thing in India. Why, it's the food of the people—it's their bread.

Hartley—These chaps told me it was a signal of mutiny—they told me of a sentence that went with it—do you know it?

McGregor—"Sub lal hogga hi." (*Pronounced "Sub lal hoyarggi."*)

Hartley—And what does that mean, pray?

McGregor (*slowly*)—Everything is to become red!

Hartley (*watching* McGregor, *who goes on calmly eating*)—Do—do you believe in it?

McGregor—Depends, Hartley, where I saw one.

Hartley—What do you mean?

McGregor—If I saw a chuppattie in an out-of-the-way place——

Hartley (*eagerly*)—Yes?

McGregor (*smiling*)—India's a queer place, Hartley. (*Pause.*) I remember when I was with a Sepoy regiment once, the Colonel had us out on a surprise inspection one night, and we found that a corporal had two chuppatties under his pillow. . . . (*Pause.*) We had a narrow escape that night. (*They both rise suddenly to their feet.*)

Hartley—Did you hear that?

McGregor (*listening*)—Yes.

Hartley—Sounded like . . . sounded like a whistle!

McGregor—*Sit down!* (*They both sit down. Enter the* Two Hindustani Servants *with more dishes for dinner.*)

McGregor (*to* First Servant)—Abdul, that lamp is smoking—turn it down. (First Servant *crosses the stage to R. to standing lamp, which he lowers. He listens all the while intently, with his eyes fixed upon his companion, who is immediately behind* Hartley. *As he reaches centre of stage on his return, unnoticed by himself or any of the others, the chuppattie falls from his sash to the floor near* McGregor. *Exeunt* Servants *softly.*)

Hartley (*using a siphon*)—I don't like those two men!

McGregor—Oh, you will get over that, Hartley.

(*Door L. bursts open and* Sergeant McDougal *enters, breathless—he salutes and stands.*)

McGregor (*going on eating*)—Well, McDougal?

McDougal (*breathlessly*)—Please, sir—Mrs. Cameron, Miss Williams and five other ladies, Mr. Palmer and Judge Lawson with some civilian gentlemen, have come into the walls, sir! They seek protection, sir! They're afraid, sir—afraid of a rising, sir!

McGregor—Ah! Is—is Mrs. Clayton with them?

McDougal—N-n-no, Sir! P-p-please, s-sir—what'll I do with them, sir?

McGregor (*thoughtfully*)—Well, I can't very well leave this room. . . .

Hartley (*rising abruptly*)—I'll go!

McGregor—Sit down—I want you here, Hartley! McDougal, put the ladies in the Mess Room, and see that they are properly cared for. Give the gentlemen muskets and put them on the North Side as much as possible. Lieutenant Hartley will take command in a few minutes. McDougal!

McDougal—Yes, sir! (*About to exit.*)

McGregor—And, McDougal——

McDougal—Yes, sir!

McGregor—If Mrs. Clayton comes, show her up here.

McDougal—Yes, sir! (*Salutes and exits.*)

(*They go on eating in silence.* Hartley *tries to hide his excitement and watches* McGregor *excitedly. At last, with a great show of unconcern he drains his cup of coffee, uses a napkin, throws it down, and speaks in an obviously careless manner.*)

Hartley—My sister. . . . You think she will get here safely?

McGregor—I have know this servant of hers for years. Your sister will be here—don't you worry. (*Rises—another pause.* Hartley *tries again to hide his excitement.*)

Hartley (*obviously making conversation*)—I say, McGregor—I am interested about these chuppattie cakes—tell me what does one look like?

McGregor (*going over to business desk.. He gets cigar box from a drawer and returns across stage. He pauses in the centre and looks out into the moonlight.*) Hartley, I don't see that sentry! (*He remains silent a moment, looking out, then comes over to the table and throws the cigar box among the dishes.*) Have a cheroot?

(*Business of* Hartley *choosing one.* McGregor *puts a match into the candle and facing audience holds it in the air, his eyes to the ceiling.*) What's a chuppattie look like? Why, let me see if I can describe it to you. (*Lights cigar thoughtfully—then looks upon the floor, match still burning in his right hand. Sees cake at his feet. Shakes out the lighted match slowly. Puts it carefully in the saucer. Takes a draw at his cigar, all the while examining the cake intently.*) Well, it looks like a griddle cake . . . it's thick—and—er—white. (*Leans down and picks up with his right hand and weighs it.*) Weighs about an ounce—looks deuced indigestible!

(Hartley *at this word is in the act of lighting his cigar under the candle shade.* McGregor *carelessly throws cake on table and it falls with a clatter among the dishes.*) Something like that, Hartley.

Hartley (*sternly, back*)—My God—how did that get here?

McGregor (*looking over the heads of the audience*)—I told you India was a queer place, Hartley. (Hartley *puts his cigar on his plate and watches* McGregor's *face excitedly.*)

McGregor (*slowly*)—The first thing to be done,

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Hartley, is to see if that sentry—Stewart—is there.

HARTLEY (*quickly*)—I'll go and see! (*Turns and runs towards arch.*)

McGREGOR—*Stop!* (HARTLEY *stops abruptly.*) Are you armed?

HARTLEY (*with a rising inflection*)—No! (*Looks about.*)

McGREGOR—You will find one in the left-hand drawer of my desk. (HARTLEY *goes to desk, opens drawer, takes out pistol, comes back centre holding the pistol in front of him. Is seen to collect himself, square his shoulders and march out into the moonlight with military step. Halts without, his back to the audience.*) What do you see?

HARTLEY—All the men seem to be at their posts. I see Mr. Palmer and Judge Lawson—they have given them muskets.

McGREGOR—And Stewart—the sentry? (HARTLEY *disappears R. of archway, then returns at a run. He arrives breathless at* McGREGOR'S *side.*)

HARTLEY (*in a whisper*)—They've cut his throat!

McGREGOR—Hartley! Hartley! (*Draws his cigar sharply from his mouth. Pause.*) Hartley, would you mind going into that room and telegraphing?

HARTLEY (*flying to the door R., breathless with excitement*)—What will I say?

McGREGOR—Get Bandaggaar. . . . If they don't answer get Sir John at Hadraa . . . then the Bulbud Residency. . . . Repeat the one word "massacre" till some one answers you! (*Exit* HARTLEY, *banging the door. Then the sound of the machine repeating the same message over and over again. Drumming begins again.* McGREGOR *stands a moment longer looking over the heads of the audience, then goes quickly to the business desk and begins pulling out with feverish hurry papers and documents which he tears to pieces. His cigar between his teeth. Door L opens with a bang and the* TWO HINDUSTANI SERVANTS *burst into the room, wildly searching for the lost chuppattie cake.* FIRST SERVANT *is seen feeling in his sash.* McGREGOR *turns sharply around.*) What the devil——

(SERVANTS *immediately salaam and make a pretense of going towards the table*)—Oh, yes, we have finished—you may clear away the things.

(*He turns his back to them and goes on tearing up the papers.. As soon as his back is turned,* FIRST SERVANT *signals through door at L., and out troop all the other* SERVANTS. *They tiptoe down stage, all with their eyes on* McGREGOR'S *back. They pass through arch and one by one leap lightly over the parapet and out of sight. When all have gone*—McGREGOR *speaks through his teeth, still tearing up his papers, his back to the empty stage*)—Look here, you men—I didn't like the way you burst into the room just now! (*Pause, he goes on tearing up paper.*) What did you mean by it? (*Pause.*) I said, what did you mean by it? (*He turns sharply.*) Look here, when I ask a question I expect an answer. . . . (*The words die on his lips as he sees the empty stage.*)

(*Stands silent a moment, looking at the untouched supper table. Then takes three deliberate steps backwards, which brings him to R. of arch. He raises his hand and unhooks one of the Indian swords that decorate the wall, and throws it lightly on the desk within easy reach. He then leans comfortably on the side of the archway, looking out into the moonlight, smoking his cigar. A sound of running feet approaching.* McGREGOR'S *hand is seen to move towards the sword on the desk. He continues smoking and looking out.*)

A WOMAN'S VOICE—Captain McGregor! Captain McGregor! (McGREGOR *removes the cigar from his mouth and gives a quick look at the magazine door. Then, breathless and half crying with excitement,* MRS. CLAYTON *enters wildly and leans fainting against wall L. of archway. She covers her eyes with her arm.*)

MRS. CLAYTON (*wildly*)—Captain McGregor . . . your men . . . your men showed me up here . . . the town is rising! Save me! Save me!

McGREGOR (*in a polite voice, carefully putting cigar out in a small ash-tray beside him on the desk*)—Why, how do you do, Mrs. Clayton?

MRS. CLAYTON—No—no—no—the Sepoys—they're rising—where is my brother?—I escaped just in time! . . .

McGREGOR (*wheeling on an easy chair toward her*)—I know, but won't you sit down? . . . Your brother is here . . . in the next room.

MRS. CLAYTON—Can't you hear them? . . . they're coming . . . we'll all be massacred!

McGREGOR—Come, Mrs. Clayton. . . . (*Forces her gently into a chair*)—Sit down. Your nerves are all awry. Calm yourself!

MRS. CLAYTON—Calm myself! . . . Listen! (*They listen a moment to the drumming.*)

McGREGOR (*going over to the table, taking a decanter with which he fills a small glass*)—Why, you know what that is, Mrs. Clayton; it's the Mohurrum business—religious affair—pious riot—quite harmless. Won't you try some of my sherry? (*Offers glass.*)

MRS. CLAYTON (*waving glass aside*)—Captain McGregor, the natives are pouring into the town by thousands! They are collecting at the bazaar! There is danger! I feel it here! (*Puts hand on heart.*)

McGREGOR—Do you think, Mrs. Clayton, that if there was much danger I would be here enjoying a cigar alone?

MRS. CLAYTON—I—I—I—suppose—after all—I—I—I—I have let my nerves get the better of me . . . but, oh, Captain McGregor—just as I was going to bed I began to hear that horrid, queer noise they are making! (*Listens a moment.*) I called Rebottie—you know her—my faithful ayah. Well, she told me that all the servants had fled!

McGREGOR (*laughing*)—You can no more keep a native from a Mohurrum than a small boy from a circus. My servants have left me, too!

MRS. CLAYTON—But this kind of thing never happened to me before! We flew to the stables to saddle our own horses, but they were all gone—they had taken them too. . . . So we ran here on foot—choosing the back street. I could see the town was full of strangers—they are pouring from all quarters! When we came to your gates they sent me up here!

McGREGOR—They did right—but after all this, you must calm yourself. (*Gives her the glass again, which she reluctantly drinks. While she is in the act, he turns his head slowly and looks through the archway.*)

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MRS. CLAYTON (*weakly*)—I'm afraid I've made an awful fool of myself. You'll have to forgive me, Captain McGregor. You know, really, I am not often frightened, but India has always been a land of horror to me. Full of sounds and strange noises—terrible—terrible silences . . . and always those eyes looking at you! One can't help thinking of what these Sepoys will do when they are once let loose! Remember that Oude massacre. . . . Massacre! Massacre! . . . I can't get that word out of my brain.

MCGREGOR (*still listening and not looking up*)—Come—rest a bit. You're worn out!

MRS. CLAYTON (*suddenly, after a pause*)—But I can't stay here—it's late! If you really think, Captain McGregor, that there is no cause for alarm, will you forgive a silly woman and let her return home?

MCGREGOR (*slowly*)—Won't you stay a bit? . . . Your brother is here.

MRS. CLAYTON—I'd like to . . . (*laughing*) but it's growing very late!

MCGREGOR—Then I'll call Stewart and have him take you home. (*Goes toward arch, thinking deeply. Then stopping.*) By the way, won't you in the meantime play me something on my new piano? I had it shifted up here with my other things—I want you to try it for me.

(*Reluctantly, yet to humour him, she pulls off her gloves and goes towards the piano. She pauses to put her gloves upon the table, and sees the chuppattie cake lying among the dishes. She turns quickly with a face full of horror to* MCGREGOR, *who is leaning against the archway and looking out.*)

MRS. CLAYTON (*in an awed and intense voice*)—How did this get here?

MCGREGOR—Eh? . . . Oh . . . the chuppattie. . . . Why, you know, I rather like them. Always have them for supper. . . . I'm quite an Indian in my tastes.

MRS. CLAYTON (*with a short laugh of relief*)—You must think I'm an awful coward—but you know the rumour of these cakes, and that awful sentence, "All is to become red!" (*Stands still, looking down at it with a frightened face.*)

MCGREGOR—Come—you have been badly frightened, and I don't blame you. Do try my piano, and forget for a moment this country which you detest so heartily! (MRS. CLAYTON *goes over to the piano, seats herself and commences playing "The Water Lily," softly and with deep feeling. The drumming goes on.* HARTLEY *is heard repeating the one word incessantly on the telegraph.* MCGREGOR *keeps his position at the side of the archway, looking out.* MRS. CLAYTON *plays for some time in silence.*)

MRS. CLAYTON (*stopping abruptly, and in a queer voice*)—Did you call that man to take me home, Captain McGregor?

MCGREGOR—Yes.

MRS. CLAYTON—I didn't hear you.

MCGREGOR (*coming down stage and leaning over the edge of the piano*)—He will be here in a moment. (*She goes on playing again, looking up at him. His voice changes to one of emotion.*) That was the melody you played at the Maharajah's ball.

MRS. CLAYTON—You remember that?

MCGREGOR—Remember! . . . My life is made up of memories. (*Pause.*) I remember the day when a fresh young English girl arrived on the decks of a great East Indiaman—and how we cheered her pretty face! I remember a military wedding at Calcutta and Mrs. Jack Clayton, the toast of the regiment. And then I remember when I first saw you in mourning. (*Sighs.*)

(*Here a long pause.* MCGREGOR *turns his face slowly and looks through archway.*)

MRS. CLAYTON (*her voice low and full*)—You have been a loyal friend! (*She plays.*)

MCGREGOR (*turning to her with a smile*)—How wonderfully you play! (*A pause.*) What a strange and beautiful thing awakened memory is! One can live again those hours one has thought forever lost. Do you—can you—remember and live over those wonderful days—in the old bungalow by the river—the queer lights and tall shadows—when in the gaiety of your heart you called me Major Dobbin?

MRS. CLAYTON—Because you were so awkward and were always upsetting my tea cups and things—oh, yes—I remember.

MCGREGOR—I thought you called me Major Dobbin because I was so faithful.

MRS. CLAYTON—Perhaps I did. (*She plays on a moment, and then stops and sits looking out into the moonlight in silence,* MCGREGOR *watching her intently the while.*) What a dear fellow you were, Major Dobbin! Ah, a woman never forgets a man's friendship in a time like that—and it seems I can never get the chance—(*turning to him*) to thank you enough!

MCGREGOR—Thank me! . . . Why, I stood by you, as you call it, because I couldn't help myself—because you're the only woman worthy of the name . . . because you took your trouble like a thoroughbred . . . because . . . because you are beautiful . . . because you're straight and tall and your hair is brown . . . because you're true, and clean-hearted . . . because, old friend, I have loved you all my life!

MRS. CLAYTON (*her voice broken*)—Major Dobbin!

MCGREGOR (*coming to her side and kneeling on one knee.*)—Aye—Major Dobbin—as ever was!

MRS. CLAYTON (*putting her hand on his shoulder and looking down into his eyes*)—You know 'way down deep in your heart that you were the first and only one—and now, old friend, tried and trusted—after all these years of silence and pain—here is your reward. (*With a low laugh*) A poor thing, Major, but myself—my honour—my life—my—my—(*tenderly drawing his head with both hands to her bosom and putting her lips to his hair*) . . . my Major Dobbin! (MCGREGOR *raises his head and their lips meet.* MCGREGOR *then stands straight and breathes deep.*)

MCGREGOR—It was worth it—it was worth the waiting for! (*The sound of a chair being violently overturned in room at* R.)

MRS. CLAYTON—What is that? (*Door bursts open and* HARTLEY *bursts in.*)

HARTLEY (*shouting*)—McGregor! McGregor!

MCGREGOR (*going quickly up to him and speaking in a calm, rapid voice*)—Ah, Hartley . . . (*turning*) here is Mrs. Clayton, your sister . . . she sought our protection, thinking that perhaps this Mohurrum was a Sepoy rising, but I have assured her that there is no cause for alarm.

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HARTLEY (*breathlessly*)—It's all right, Sis . . . you needn't be alarmed . . . —I—I—I—if there had been any danger we would have heard of it.

MRS. CLAYTON—You must forgive us poor women our cowardice, Alan—it is only when we realize our helplessness that we are frightened. Sometimes I wish that I were a man—a soldier—a Highlander like yourselves—instead of a woman who has to wait and listen . . . and listen . . . and listen!

HARTLEY (*blatantly*)—It is not all beer and skittles being a man, I can assure you, Sis . . . Why, do you know—just now . . .!

MCGREGOR (*sharply*)—Hartley!

HARTLEY—Eh?

MCGREGOR—Would you kindly take a message for me?

HARTLEY—Pardon me, Sis. (*She inclines her head and goes on playing, her eyes to the keys.* HARTLEY *goes over to* MCGREGOR *and both watch her as they speak.*)

MCGREGOR (*in an undertone.*)—Well, what is it?

HARTLEY (*in an excited whisper.*)—They have cut the wires!

MCGREGOR—Ah—I thought as much!

HARTLEY—Sir John says, don't let them get the powder!

MCGREGOR—He needn't worry.

MRS. CLAYTON (*stopping her playing and looking up*)—Is your man ready, Captain McGregor? (*Politely*) It is growing very late!

MCGREGOR—I am sending your brother to hurry him up. (MRS. CLAYTON *goes on playing.*)

HARTLEY (*to* MCGREGOR.)—Well?

MCGREGOR—You'll take command now at once, as they will be on us in a moment. Hold them off as long as possible. I'll stay here and watch that powder. (*Points to the corner of the carpet.*) I daren't trust anyone in this room except myself. If they once get over the walls. . . .

HARTLEY—We're lost!

MCGREGOR—If they once do, Hartley. . . .

HARTLEY—Yes?

MCGREGOR—Have the bugler sound the charge so that I can hear it. Make him play it loudly, mind you!

HARTLEY—And then——?

MCGREGOR—I shall blow up the magazine!

HARTLEY—By Jove——

MCGREGOR—Quick—say a word to your sister, and go! (HARTLEY *backs down stage, watching* MCGREGOR, *who is looking out into the moonlight—he feels the air behind him for his sister.*)

HARTLEY (*as he reaches her. She continues to play.*)—I say, Sis, I'm going for the man. I won't be back myself—he'll see you safe home. I want to say good—good night!

MRS. CLAYTON (*continuing her music*)—Good night, old fellow!

HARTLEY—Sis?

MRS. CLAYTON (*stopping and looking around*)—Yes, Alan?

HARTLEY—Pardon my asking, but—has McGregor said anything to you?

MRS. CLAYTON (*looking up and smiling*)—Yes.

HARTLEY (*with enthusiasm.*)—I'm glad! (*Bending and kissing her tenderly.*) Good night, old girl!

MRS. CLAYTON—Good night, my brother!

HARTLEY (*goes up to* MCGREGOR *and gives him his hand in silence.*)—I congratulate you. . . . By Jove, you are a brick. . . . (*Lower*) Good-by! (MCGREGOR *gives him his hand in silence and* HARTLEY *exits, drawing his pistol.*

MCGREGOR *remains a moment looking after him, and then comes down stage and leans on the piano and watches* MRS. CLAYTON *as she continues to play softly. A Sepoy's head and shoulders rise up stealthily from behind the balustrade—beyond the arch. First an arm appearing, then a turban, and then a white-trousered leg is thrown over the balustrade.* MCGREGOR *turns quickly and sees the Sepoy, who instantly drops out of sight.* MRS. CLAYTON *has seen nothing and continues playing dreamily.* MCGREGOR *goes at once to the desk and quickly opens a drawer and takes out a black coil of fuse. He comes down centre. He throws back the corner of the carpet, opens the magazine door, gives a quick look through the archway, and lowers one end of the fuse deep into the magazine.*)

MRS. CLAYTON (*not looking up*)—Ah! I'm so happy. . . . Tell me, dear, you like my brother?

MCGREGOR (*backing and uncoiling fuse*)—Rather! (MCGREGOR *leaves end of fuse near centre.*)

MRS. CLAYTON—I suppose India will spoil him like all the rest—but it's like a breath of old England to see his boyish, honest face!

MCGREGOR—Rather. . . . (*He says this as he is in the act of taking one of the silver candlesticks, removes the shade, and places it with the lighted candle near the end of the fuse.*)

MRS. CLAYTON—I remember when I first saw India—how terrified I was—the bronze and blackened faces. . . .

(*She happens to look around. She stops playing and rises slowly.* MCGREGOR *is standing over the lighted candle with his hands rammed in his coat pockets. He is looking out into the moonlight. She looks from him to the open magazine, and back to him again.*)

MRS. CLAYTON—What are you doing?

MCGREGOR (*turning his face towards the audience*)—You will pardon me—I have lied to you. I am afraid, after all, there is danger. (*A pause*—MRS. CLAYTON *remains perfectly still.*) I thought perhaps I'd spare you unnecessary alarm, but I'm afraid I can't—you see, the regiment is not on time. I know you for a thoroughbred—you've the blood of soldiers in your veins. So I can tell you plainly how we stand?

MRS. CLAYTON (*after drawing a quick breath*)—Tell me!

MCGREGOR—That door you see open is the powder magazine. . . . *You* know what it means if these Sepoys capture it—*You* know what it means if I let them capture you. *You* know what it means when they get an Englishwoman in their power! My Highlanders will hold them off as long as possible, and if they fail . . . you see my duty?

MRS. CLAYTON (*after a pause, while she struggles with herself*)—Yes!

MCGREGOR—I thought it would seem a hard thing

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to do, but with you beside me—why, girl, I am going to blow up that magazine. . . . Will you stand by me?

MRS. CLAYTON—With my last breath! (*The sound of musket shooting without, rapid and terrifying.*)

MCGREGOR—Ah, they've begun already! (*They stand listening.*) Tell me if you hear the bugle call! (*The noise without becomes deafening. Savage yells, hoots and firing. The sky through the archway turns scarlet as if the city were afire. Suddenly the standing lamp at R. is shot to pieces by a stray bullet.* MRS. CLAYTON *screams, but still stands beside piano.*) What's that? (*They listen. A sudden lull in the battle and a tiny call is heard gallantly playing in the distance.* MCGREGOR *slowly leans down and takes the lighted candlestick in his hand and looks up at* MRS. CLAYTON. *She goes to him. He then slowly and carefully touches the fuse with the lighted candle. It burns with great display towards the magazine. Together they watch the fuse as it hisses and splutters towards the yawning pit. The noise without becomes deafening. The red light flares more brilliantly—when suddenly the noise stops. Dead silence.*)

MRS. CLAYTON (*dashes for* MCGREGOR'S *side*)—Stop it! Stop it! (*She flies to the fuse and stamps it out.*) Can't you hear it? . . . Listen!

(*Pause. They both listen. Then far away in the distance is heard fife, drum and bagpipes playing, "The Campbells Are Coming, Ye Ho, Ye Ho." It swells louder at each approaching step.*

HARTLEY *enters wildly, his coat torn off his back; he carries his smoking revolver, which he waves madly.*)

HARTLEY (*hoarsely, and with excitement.*)—McGregor—McGregor—it's all right! The Highlanders are here! We're saved—saved!

(*Exits reeling and shouting.*)

(MCGREGOR *puts the candle out by striking the flame with his open palm and catches* MRS. CLAYTON *just as she faints, falling backwards into his arms. He holds her firmly but tenderly.*

Curtain falls on this tableau now lit with red fire smoke and resounding with rousing British cheers, drums and bagpipes.)

[CURTAIN]

Ode to Aphrodite

DEATHLESS APHRODITE, throned in flowers,
Daughter of Zeus, O terrible enchantress,
With this sorrow, with this anguish, break my spirit,
Lady, not longer!

Hear anew the voice! O hear and listen!
Come, as in that island dawn thou camest,
Billowing in thy yoked car to Sappho
Forth from thy father's.

Golden house in pity! . . . I remember:
Fleet and fair thy sparrows drew thee, beating
Fast their wings above the dusky harvests,
Down the pale heavens,

Lighting anon! And thou, O blest and brightest,
Smiling with immortal eyelids, asked me:
"Maiden, what betideth thee? Or wherefore
Callest upon me?

"What is here the longing more than other,
Here in this mad heart? And who the lovely
One beloved thou wouldst lure to loving?
Sappho, who wrongs thee?

"See, if now she flies, she soon must follow;
Yes, if spurning gifts, she soon must offer;
Yes, if loving not, she soon must love thee,
Howso unwilling . . ."

Come again to me! O now! Release me!
End the great pang! And all my heart desireth
Now of fulfillment, fulfill! O Aphrodite,
Fight by my shoulder!

SAPPHO. (WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD)

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The First of Two Parts

By
RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

The Cracking Knee

Richard Washburn Child

At the Wagon-Lits in Pekin, filled by silly tourists gazing at curio-junk and with hands in pockets or with giggles, and by sillier intriguers, seeking concessions from an official ring which constantly changed like a chameleon, or blew its own head off with an exploded conspiracy—*bang!*—we ran face to face with Davy Binns.

He was talking in the gloom of the inner lobby, at one of the little tables to which the fat, sleek, and yellow Number Two boy brings cocktails and tea for very noisy or very confidential conversations. He was talking to a girl who if not pretty was surely the most interesting of the thin stream of women which flowed up, even during the War, from Shanghai or down from Seoul and through the North Gate of the crumbling Great Wall, some with letters of introduction and some quite without. The odd thing about it was that, by coincidence, we came upon him at the moment when he was putting before this American girl the outrageous proposal which came so near resulting in a final thrust of a knife.

Binns—Davy Binns—as some other Britisher in the Hong Kong Club once remarked, is about as fitting a name for this bronzed, blue-eyed, hard-limbed cricket-playing Oxford man as McGinty would be for a newly-bred orchid. The truth is that Davy was not a corruption of David; it was the name of his mother's family, noted for their part in the Cromwell Wars and service under Marlborough, and for the perpetuity of beautiful daughters who in 1918 were quite as tall and lean and lovely as they were when Pitt admired the famous Davy twins. His last name had been honoured most by his father's labours. Under the nebular-theory school of astronomists the latter wrote Binns's *Universe,* and left most of his modest fortune to found the Binns Observatory.

The truth about young Binns was most astonishing. Of all the world the most astonished were his intimates—the men who had seen him pull out a race in the bow of an eight-oared boat on the Thames when the sliding seat had gone from under him and he had finished by sitting where every stroke he took made the steel rail beneath him cut deeper into his legs; the men who knew his cool courage, and who were familiar with his expressions of hatred for Prussia.

Only a few knew the truth. He had friends in the War Office. One of them, particularly, helped with great tact.

Without the War, no one might ever have known, but Binns was just the man one would expect would find his way among the first hundred thousand; without a uniform and never having worn a uniform, he nevertheless looked like an officer. This attraction of spirited appearance may have been a part of the influence which led the American girl—a sort of chaste adventuress, one might say, a journalist traveling to Russia quite fearlessly, an angel trying on behalf of some United States syndicate to get in where even fools fear to tread—to accept Binns's wild proposal

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Why not? This must have been what Dora Smith said to herself. She was all alone. Her youth was hers!

As I say, without the War no one would ever have been the wiser. But it was the War which explained why Davy would never go riding after a fox, and why he rather squirmed when Barbour, back from Ceylon, told of bringing down his big game. Of course, it was a mild form of lunacy. But it was deeply rooted, heaven knows! As we Americans were given to understand, it was all due to some odd religious belief to which half a dozen generations of the Binnses have clung, making no fuss about it, but carrying it on quietly even to a practice. One would as quickly suspect Davy Binns of stealing kisses from other Oxford men's wives as of harbouring any such nonsense, but when the War smoked it out, there stood the fact.

Binns was quite ready to be killed. He would go to the Front for that purpose, and said so.

"But I shall not kill one of the beggars," he said doggedly. "It's wrong to kill. But, I say now, can't you find a job for me where I can run a schooner loaded with rocks up into one of the damned enemy submarine bases and stay with her until they've sunk her in their own channel?"

For one who usually appears as calm and unruffled as Binns, they say his expression was positively pathetic.

"A conscientious objector!" roared Geoffrey Eames. "I'm flunked, Davy. I'm really and awfully flunked. You mustn't tell anyone else—do you hear? It's not decent. We must find something that will let you carry on against the devils in your own way."

They gave him an intelligence-officer job, secret service work—something of that nature. They had him in Russia, and it was he who reported to Downing Street the real truth about Russia, which was that it was not German propaganda which rotted Russia, but Russian propaganda—the eternal deception, suppression of truth, and lies which the bureaucracy told to the people.

"It will be so anywhere," Binns had written. "You love your mother, but if she continually lied to you and blinded you she wouldn't fool you in the end. She'd be lucky if she didn't lose you; and in any case she'd lose your confidence and take your nerve."

THEY DETAILED HIM to India later. And there he was immensely amused when, after he had pointed out the trail of revolutionary conspirators to an allied country, some bright censorship in the latter country cut off all news of these conspirators and their trial, and disclosed to all of India that the secret machinery of fear was in motion. It undid all his good work. He had come to China on a job still bigger—one which concerned one of the rare instances where the Germans find a soil stupid enough to permit lies really to take root long enough to produce results.

"No one knows how many millions of Chinese are Mohammedans," he told Dora Smith.

Dora Smith was the velvety-skinned, soft-eyed, firm-chinned American girl.

"Turkey is the Mohammedan stronghold," he went on. "China declares war, after one of her own internal comic-operas, upon Germany. Turkey is Germany's partner in crime, although the fellows at Gallipoli tell me that a Turk is a whole lot of a gentleman fighter as compared to the bullet-headed Fritz. Well, there's the chance, you see. Germany can preach revolt to all Chinese Mohammedans. We know how that is done. But there isn't much in propaganda alone. Alone it is pretty much like the ostrich with head in the gravel pile—an invitation to a man with a brick, and deceiving mostly the ostrich. There's something else to distribute—graft, grease, squeeze. That's money. And the wherewithal of revolt. That's guns. Money and guns have been coming in."

Dora nodded. Her great calm brown eyes were like those of a child. Her quality of being soft—soft motions, soft voice, soft expressions, soft brown hair, were misleading. Her spirit, so Binns says, was all sinews.

"Up in Hupeh Province, on a branch of the Han River, is an old, charming and villainous celestial who recently has moved into an abandoned country establishment of the former Governor. His name is Chu Loong—a name of saccharine melody for a man of yellow acid corrosiveness, and a yellow parchment skin, and yellow whites of eyes. He is the distributer for the Imperial German Government—blast its eyes and a pardon to you."

"But this you do not *know?*" inquired Miss Smith.

Binns, like other finely-bred Britishers, had a characteristic trick of drawing over himself a blanket of stupidity. When such men understand the world best they often look at it in blank amazement, call it "extraw-dinary" in a peculiar falsetto, and pretend that it is all quite beyond comprehension. Now Davy stared emptily at this American Diana of journalism.

"I said that you were only guessing about Loong—this old retired official," repeated Miss Smith, folding her soft hands. "Of course the thing in your mind, Mr. Binns, is that you wish to make a visit to the old Chinese gentleman and scholar who reads Confucius, and who, no doubt, last year used to come up to Pekin occasionally to see the German ambassador about heaven knows what. You want to find out whether or not Loong is the distributer of money and of weapons slipped up the Han River under loads of rice-bagging."

Davy turned his head and gazed meditatively at the rectangle of blinding light of the Chinese sun prickling down into Legation Street beyond the open doorway. Coolies drawing 'rickshaws; bodies bent forward, moist yellow lower legs twinkling like pale polished bronze as they ran; Manchu ladies with faces painted like those on the ship's register of a Noah's ark, their artificial heads under slick black hair bobbing under the cover of 'rickshaw hoods, perspiring diplomats, a Chinese bank president in a black silk jacket and an aproned skirt, and under a European hat and a European sun-shade—all the 'alf-and-'alf of two oil-and-water civilizations passed that doorway in a strip of horizontal moving-picture. Occasionally the fresh warm air rolling down from the mountain ranges in the northwest, having deposited its load of Gobi Desert dust, brought in the faint and eternally haunting odours of corruption and decay mingled with the spicy aromas of the East; occasionally it brought the raucous, wistful, and infernal ghostly chanting which

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ever seems to come nearer and ever seems to recede toward menacing silence—the murmur, the muttering, and the cries of ancient glories and present vanities, belonging to the restless dead, or the patient, swarm-breeding living.

"Well, I'm beastly troubled about it," he said at last, just as if he had never assumed to know the fact for which he sought confirmation. "I'd go up there to see the old rascal if I thought he wouldn't know my errand. If he believed I was a jolly chump of a tourist he'd be glad to see me and take me in, feed me buried eggs and fried chicken meat and walnuts and hot wine in pewter, all according to Kwantung style, and have a dozen servants sneaking around on soft slippers to attend my wants, and talk to me about the War and the philosophy of Nietzsche (for which he has a perfectly huge contempt), and he'd tell of Berlin, where he studied four years. They say he talks English like a—well, like an American."

Dora Smith raised her tea cup softly to her soft lips. Her eyes continued to look at Binns over the rim of the cup, and there was a look of mischief there.

"Only, if he identified me—who I was and why I had come, it would be most wonderfully awkward, I'd say."

The girl put down her cup.

"There is one business in China of which those of the Mohammedan faith have almost a monopoly," Davy was saying thoughtfully. "The old beggar might turn me over to the faithful who run that business."

"What business?" asked Dora.

"Butcher," Davy replied, grinning boyishly.

The American girl took her white gloves out of the lap of her white silk dress. If Binns in that stir caught a sniff of fragrance, it was the rare fragrance of youth, health, and cleanliness, and not one of the commonplace aromas of imported extract.

"However—I shall go, anyhow," he said, and looked up at her quickly.

Seven days had been the length of their acquaintance, and during most of the time the young Britisher had done all he could, without being impolite, to express his utter disapproval of any nice young woman traveling about the world alone for a "penny-a-line American publisher," and even heading off wilfully to Russia, a land over which there hung murder, arson, robbery, and heaven knew what all, unpleasant for nice girls. The most he had actually said was to express surprise that she had been able to get a passport from "her foreign office." Now it was evident that she wondered whether he was telling her this to see whether she would protest against his submitting himself to an immediate and repulsive danger, and if not that motive—what other?

It was like her to turn her head a little on one side and look up, appealing for an answer to an inarticulate question or an unspoken pleading; her brown eyes had in them an expression not different from a setter who wants you to throw a stick. It may have been that she would have been pleased to discover that Binns's object was to make her exclaim against his taking any hazards. Binns was the sort who might have a tremendous difficulty in making any young woman understand what was in his simple young athletic heart. He had no practice in it; he had never done it in all his life.

"The country is still alive with German agents," she said. "They are just like the things that enliven a cheese."

"They don't know me," Davy answered.

"How do you know?"

"I have one of my own men following me all the time to see whether anyone else is watching me."

"And then you make confidantes of strange girls—traveling shockingly alone."

Binns blushed.

"Oh, I say!" he protested, indulging in one of the inexplicable and sudden chuckles which he unloosed from his deep chest. "It isn't fair. That makes me out an awful duffer. It was your chin."

"My chin!"

"Yes—a what-sort-of-chin?—a reassuring chin, you know. You Americans would say it suggested a person distinctly 'on the level.'"

"But the Chinese——" Dora began.

"They've no particular secret service," said Davy, waving his sun-bronzed hand as if to waft that idea out of their corner.

"No—but there is the strange network of concealed, mysterious, underground channels by which the Chinese know everything! This morning the room-boy asked me why I didn't go to Nankin on my way up. I find he fired revolutionary cannon at the city when Chang Hsuu was besieged there. But how did he know I hadn't been at Nankin?"

Binns shook his head; there were, of course, mysteries about the East.

"If anyone knew—then Loong might know, and then——"

They both waited as if they had interrupted each other. From far away came the sound of a Chinese funeral, passing toward Hetamen Gate in the City Wall, with its clanging and squeaking and the Taoist priests and huge distorted paper figure in high colours. They both half closed their eyes as if better to see the picture of it conjured by their memory of other parades of the dead yesterdays, and both at first smiled indulgently and then looked a little frightened as if suddenly remembering that they were young compared to the customs of a doddering civilization older than the stones in the Altar of Heaven. There might be things not yet learned and not yet dreamed.

When Miss Smith looked down she saw a stealthy hand—a thin-fingered, tapering hand, slide slowly, like the head of a yellow snake in a parchment skin, across the table top toward her cup. At the wrist the cuff of the blue cotton waiter's gown started her gaze up the sleeve over the shoulder to the round and beaming face of the Chinese in which a pair of eyes glistened.

"Mississy wantchee tea more better hot?"

Dora did not start. She appeared to be making an attempt to look behind the glisten of the narrow eyes in that face. One might as well have tried to read the expression in two glass marbles in a toy-store tray. She wondered how this man succeeded in coming from nowhere, as if reincarnated beside the little table.

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She had spoken indiscreetly, in a voice much too loud. One need only have looked at her expression to see that her conscience afflicted her.

"I think you'd better not go," she said to Binns as the servant disappeared. "You would not deceive Loong. Tourists do not travel up the Han alone in motor-driven houseboats."

"Except on——"

"Honeymoons," she said.

Binns startled her by drawling: "That was exactly the camouflage I had longed for!—a bit wistfully, you know. It makes one seem awfully like a tourist, I'd say—to be on a honeymoon."

Dora Smith rose suddenly from the table.

"Oh, I say!" Binns exclaimed in protest and confusion.

"I thought we'd become a trifle trivial," the American girl commented reproachfully.

"I hadn't," he replied. "Not at all. It was just a fancy of mine. I thought if I had a young woman—preferably one of those models they put out in a draper's window, eh?—just the lay figure of a young woman—so I could create the picture of tourists. But hang it!—there's nothing short of a proposal and an engagement and a marriage and all that sort of thing. And I really couldn't quite pay that price, even to carry on, now could I? Unless, of course—if I——"

Miss Smith said: "You might."

"You mean I might take some one up the river—say, my sister, if she were only here instead of rolling bandages with St. John's Corps—to produce the effect, we'll say—to hoodwink the old celestial, eh?"

"I suppose it would have to be your sister—or your wife," Dora said calmly. "No doubt there might be a woman who would go with you and even marry you—not because she loved you, of course, but because it was real adventure and because——she loved to do all she could to 'carry on,' as you call it."

"Oh, not because there was any love in it," Davy emphasized. "That would be understood. No love. Maybe a bit of friendship—but no love. That goes without saying."

Dora was meditative. At last she said, "You have told me it would be against your principles. And that's the best of the best of you Englishmen. You *do* have principles. Of course, that is the stuff that wins wars. Only now, in your small way, you're setting up a principle which in its small way interferes, perhaps—who can say?—with the winning of the war. If I were a man I would marry if I had to take a wife as a disguise—I'd marry just to look and act like a tourist on a honeymoon."

"You would!" exclaimed Binns. "Well, that's most convincing."

"It might be awkward after the work was done——"

"Rather!"

He stared at her, blushing, and then added: "I suppose the two persons concerned would have to make the best of it. But it would be not so bad, you know—so different from the quiet, cozy, musty old way one would do it at home. There'd undoubtedly be an agreement that——"

"That there would be no love before marriage—and then the two persons would have to find it—if it were there—afterward."

"Quite so."

Dora laughed a little nervously, and she said: "A girl would have to put up a great deal of faith in a man, wouldn't she? Of course, if he began to make love to her—to his wife—before the mission was over, why, then she might feel that he was doing it as a kind of obligation—or opportunity."

"He'd be a cad to make love to—his wife—of course. A gentleman could do nothing worse than take such an advantage, as one might say."

"Under the conditions then, I think that I——" Dora began.

He said quickly: "I can't let you do it. It's a bit of a hazard. I would take it for myself, but if it is to be any risk to a girl I'd rather she were some one else."

"But I would not want any other girl to do it. . . . Well, the point is that *I* want to go. It is my duty, too. You could not find anyone with better nerves—anywhere. I'm glad you spoke to me about this. I want to fit in somewhere. This is just the place. I don't mind the risks. I am not sorry we had the foolish little talk about marriage—it was absurd. But it served to break up the one nonsense you keep in your bag of principles—that one about a woman being always dependent upon man for the exercise of her free will. I can throw myself away if I want to. That's *my* right."

Binns looked at her with a gaze of Oxford severity. To this day, when alone, she recalls the results of that conversation, she no doubt wonders whether he was an Englishman merely trying to simulate stupidity and stubbornness, or really a man who eternally clings to his principles and is quite willing to be a fool for them or to die for them.

His voice was not at all positive; it was because it was so quiet and almost blithe that his determination appeared a hopelessly impregnable wall against which her petty wrath might beat itself in vain.

"It wouldn't be the proper thing at all," he said stiffly. "I couldn't allow it. There's nothing more to be said. I consider it would be quite outrageous of me to take any girl along who was not my sister or my—— What I mean to say is, if you would consent to marry me——"

"Well, I'll marry you, you silly fool!" exploded Dora Smith, whose brown eyes were filling with some emotion. "Where do we go from here?"

Binns appeared to be completely willing to live up to every word of that agreement.

There were six days during which a motor-boat, painted green, puffed, gurgled, and chocked up the lazy breadths and the narrow rapids of the broad Han.

The fore part of this craft carried a cabin with two porthole eyes at the front, which gave her the appearance of the head of a swimming dog. Indeed, when the *Bobbin*, as she was called, had been in the service of the water clerk of Laird and Brackens, ship chandlers of Shanghai, she had been known to masters who dropped anchor on the tan-coloured shallows of the Yangtse as the *Sea Puppy*. Now the cabin and its two

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eyes were devoted to sheltering Dora Smith Binns and giving her sufficient light so that, when she did not put her soft brown hair in a luxurious braid, she could, in privacy, make a very respectable knot of it on top of her well-poised head.

Under Davy's direction, the present consumptive Chinese owner of the *Bobbin,* whose home was in the native city of Hankow, and his coolie helper and the yellow cook had put up a low canvas shelter on the roof of Dora's cabin, which bothered everybody when there was any breeze, by bellying out and in, with a noise like the flapping of a mainsail of a schooner standing up in the wind.

In a country where the network of waterways, turgid rivers and slimy canals are more dangerous than the dry and dusty roads, Binns was content to sleep outside where the noise of approaching sampans would awaken him. He managed his nights fairly well under this canvas; in the mornings the cook thrust in a basin of boiled water so that Davy, who had the faculty of appearing always as if he had just clambered out of a cold bath, could shave himself, stretched out on his stomach like a shepherd making ready to play on his pipes. He was always waiting for his lady in the cockpit, where, served on a plank bridging the fuel oil engine from rail to rail, were the breakfasts of rice, eggs, marmalade, and tea.

Day after day of the six fleeting days of this strange honeymoon passed with the two sitting for hours on end at the bow of the launch, lighting the fires of new conversations, complacently regarding the glow of a subject before it became ashes, and then finding with apparent zeal and readiness adequate fuel for a new intellectual warmth.

The muddy river, in long monotonous stretches, flowed between low banks, bringing down on its slow brown tide the odours of a land too much lived upon by countless swarms of men. This was the China of the millions who are born and then live and die in their blue cotton with their half-crafty, half-stupid faces, none valued much since there are always more. Sometimes, during the latter days, the mountains or hills, denuded, bare, like piles of ground coffee, came down to the shores of the river, and the ascending motor-boat plowed into the shadows of a gorge where shouts echoed back from faces of the rock; and in the fastnesses of these jagged shores a walled Buddhist monastery, tiny and far away, would show white, like a paper left by picnickers in one of the green groves of gnarled trees, or waterfalls would dangle their frothy plunges like white unraveled threads.

"The sun always sets like a silver plate in a gray sky that's always too low and near," said Dora in her soft voice.

"It is the eternal dust in the air of China," Binns mused. "China is mostly a bed of infinite particles of dust fertilized by burials of infinite particles of human beings. Personally, I never have seen any beauty rise out of the combination, except the deadly mists rising from the moats around walled cities, or the rape plants in flower, spreading their carpets of yellow —joyous yellow, one might say, against the drab background."

HE PUT DOWN a book and gazed out at the little sampans, steered by trousered women or half-naked men, crouching monkey-like on top of their high loads of grass and husk-covered bales, and at the high-sterned, yellow-boarded junks. These river-craft, sometimes aiding the current with a square, cock-eared sail, dilapidated, patched, full of holes and dirty, swam around the bends in flocks like ducks, or singly like lonely water-fowl. The voices of men and women calling to each other came over the quiet waters in a raucous chorus as a great quacking of drakes.

Binns saw that Dora, too, may have felt something of the depression of the darkening river, of the squalor of the clustered brick and grass-thatched settlements within their compound walls scattered along the mud-caked shore, of the half-evil, half-sad eyes of a boatman who passed a stone's throw from them, staring at them with patient failure to understand. When she could not see, he looked at her with a troubled inquiring gaze as if he were unable to bridge some wide yawning space between them.

Perhaps he had hoped that his promise —which now appeared to be a solemn obligation—would bring him no uneasiness. Perhaps he had hoped that Dora would turn toward him some time with a sudden outburst of spontaneous emotion.

Once—just once—when they had been sitting in the pitch dark, after every light along the shore and on the river had gone, and a dank, spicy breeze had blown across the waters, and the coolie in the cockpit had suddenly ceased singing in falsetto a gibberish chant which might have been the story of his soul, reborn over and over in yellow, restless skin through placid ages, Dora found Davy's hand and put hers, warm and soft, into it.

He had not concealed the fact that he was overjoyed. It was not because he was fool enough to trust the leap of desire which made him wish to throw his arms about her for the first time; he would keep his word to her—the promise he had made. The joy to which he felt himself entitled was that of demonstrative human warmth of spirit—a joy of unrestraint to which his soul, habitually trained to rigid restraint and walled-in loneliness, was unaccustomed.

Afterward he had tried to decide whether he had been in error in his interpretation of her warm hand clasped for a moment and then gone. Was she asking him to break their pact? He did not know. He did not know clearly anything about her. He could not remember when it was that he had felt that whatever she might be he must not lose her—that at any cost, she must not go away from Pekin and from him, off around the world like one atom which touches another and in the whirl passes on and is gone forever. He could not understand why he had acted in a way so contrary to his traditions. He remembered vaguely that he had not intended to propose that she take this extraordinary venture with him. Yet he had done so as if in spite of himself, and when she had accepted, as if it were exactly the way the thing was always done in her own land, he had not been surprised.

Something had told him that it would be so, just as if he had consulted a book which was the final authority on the subject and had seen it all plainly set forth with indisputable testimony on a printed page.

He had never felt a more profound gratitude. Whatever conventions had been built around him by the thick cold stone walls of his training and something in his personality, they had toppled over without any regret from him. He had gained something wonderful. He did not regard her as his at all. But, good or bad, he had not lost her. And for that he would have been willing to do again exactly the thing he had done, casting aside as easily his instincts against all that in human relationship is extraordinary.

It was nothing to him that he could hear in his imaginative ears the voice of his mother saying, "My dear Davy, I cannot see that you know anything of this young person but the fact that she was willing to do something quite mad and adventurous—something which isn't done, I may say."

He would have said in answer, "Exactly! Can't we all love her for that, if for nothing else?" He knew that his mother would never understand. He was like one who, tired of his herd, had become a rogue elephant, and there was something glorious in the sense of freedom and in plunging into the luxurious tropical jungle of Things Not Done. No rational thinking and no shrewdness could impair that joy.

THE BOATMAN was singing of eternity again—a rambling, wistful tune punctuated by squeaks and low wails as if occasionally the faces of devils were poking out of the dark and the mists, to remind China that the days of devils are not over. Davy Binns continued to smile, however. He had no presentiments. Once Dora had put her soft warm hand in his; she might do it again at some moment when the narrow glassy eyes of the Chinese were not upon her.

"Tomorrow——" he began.

"Tomorrow?" asked Dora.

"At daybreak——" he went on. "Tomorrow at about daybreak we ought to come to the sugar-loaf shelf of land upon

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which the old mandarin a century ago built the heavy walled house used by Chu Loong ever since his flight after the death of the Empress Dowager. They tell me it is an isolated old compound built on the flat top of the ledge, in a grove of maidenhair trees. It is a place admirable for defense against attacks by river pirates. A flight of stone steps leading from a landing, where a tea-house is now rotting away, goes up the face of the rock until one gets a magnificent view of the gorges up the river, but the last climb is by a ladder, as I could see from certain photographs which were taken last year by a Japanese officer."

Dora was thoughtful; she rested her rounded chin in the upturned palm of one hand. She said: "Davy."

"What is it, Dora?"

"How can Loong carry on his conspiracy so far away from the cities?"

He answered that the old Chinese was profiting by the experience of other Chinese who had served the Germans in Canton, Shanghai, the posts on the Yang-tse River and at Pekin and Tientsin. These others had all made the mistake of choosing large centres, and their work had been uncovered. "Loong has gone where rifles may come to his landing under innocent loads of baled silks and supplies," he said. "Prussian and Turkish emissaries may slip out of the endless stream of river traffic and up the dripping steps for conference or to bring new advances of money. You see, it's a place which is on the river on the one hand, and the trail up through the hills leads on the other to great areas of China. It's there in the interior where Loong and his hired Chinese agents may work their Mohammedan discontent.

"Do you know, I like to have you ask me," he added. "And I like to tell you. I never thought I would feel so about any woman. There are my sisters, for instance—fine girls—but rather at their best coming out of the garden with baskets of dewy flowers."

His wife smiled patiently.

"Davy, is there danger—real danger to us?" she asked him solemnly the next day.

She had pointed toward the patch of still, dark, Stygian water where the flat-topped rock projecting out into the Han formed an obstacle to the river's flow. The surface of this dark vast pool reflected the browns and grays of the rock itself; it reflected the green of the grove of trees at the top, bright in the sunlight and the staring white patches of Loong's compound wall.

He turned away from a contemplation of this scene, this goal of their journey, and looked straight into her brown eyes.

"No. I think not," he said. "I suppose there is just enough—for me—to make it unfair to bring you——"

"Hush!" she interrupted softly.

She stared again, however, at the dripping cliff glistening in the merciless light of the noonday sun, and he was troubled because little flickers of anxiety came and went in a face which below the bridge of the nose was strong, firm and courageous, but in which the eyes and forehead expressed so keen a sensibility to every little breeze of the emotions.

"You have a dread?" he asked later.

"No," she said firmly.

He still wondered. He felt the presence of some foreboding in her, the infection from her of some instinctive sense of evil.

He stood up.

"What was that?" she asked, startled.

"What?"

"I heard a sound like—well, just as if some one had snapped a stick of kindling into two pieces."

Davy hesitated; he smiled, but his face had reddened.

"It was my knee," he said with some embarrassment. "Really it was my knee. Hit by a cricket ball when I was a youngster. Move it a certain way and it cracks—just as it did then. Something in the joint. Doesn't give any pain, you know. Just cracks—most unaccountably—usually at a dinner party."

Dora looked inquiringly into his serious eyes; then she laughed merrily, and the laugh went over the water and came echoing back without its original freshness, as if old Loong were somewhere hidden there among the crags and were mocking her with an imitative cackle. It was as if some spirit of an ancient civilization were deriding these two newly-developed representatives of civilization, quite modern, unmatured and innocent.

THE CONSUMPTIVE OWNER of the *Bobbin,* who was chief engineer and pilot also, was no better pleased than Dora with the menace of that shadow of Loong's rock and the compound built upon its top.

"What's the matter, Wu?" asked Binns, who had seen the yellow, dried-apple-face of the other scowling up.

"I no like," replied Wu.

"No like—what?"

"Ha-ha. I think more better no live topside rock."

"You'll think better of it when you go ashore and see the view from there."

"I no go," said Wu decidedly. "I stay by boat."

"Me," added the boatman, watching the anchor rope tighten as their craft swung back over the shallows. The cook, with bare brown shoulders, was squatting at the stern scraping refuse from the luncheon plates; he grunted.

"They're afraid of devils," said Davy. "Just as soon as the existent devils are shopworn the Taoist priests invent new ones and sell a new set of charms against them."

Dora saw the three Chinese turn with one motion toward her husband's back and stare at it with the same noncommittal expressionless stare. He was quite oblivious to any implication to be drawn from their behaviour. Indeed, he was unwontedly gay; he sang, he danced about the cockpit; he raised his strong baritone voice louder and louder in a rollicking English hunting song.

"We must make Loong aware of our presence," he exclaimed. "We must be vulgar, noisy tourists—a noisy couple on a honeymoon—an attractive contrast to the bally whispering villains who are his occasional visitors. They say the old man, who is falling to pieces, loves the breath of youth—the excitement of banquets given to strangers from America, and all that sort of thing—the breath of youth."

Dora turned up the corners of her lips. She said, "I hope you will not tell him that you are an American, Davy. It really wouldn't be convincing."

Binns clasped his strong fingers over one knee and Dora looked at the tanned backs of his hands.

"You have nice hands, haven't you?" she inquired.

He looked at her, vexed, jumped up and paced across the cockpit.

"By jove!" he exclaimed, turning back suddenly.

"What?" Dora's startled glance followed his.

"The old rascal is coming himself to look us over."

Down the steps cut in the cliff descended a tall lean figure clad in a long robe of dark brown. Two coolies in blue cotton followed this figure until it disappeared behind the ruins of the tea house at the landing. A flock of some strange water birds which had been feeding there were frightened, as if Loong's figure cast the shadow of a hawk, and, rising, flew off across the river uttering peevish cries. The two coolies had jumped into a sampan and pushed it out into the black shaded waters upon which its motion drew an oily wake as it was propelled forward. Loong, straight as the stump of a mast, with his forearms thrust into the voluminous sleeves of the long brown silk coat, stood at the bow, and his figure was reflected in wriggling, grotesque imagery in the mirror of the pool.

"Somehow he reminds me of a spider," said Dora softly. "He is like a spider who hears the buzzing of flies caught in his web and comes out of his hole."

"Instead of that he is nothing but a scholarly old rascal, educated in Berlin and London," said Davy. "A vain old celestial, an imperialist, soured with the Republic of China, proud of his ability to speak English fluently, very lonely here, no doubt, eager to be hospitable, and about to take a viper into his bosom. The viper is me."

He was thoughtful.

"Do you know, that's the curse of a commission like mine. It isn't quite decent to hoodwink a host, now is it? Even in war? Even the enemy? Even a yellow-skinned old mummy of an oriental?"

"I would save my regrets for the end,"

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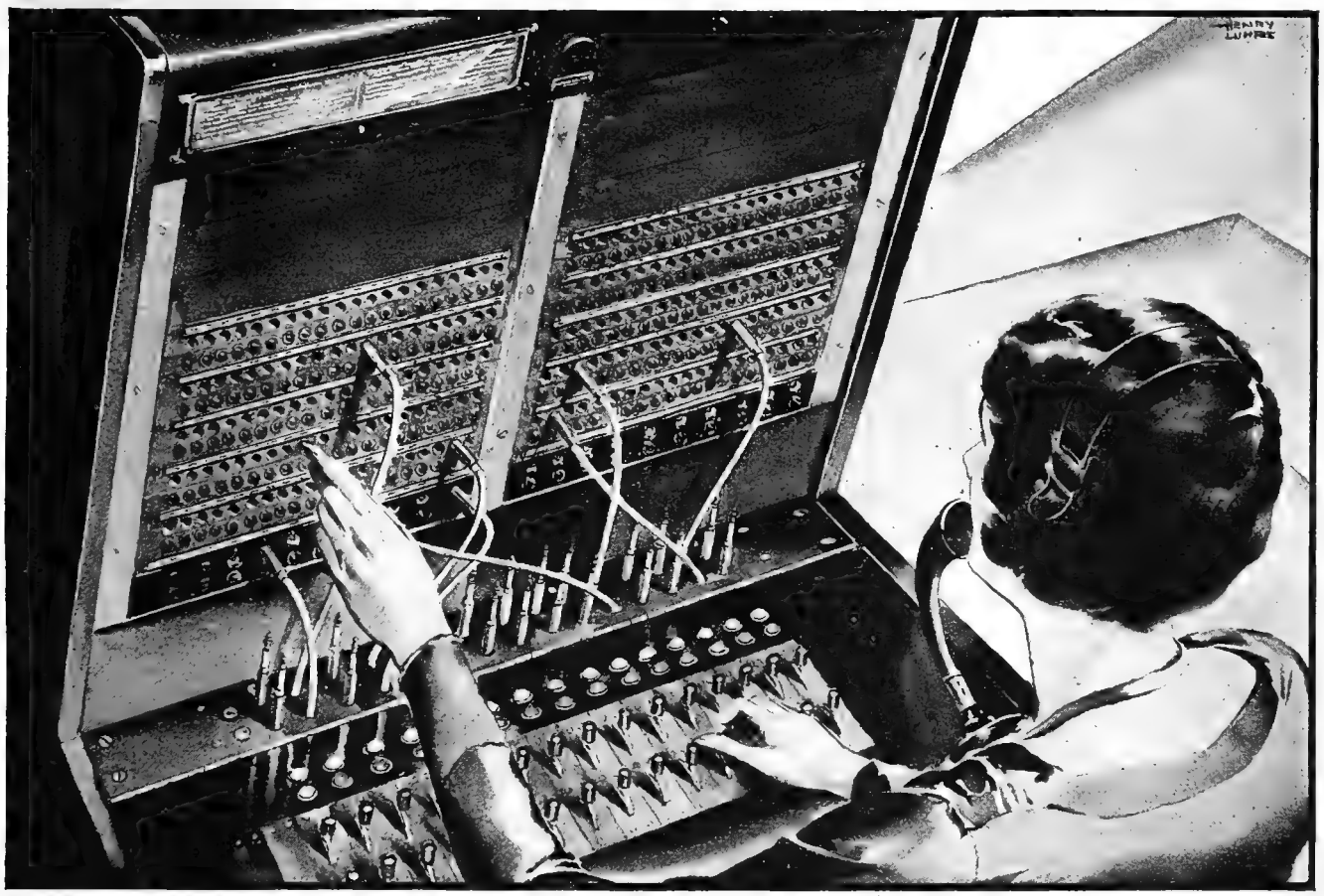

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BUSINESS, using the telephone, eliminates space and time. The far-flung parts of an organization with its dealers and customers are brought together by instant speech. The home, like the office, reaches out over an ever-widening circle of neighbors.

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said Dora. "And I would not talk quite so freely when one's voice carries so far over the water."

Loong beamed upon them as the sampan approached, bowed his long angular body forward over his locked forearms and bathed the strangers in a light of benevolence which shone upon a countenance which had wrinkled by age into the appearance of shrunken parchment stretched tight only upon a bald head edged by a fringe of ashen hair, but containing, inscribed upon it, the record of philosophical meditation, infinite experience of self-restraint and perhaps something of a crafty design of life.

"I greet you," he said. "I am Chu Chien Loong, owner of this retreat you have seen on top of this ancient rock."

FROM DAVY'S EYES he looked into Dora's and back again without as much as a glance at any one of his three countrymen who were in the *Bobbin*.

"I am Davy. Call me George Davy," said Binns. "My—wife and I are seeing——"

"An ancient land," said the old man, bowing again.

"We have ascended the river as far as we wish to go," the young Englishman said.

"Fate, as you call it, has made my abode your journey's end—a turning point," said Loong. "I came to ask the honour of receiving from you a visit to my rock. You will find there within my compound walls strange old reminders of years gone, some porcelains which I have been able to collect—very old pieces of celadon, some strange trees planted by a mandarin who had lived at the court of the last Ming Emperor, and an excellent example of household architecture on the classic Chinese style. If you will be good enough to indulge an old man you will have an evening meal when the moon rises."

"It must be as my wife determines," said Davy, bowing toward her.

Dora looked into the noncommittal inscrutable eyes of the old Chinese. She caught her breath and said hastily, as if to deliberate would yield nothing but indecision: "It would be a great pleasure."

Loong's tongue thrust out its pointed tip and this tip went once around his thin dry lips upon which there had been an ashen gray as if these lips were dusted over with an astringent powder. This movement of his tongue may have been an evidence of his satisfaction.

"And when——?" he began. "My sampan is at your service."

"Now," said Davy, rather too eagerly. "If we may. The mists rise early here." He pointed toward the milky film hanging above the water all along the base of the dark rocks. "It might be pleasant to go higher before they settle."

"Always toward evening the mists rise," said Loong. "The rivermen call this the Pool of the Death, for it is related that a Tartar invader brought his band to the base of this cliff in historic times to assault a monastery then built upon the rock. The cellars of this monastery were used by the tea merchant from whom I bought my abode. The Tartar, a young man, glowing with health, not mindful of death—just as young and healthy as you, sir—was leading his men up the rock when suddenly the entire face of the cliff sliced off and tons of stone and many dozens of men were plunged into this deep and quiet pool of the Han. I think you will be glad to see the tea cellars of which I have spoken. You will be surprised that there is no dampness in them.

"It being the year 1918, I should have an inclined railway run by the most modern machinery," added Loong, when the three had alighted from the sampan.

They were standing on the landing under the shade of the old tea house, of which the porcelain tiles, yellow and green, had tumbled down through the débris of rotting wood, and were looking up the slippery steps carved into the wall of the sloping cliff. "To an American lady perhaps the climb is not too great; to a Chinese lady with bound feet it would be quite impossible. The Chinese lady would have to be carried in a chair swung upon a pole and borne by coolies."

Dora no doubt felt an impatience with the solicitude of Loong.

"I am glad to walk," she said.

The Chinese rubbed his taper-fingered hands together with a rotary motion which produced a dry sound like that of two pieces of fine sandpaper, and with a measured and easy motion of his white, linen-encased legs began the ascent.

From the top the prospect was indeed of beautiful magnitude. The river below wound around the jutting rock and trailed off southward among the bare brown hills, foaming over hidden shoals. The *Bobbin*, swinging in the waters at the edge of the black pool below, appeared as a chip of wood. The wings of a hawk, swinging in wide circles, caught the rays of the setting sun and were transformed into wings of burnished brass. A single little junk was passing out of sight around a turn of the river. The faint breeze brought back the sound of the sculling oar, clacking rhythmically between the wooden tholes and the boatman's wailful song of the East.

When they turned away from this view and had stepped through the round gateway of the thick compound wall upon the immense stone flags leading toward the heavy wooden, carved doorway of the residence, a sense of the weight of unpleasant memories lingering within this enclosure, came upon them. The grass that tried to grow upon the soil of that open space, the sickly trees in bulging tubs, the one ancient trunk in the centre snapped off in some mighty wind but still trying to thrust out its leaves, like an old and broken countess decorating herself with garlands, the water jars sitting along the house wall as if they were the original containers of the Forty Thieves, and the odours of damp stones and of a pile of wooden packing cases freshly opened and smelling of new wood, all came into the senses to create an indescribable emotion of repulsion. From inside the house with its open windows came the endless little clatter of pictures and inscriptions on unrolled scrolls hanging on the bare walls and rattling in the wind.

"I rather think—that sometimes—ages ago, I have been here before," said Dora softly.

Davy, startled, looked down at her. Her long lashes were spread out upon the soft smooth surfaces beneath her eyes; the lids were closed as if she were trying, behind these curtains, to recall something of a forgotten past of her spirit.

"All of us have such moments—in the East," he said. "Oh, quite so! Not only in China. I once felt that way about a Llama temple in Thibet."

Loong stopped them at the entrance of his house and pointed at a great drum—a barrel of wood with an oily skin decorated by dragons and stretched taut over each end.

"This has been here for many years," he explained. "When pirates or brigands from the mountains came down the river and their boats were sighted, then this drum was beaten to sound an alarm."

With a leather covered knobbed stick, shining from the grip of many a greasy hand, he struck the end a blow. The drum thundered out a mighty vibration which rolled away and came echoing back, rising and falling like the noise of a giant cannon ball bounding across soft valleys and thumping the rocks of the hilltops.

THE CHINESE HOST gave vent to a shrill burst of laughter in the key one associates with an old and toothless crone. With his laugh the century-old benevolence of his face rearranged itself into the leer of a high-cheeked fiend and, with the last cackle, settled itself back again into the expression of a philosopher whose calm no emotion, no pain, no violence could disturb.

"In this way there was announced the coming of an enemy," he said. He had closed his eyes and had tucked his long-fingered slim hands up the loose sleeves of his coat.

"And now," said he, "if you will forgive my absence, I will suggest for you a stroll out through the garden. Please look here and look there at your will. My humble little plateau is yours, and you will do me the honour to accept all that I have. Until dinner, then—until dinner."

He bowed low. When he had pushed in through one of the heavy doors and had closed it softly after him, it appeared that the last soul within many miles had vanished. The coolies had disappeared as if they were soft-footed creatures who had no reality; Loong had disappeared like a figure of a dream.

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"Davy, isn't this rather odd hospitality?" asked Dora.

"I do not think so," replied Binns. "These old Chinese are most inexplicable fellows. On the whole there is some skill in a hospitality so discriminating."

He had it on his tongue's end to say, "I would be quite content to be alone with you for good and all," but he shut his lips tight with an expression of obstinacy, and for a moment the two stood in the gathering dark, both listening, as if to catch any sound of human life, and both hearing nothing but the faint rustling of the grove beyond the compound wall and the listless chirping of insects.

There was something startling in the suddenness with which the dusk rose up from the lower levels. In less than an hour it was no longer possible to see the gnats and river flies which had hung in the air above their heads in noiseless swarms.

"The world is quite empty now—except for you," said Davy.

"I do not feel so," she said. "I feel—I feel as if a hundred pairs of human eyes were upon us. He laughed.

"It is always so in China. You are not afraid?"

"I am not afraid," she answered. "But I think there is the odour of hate and violence in the air—hanging in this ominous silence and breathless night just like the perfume of some gorgeous, tropical flower which one drinks in, only to learn that it is a deadly poison."

Binns did not laugh now. A light had sprung up in the yamen windows, and it threw its yellow rays up into the branches of the umbrella trees of the garden. Black bats came into these rays out of the night as if shot up from the black unfathomable river depths below the cliffs or diving downward from the black and starless and unfathomable bowl of the sky. The light struck a pathway across the stone flags of the garden walks between two ancient grinning stone dogs, and down this pathway came a coolie, his yellow skin reflecting a radiance like oiled brass. He wore a greasy smile and beckoned toward his master's dwelling.

They could see as they entered and passed around the carved and painted screen a tablet of bronze inscribed with Chinese characters, which was fixed upon the wall facing the doorway. Below it a shrine table bore three altar vessels fashioned of *cloisonné*, with handles provided by six squirming dragons.

Binns, directed by the coolie, whose face was like a grinning mask of brass with eyes as expressionless as lacquer beads, stood back from a second doorway to allow Dora to precede him into a smaller room in which a teakwood table bore the first courses of Chinese hospitality. The moment they had entered, the sliding door behind them was closed. As its weight slid over the sill it gave forth a shriek ending with the dull thud of its weight meeting the obstructing jamb.

(*To be concluded*)

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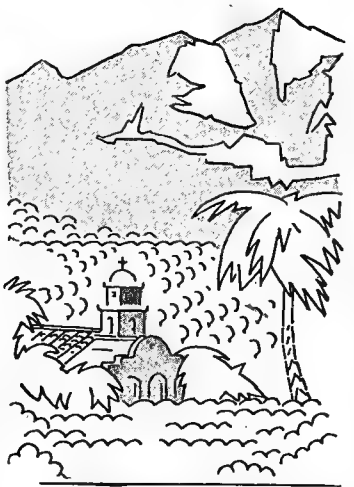

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Market Growths and Outgrowths

THE RAPID GROWTH of the investment trust movement, and the more recent organization of $50,000,000 or $100,000,000 trusts, one after the other, have aroused discussion as to where the movement will end. Many of the trusts have taken advantage of the liberal laws of certain states as they pertain to organization, and of the favourable bull market, to accumulate enormous profits. Some observers are skeptical as to the possible effects of a bear market, while others look into the future and find new financing chiefly through the trusts.

The Standard Statistics Company a short time ago pointed out in a survey of the field that the bull market has given investment trust shares a speculative appeal not originally conceived. "In a fixed trust, an individual underlying stock must be retained even after a sharp advance; in a bull market, however, not all stocks advance together, and of course freedom of action on the part of trust managers enables the acceptance of profits in one issue and the transfer of these funds into other issues of better immediate promise. Thus, gradually, there has been a transformation to a type of organization which is nothing more than a discretionary trading account, the stockholder of which transfers to the management complete responsibility."

The survey, continuing, pointed out that through this process of development American investment trusts have evolved into a type of financial organization different from the original British models. The original principle was one of safety of capital. It assured satisfactory income, with the securities market profits providing mainly an added background for new investment funds. For the present, at least, this has been "relegated to an unimportant place, and the effort to share in stock market profits has become paramount."

The survey added the comment that "this tendency, however, is not to be condemned entirely without reservation. After all, it is the desire of investment trusts to earn as large an income as is possible and consistent with a reasonable amount of safety. Therefore, that investment trust managements have been on the alert and have taken advantage of an unprecedented bull market in common stocks is not to be indiscriminately censured."

Last year a drive was launched in New York State to obtain legislation which would place investment trusts under the supervision of the State Banking Department, but newspaper dispatches recently quoted the Assistant Attorney General of New York as stating that the proposed legislation had no official sponsor in the present State Attorney General's office. California also has abandoned a similar movement for special regulation. It was pointed out in New York that it is easy to investigate investment trusts, because the assets of these corporations may be seen more easily than those of other types of business.

Perhaps a second reason for this attitude is the tendency of investment trusts themselves to publish complete statements of their holdings and income. Another is the action of the New York Stock Exchange in admitting investment trusts to listing, on condition that 90 per cent. of their portfolios be announced periodically.

There is a difference of opinion, however, as regards the publication of these lists. One view is that the selections are a valuable asset, resulting from expensive research and expert management, and that the publication of the lists would disclose valuable information to rival trusts.

While the publication of these lists is a protective measure for investors, the expert management and the character and integrity of the men supervising the holdings are really the prime considerations for the prospective investor. As pointed out by Assistant Attorney General Watson Washburn in New York, "the public generally realizes that it should not turn its money over to an investment trust unless it is sponsored by men of recognized character and ability. The danger to investors, of course, is that if an investment trust should ever fall into the hands of dishonest managers, it could be looted more quickly than some other types of corporations. The situation, however, is adequately covered by existing laws."

Investment trusts during the first seven months of this year have taken more than 15 per cent. of the funds raised through new financing, a percentage which adds further proof of their increasing importance in the markets. Some observers are wondering if the merger movement will reach to this group as well, when the annual statements reveal the results of management, satisfactory or otherwise.

Odd-lot Buying

AN INTERESTING sidelight on stock market activities is the increase in odd-lot buying of stocks. Small buyers are more numerous than ever before, and their purchases have increased in importance from the market standpoint. It is estimated that the odd-lot business has practically doubled in the last five years.

Factors in this growth, according to the New York *Times*, are the development of wire systems of the New York Stock Exchange and Curb firms, the wide increase in investment opportunities, the fact that the general public has become so greatly interested in the stock market in the last few years, and our general prosperity. The *Times* also quoted the head of one of the large houses as estimating that "probably 25 per cent. of the entire business is strictly for investment; the shares are paid for in full, and go entirely

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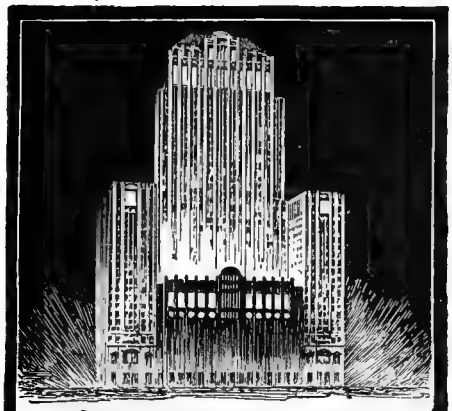

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celebrates Light's Golden Jubilee with the opening of her Civic Opera season—bestowing an accolade of arias amid new magnificence. This new 42-story opera house and office building is monumentally fitting as the home of the Chicago Civic Opera. *Edison Service* rises nobly to meet the many varied electric power and lighting requirements.

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Investment Suggestions

Below you will see summaries of booklets issued by reputable banking houses, trust companies, savings banks, brokers and other financial institutions. Strict rules of eligibility are made concerning companies advertising in this magazine. In writing to them please mention the Golden Book.

The following list of booklets may be of interest to you. Choose by number the ones you wish to see, fill out the coupon below and we will be glad to have them sent to you without charge, or you can write the Bankers themselves. Please enclose ten cents if the material of more than one company is desired.

19. A VALUABLE AID TO BANKS AND INVESTORS, a booklet describing how the Department of Economics and Survey serves investors by furnishing investment counsel, free, to individuals and institutions. Offered by A. C. Allyn & Company, 67 W. Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

4. COMMONWEALTH YEAR BOOK: An illustrated detailed statement of the operations of the Commonwealth Edison Company, of much interest to investors. Offered by Commonwealth Edison Company, 72 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

5. SERVING A NATION, an illustrated booklet telling about the Cities Service Organization and its fiscal agents. Offered by Henry L. Doherty & Company, 60 Wall Street, New York City.

6. HOW TO SELECT SAFE BONDS, a pamphlet outlining some sound investment principles, offered by George M. Forman & Co., 112 West Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

7. INVESTORS' GUIDE, a detailed statement of sound investments, is offered by Greenebaum Sons Investment Company, La Salle and Madison Streets, Chicago, Ill.

Selecting Investments

With the steady growth of industry, there has come, through public financing, a plethora of security offerings, so numerous and varied that the investor's problem becomes one of careful selection.

In this situation, it is logical to consult and rely upon experienced financial institutions.

We can recommend specific issues or relieve the investor of the perplexing problem of selection through the recommendation of issue of sound investment trust companies whose chief function, in arranging a portfolio, is to discriminate between the great number of securities now available to the investor.

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MEMBERS: New York, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati Stock Exchanges, Chicago Board of Trade, New York Cotton Exchange and New York Curb Exchange

9. SECURITY BONDS, a name applied to 6% real estate bonds which are guaranteed as to principal and interest by the Maryland Casualty Company, a $40,000,000 corporation, are described in an illustrated booklet. Offered by J. A. W. Iglehart & Co., 102 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

10. FOREIGN DOLLAR BONDS, a booklet containing valuable suggestions for bond buyers and presenting the record of foreign loans in American markets. Offered by National City Company, 55 Wall Street, New York City.

16. STOCK AND BOND REGISTER. A record showing the important features of each security which is held by investors. Offered by Otis & Company, 216 Superior Street, N. E., Cleveland, Ohio.

14. "INVESTMENTS THAT ENDURE" is the slogan of the Utility Securities Company, 230 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill., and is applied to the various securities which are offered by the great public utility interests which the Utility Securities Company serves. Detailed circulars will be mailed upon request.

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out of the market. That, of course, is a larger percentage than the full-lot business on the Stock Exchanges, which has been estimated as 10 to 25 per cent. strictly investment." The fact that many brokers will not handle odd-lots on margin has been responsible for a large percentage of the business being for "cash in full."

As an example of the increasing interest of small buyers, a recent offering was made by banking syndicates. The demand for the shares was tremendous, and the odd-lot "buy" orders were so amply sufficient in the aggregate to absorb the entire issue that it was necessary to scale down even the small subscriptions.

"Financial Speakeasies"

WITH COMPLAINTS coming in from all sections of the country, and with 100 or more alleged offenders on their list, Federal authorities in New York have been conducting a drive against "financial speakeasies" and tipster sheets. Chicago, too, has witnessed arrests recently in the efforts to combat these swindlers.

In waging its campaign, the government is striking not only at the seller of bogus stocks but also at others who are using tipster sheets to boost prices among good stocks. No single drive, however, regardless of how effective it may be, can fully eliminate this evil. "Financial speakeasies, like Prohibition speakeasies, shift their locations quickly and renew their activities."

As United States Attorney George J. Mintzer in New York commented, "Many of these offenders have operated under six or seven different names in the financial district. Their practice was to open an office, work as long as they dared in one spot, then move a block or two away, change the name of their concern or their own names, and get to work again on the unfortunate 'suckers.' One scheme was to purchase a tract of land for $2000 or $3000 in South America, and sell $2,000,000 or $3,000,000 worth of stock in a corporate enterprise based upon the land purchase. The original promoters might receive only $2 a share, and the distributer of the stock $8. In order to facilitate sales, dividends were of course paid out of gross receipts.

"The fake tipster sheets make a specialty of analyzing issues of good stocks, then turning their attention to bogus stocks in which the management is interested, and tuning up with more enthusiasm about the fake stocks than the others."

Reference was made last month in these pages to the campaign now under way by the National Better Business Bureau for the protection of investors. One of the later announcements warned investors specifically regarding the purchase of securities on instalment, and emphasized the following three important

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features which should be borne constantly in mind: first, that the purchaser should buy a substantial stock; second, that he should be sure that the stock will be delivered upon completion of the payments; and third, that he should investigate the cost charged for purchasing by instalment, to make sure that it is a reasonable one.

Local bankers are the best source for wise and friendly counsel, and the policy of investigating before you invest can well start at home.

Rates and Preferred Stocks

THE ADVANCE in the rediscount rate of the New York Federal Reserve Bank in August had little direct effect on the securities markets during the weeks immediately following, and, as the *Wall Street Journal* expressed it, the reaction of the money market "is that the action will prove constructive, and in the long run may result in a material easing of the credit situation. The move, it is believed, will ultimately spell improvement for the bond market in particular."

In discussing the securities market and preferred stocks as investments, the Guaranty Trust Company referred recently to the decline of preferred stock prices in general during the past year in sympathy with the rise in interest rates, but called attention to the frequent exceptions noted in the case of non-callable issues whose positions have been strengthened by the retirement of funded debt. Quoting the Guaranty's bulletin:

"It has been said to the detriment of preferred stocks that they possess the disadvantages of bonds and have none of the advantages of stocks. It is, of course, true that preferred stocks are not attractive when viewed as equity interest, but when properly considered as fixed income securities they often appear in a different light. Perhaps in part because of a certain prejudice against this class of investments, many strong preferred stocks are available on which dividends have been maintained through times of adversity and prosperity alike, at returns well above those which can be obtained from bonds of comparable strength.

"It will be admitted, for example, that it would be difficult to find on a 5 per cent. yield basis a domestic corporation bond as strong as the U. S. Steel Corporation 7 per cent. cumulative preferred stock, selling at about $140, to return 5 per cent. Preferred stocks, of course, have the additional advantage, from the standpoint of returns, of exemption from the corporation tax, which makes them especially suitable as investments for corporations."

Many sound preferred issues outstanding, it was pointed out, are not subject to redemption, a feature of increasing rarity among bond issues, and at prices above par the return from a preferred stock need not be amortized to maturity, as in the case of bonds.

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Japan, with great modern railroads, motor highways and hotels, with facilities for golf, hunting and all the smart sports, offers a comfortable as well as an enchanting visit. The new Japan and the old bid you welcome.

The wonderlands of Japan, Korea and Manchuria are reached from the United States and Canada by the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Osaka Shosen Kaisha, the Dollar Steamship Line, the American Mail Line and Canadian Pacific. Full information will be furnished by any of these Lines, American Express Co., Thos. Cook & Son, any tourist agency, or by the

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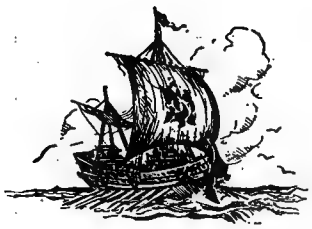

Travel News

By Roger Shaw

Ports of the Conrad Country

When Joseph Conrad was master of a trading brig in the waters "west of the Pacific," hundreds of similar sailing craft made countless ports in that part of the world. But today such craft have disappeared from Malay waters as completely as they have from the northern Atlantic. Their place has been taken by trim Dutch steamers, which devote months to visiting the ports of the Malay Archipelago. The unhurried wanderer can thus enjoy to his heart's content these tropic seas that vie with the South Pacific in picturesqueness and romance. For the traveler whose time is limited there are cruises that include many of the most interesting ports of the "Conrad country," arranged by the Dollar Lines, the Cunard Company, the Matson Line, the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, and the Union Steamship Company of New Zealand, Ltd.

Cruising about in these waters, one is continually sighting a beautiful green island with palm-lined beach, and wondering if it is the island of Heyst in *Victory*, of *The Outcast of the Islands*, of *Almayer's Folly*, or of *Lord Jim*.

The visitor to Soerabaya wanders near the waterfront, seeing perhaps but one trading schooner of a former age—but never for an instant forgetting *The Rescue* and *Chance*. The huge liners, the docks, and the cargo vessels from a dozen ports were not here in Conrad's day; but otherwise things are much the same.

"More than thirty routes lead forth from Soerabaya, two or three of them including a score of ports and requiring six or seven weeks for the round trip," writes Marc T. Greene in *Japan Overseas Travel Magazine*. "Some of these ports, notably those in Dutch Guinea, are rarely visited except by a monthly or bimonthly steamer, and the primitive life of the past is little changed in a few of them. There are, too, half a dozen remote groups where there was far more activity in trading schooner days than now. . . . There is one far-set island about three hundred miles northeast of New Guinea where there lives a lone Englishman in charge of native labourers upon a copra estate. Here a steamer touches four times a year, and nothing else is ever sighted."

Macassar was described by Conrad as "the pleasantest port in the Archipelago." It has remained relatively unknown to the tourist, and therefore is practically the same as when Conrad visited it. A fleet of small trading schooners still sails from Macassar to far distant and little-known ports among these islands, and occasionally a large sailing vessel arrives from Singapore or Sarawak. In striking contrast to such antiquated methods of transportation is the motor 'bus-line owned by a Chinese from Canton. This line makes use of the fine highways constructed by the Dutch since the war through 200 miles of jungles, and many of its patrons are natives who had previously never seen the sea or even a white man. The 'bus has deprived the narrow-gauge railroad, with its wood-burning locomotive, of most of its business; but some fifty children still travel by rail to and from school.

Where Romance Rules

"The Oranje Hotel, the 'Orange' of Conrad's *Freya of the Seven Isles*, and little altered, still sits benignly beside the long, tree-shaded 'Main Street' of Macassar, a street strikingly suggestive of some village on Long Island Sound or on the Maine coast rather than of the equatorial tropics," continues Mr. Greene. "From the broad verandas one may regard the blue lagoon in the distance and the jungle-clad mountainsides not far away to the left, the while he reflects that here often sat Joseph Conrad, and that along that arboured street walked many of the world-known characters in the life. If such a reflection as that does not kindle within you the flame of romance, you had better return at once to Market Street or Broadway."

Here then, if ever, is romance, and Macassar is the most notable and attractive of all those ports of romance immortalized by Conrad. It has been too little known all these years to have altered at all; and Conrad, had he returned in later life to his pleasantest port in the Archipelago, would have known Macassar at once.

From Macassar one can go either by Dutch steamer to the little port of Amboina, which is farther from the tourist track than Macassar—the white man is still a rarity; or by a ship of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha to several ports of Borneo. In most of these ports certain conditions are always the same: the Chinese is always the sole trader and shopkeeper; the population is Malay, but contains a few Europeans, mostly Dutch. The miles of highways constructed annually by the Dutch add a western and similar touch to the ports, but their scenery and native life are never the same.

Macassar and Amboina, Soerabaya, and Celebes and Borneo—one may cruise on and on until he tires of it, and then find comfort and tranquility in a dozen places among these Conrad islands of romance. If there is not a hotel of passable hospitality, there is at least entertainment somewhere, perchance at the abode of some genial Dutch official glad to welcome the far-wandering white traveler to such bounty as his distant post provides.

"Hereabouts are 'vagabond' journeys really worth while," says Mr. Greene in conclusion, "—journeys to places yet little visited. Here are contacts to be made which have the element of true novelty, strange peoples to be seen whose habits of life recall the distant past, and a region to be traversed of such beauty and wondrous variety of scenery as exists nowhere else in the world."

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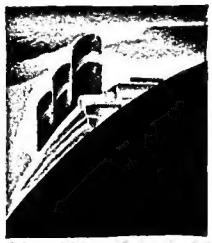

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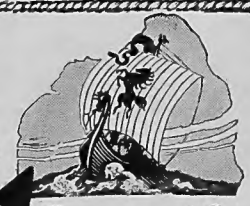

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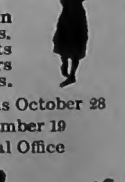

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Music and Radio

By ALFRED V. FRANKENSTEIN

I RODE THE OTHER DAY over a bridge which spans a river. On one bank of this river stands a skyscraper which will contain an opera house, on which the finishing touches were being put. Facing the towering height of the skyscraper-opera house, on the opposite bank of the river, was another steel-and-stone commercial structure which had been newly completed. Fronting this second building was a plaza, and on the plaza chairs were being arranged fan-wise in preparation for a band concert. This *vis-à-vis* location of the two buildings seemed to me ironically appropriate, and, as I passed the scene, there came to me a host of what the poet calls "bitter summer thoughts."

"They are building the coffin," I said to myself, "before the babe is born." For I knew that in the programs of those band concerts would appear titles like "William Tell," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and "Stradella." The bandmen would name these titles often; the people of the opera house would never mention them at all. For the operas are no more, and no one interests himself in them. They have gone to their final resting place, in the programs of trombone players in public squares on summer nights.

Nor are these operas alone in their half-forgotten entombment. The name of Weber remains green among us chiefly because of a handful of operatic overtures. Of all the operas of Rossini, only one keeps the stage, yet the bandmen know intimately the overtures to "Tancredi," "La Gazza Ladra," and "Semiramide," besides the overture to "William Tell." And one could go on enumerating the names of many operas that are totally dead or, at best, infrequently revived, whose overtures are constantly with us. "Rienzi," "The Flying Dutchman," "Benevenuto Cellini," "Il Guarany," "Le Roi d'Ys," "Russlan and Ludmilla," "Il Matrimonio Segreto," "La Dame Blanche," "Zampa," "Mireille," "Gwendoline," the Offenbach "Orpheus," are a few of the names that come at once to mind.

Why is this? How does it come to pass that a piece of music intended as an appetizer to excite one to approbation of what is to follow, should itself survive while the body of the piece gathers dust in the libraries? Is it because the overtures contain all the best tunes in the operas? This is a most satisfying hypothesis, because it justifies us in neglecting a vast amount of music. Furthermore, memory of great leprous stretches of dullness in opera would seem to bear it out.

There is a great element of luck in deciding which musical work will survive and which will not. That which lingers on in popular approval is not always the best. In deciding the fate of opera, economic considerations play a great part. Those operas that have the greatest chance are those that offer the impresario the greatest return on his already doomed investment. So it may be that the overture survives the opera merely by the throw of dice and the working of a brainless fate. But a brainless fate does not work with consistent regularity, and it is to be observed that music composed for singing action regularly and consistently exhibits lower vitality than music written for instruments or for voices without action. Furthermore, one may observe that none of the composers who concentrated their entire energies upon works for the stage (Wagner and Gluck alone excepted) is rated among the truly great, while many composers who never attempted the operatic form are among the universally revered and performed. With but a few exceptions, the composers who divided their energies between operatic and non-operatic music are today remembered solely for their non-operatic works. Where are the operas of Tschaikowsky, Handel, Scarlatti, Dvorak, Berlioz, Lalo, Purcell, Rubinstein, Albeniz, Wolf, and Franck? Even the operas of many contemporaries have gone to oblivion, though their instrumental works remain.

What is there in the operatic form to account for this low vitality? Bad librettos and silly plots might account for the death of some operas. Defects in musical imagination might account for the demise of others. A composer like Massenet, for example, seems to have been a facile melodist, weak on the formal side. He leans upon the libretto to give form to his music, and the libretto is in itself a weak structure. The result has not the strength to stand. A composer like Franck one might explain by a reversal of the hypothesis concerning Massenet. Franck's genius was rich in musically determined forms, but it could not adjust itself to a dramatically determined form.

And one might account for the passing of many operas by remembering that, composed for librettos appealing to the theatrical taste of a particular place and time, they meet their death with changes in the theatre.

These four hypotheses, and the theory of luck propounded above, may account for the short life of most operas, but I am inclined to doubt it. The thing remains pretty much a mystery—or perhaps the trouble lies in trying to find an esthetic law, or set of laws, working universally.

A curious little corollary thought arises. A great many operatic works are based upon celebrated books and plays. Am I right in thinking that the great majority of these are based upon works written in a language other than the native tongue of the librettist and composer? Of all the operatic versions of Shakespeare, where is one by an Englishman or an American? Ludwig Spohr wrote an "Faust," yet are not most of the operatic settings of Goethe by non-Germans? All the full-length operas of Puccini are based upon books or plays. Five of the originals are French, two are American, and but one, "Turandot," is Italian.

If it is true that librettists and composers go to foreign literatures for ideas, several things are suggested. For one thing it suggests that the public takes ill to operatic bedevilment of their national masterpieces, and for another it suggests that the free-lance composer in search of material realizes that literary works which, because of language and temperament and environment, he is capable of appreciating to the fullest extent, stand on their own feet and call for no musical treatment.

* * *

I rode back over that bridge and past that opera house and found myself looking forward with an eager thrill to the opening date. These bitter summer thoughts figured not at all in that anticipation. That is the beautiful thing about opera. When you go to hear it you leave your brains outside, and confused and irritating questions such as these never bother you until you emerge and start again to think.

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